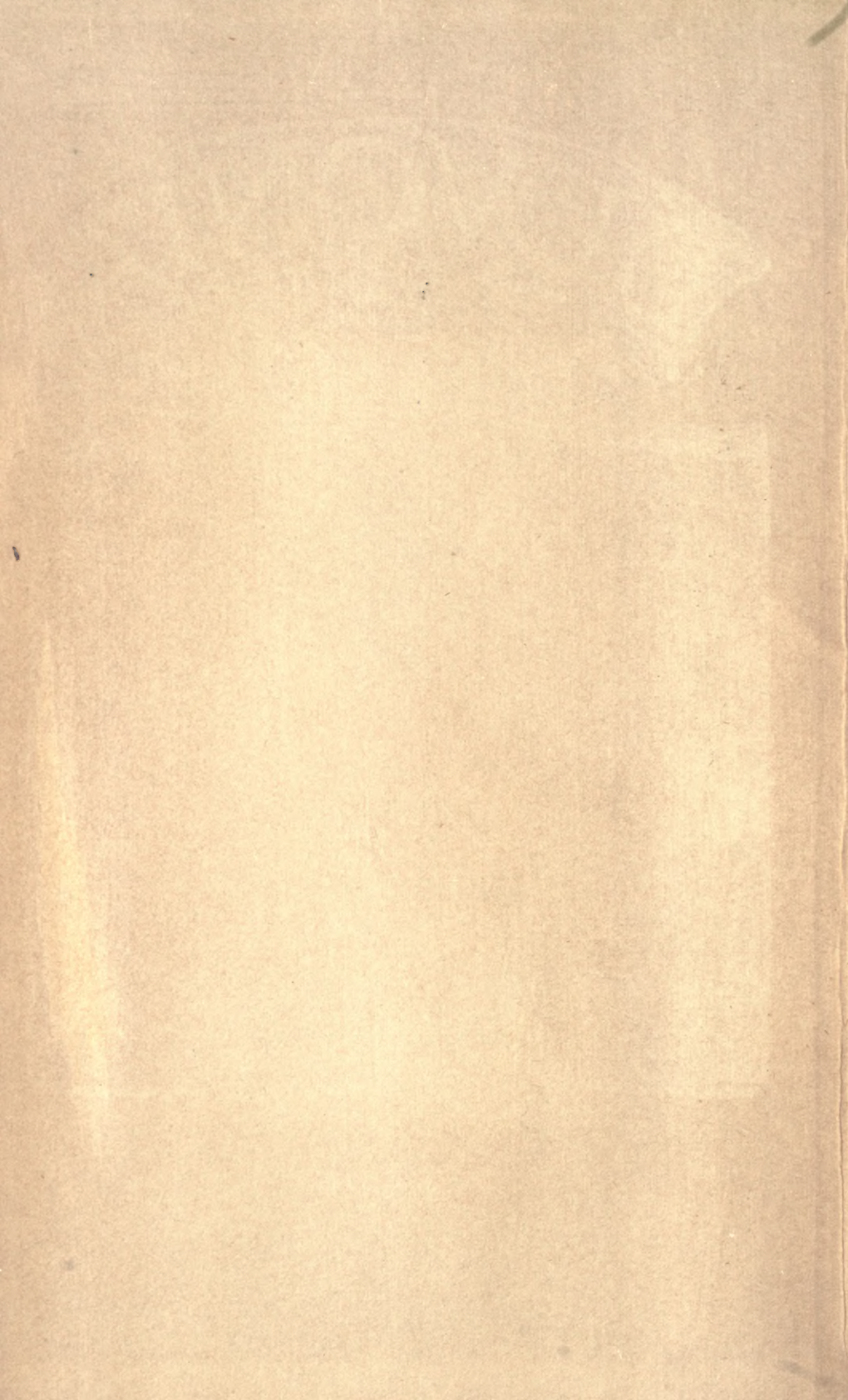




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DEVONIA

HEREIN,
SET FORTH IN
WORDS FROM
MANY HANDS
AND PATRIOT
HEARTS, ARE
PLAINLY TOLD
THE CHARMS
AND BEAUTIES
OF FAIR DEVON,
FOR THOSE
WHO MAY FROM
O'ER THE SEAS
COME HOME,
AS WELL AS
THOSE WHO IN
THESE ISLES
ABIDE.

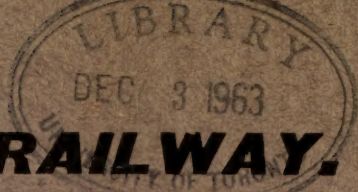
WELCOME,
DEVONIA GIVES,
TO ALL WHO
SEEK HER
SUNNY SHORES;
HER WOODED
VALES, AND
FLOWING RIVERS
SINGING TO THE
SEA; HER TORS
AND HEIGHTS,
HER OLD-TIME
PLACES FULL OF
STORY OF THE
PAST; HER LOVE-
LINESS. HEREIN
FIND TREASURE
BOUNTIFUL.

O.R.B.

MIDLAND



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	Edinburgh (Waverley)	8:35	8:35	10:25	...	...	3:45	6:45	...	...	8:52	...	...	...	6:45	...	...

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DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VI.]

JANUARY, 1907.

[No. 1

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IN introducing the first number of a new volume to his readers, the Editor of *Devonia* would draw attention to the fact that it is now printed in Devonshire, the former contract with a Bournemouth firm having been cancelled.

It is hoped that this arrangement will conduce to the greater success and wider popularity of the magazine, and that it will appear with greater promptitude and regularity than in the past.

Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary or other business matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to the Manager, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; or any recognised Advertisement Agent. The printers are Messrs. Underhill and Co., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.

THE DART,
FROM TIDE TO MOOR,
A RAMBLE.

BY P. F. S. AMERY.

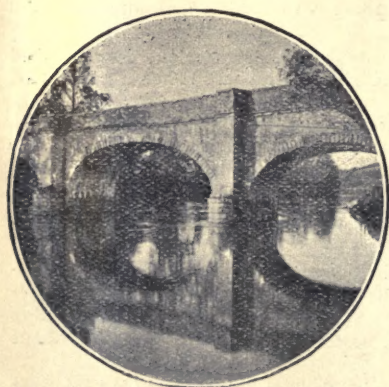
Illustrated by J. S. AMERY.

THE approach to Dartmoor by the Dart Valley is similar to entering a baronial castle by its main gateway, passing *en route* the various outlying works of defence.

The Dart is the most typical of Devonshire rivers, its personality is marked strongly in its neighbourhood, and the country people speak of it as a person rather than a natural object, when they say "Dart crieth," not the Dart.

On leaving the tidal portion of the river above Totnes Weir, we find ourselves in a park-like rich valley by the deadwater at Dartington, with wooded cliffs on the Littlehampton bank, rendering a landscape of peaceful richness.

Staverton Bridge is the first and perhaps the oldest mediæval bridge on the Dart; it is a structure of seven arches. The Bishop's registers show that a former bridge was swept away by a flood just previous to 1413, when Bishop Stafford directed an issue of indulgence of forty days to those devout persons who should assist in its re-erection. The same indulgence applied also to Holne Bridge, which suffered at the same time.



HOOD BRIDGE.



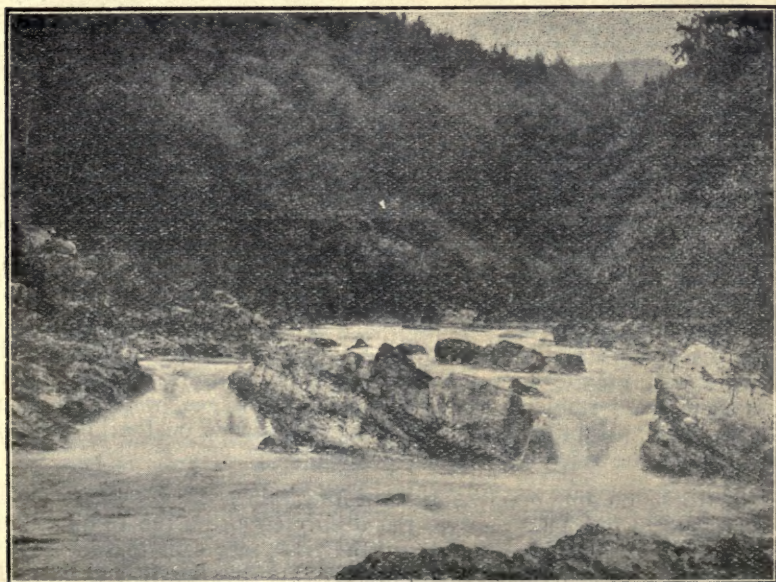
HOLNE CHASE & CLEFT ROCK.

A short distance above we come to Hood Bridge, a typical turnpike trust building, erected about 1824, which shows the great contrast between the ancient and the modern. Leaving the rich meadows of Staverton we enter above Buckfastleigh the wooded valleys, with here and there small enclosures, the river banks lined with fine timber trees.



BUCKLAND LODGE ON THE DART.

The Dart at Holne Park is a typical scene, deep pools and barriers of rock or pebbles, with distant hills seen above the trees, the whole changing at each step, as new distant or near objects come into view. From the Wire Bridge, which forms a footpath to Holne Park, one gets a good idea of the river at this part.



THE RAPIDS, HOLNE CHASE.

Holne Bridge is perhaps the most picturesque of all the Dart bridges; it was rebuilt, as mentioned above, in 1413, at the same time as that at Staverton, but has only four arches of unequal spans, one of which, by much the largest, however, suffices to take the whole river unless in times of flood. Under this arch the Dart rushes along a deep natural trench or fault. Near the foundation of the piers may be noticed several potholes in the rock of various sizes and depths, testifying to the water action of the past. The ancient packhorse way between Ashburton and Tavistock formerly crossed the river at a ford a little lower down, but must always have been subject to sudden freshets and floods. The traffic in tin ore and wool was in old times of great importance and is given as a reason for the granting indulgences toward its erection.



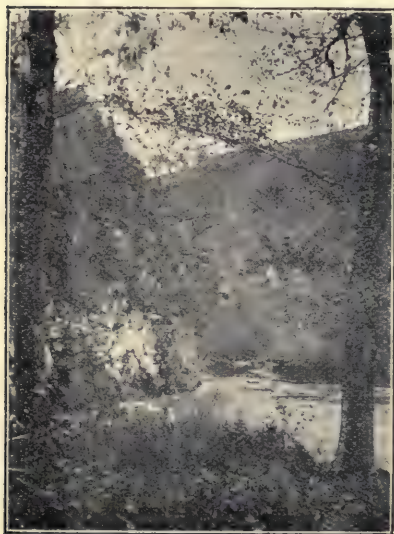
WIRE BRIDGE. HOLNE PARK.

Following the river, after crossing the bridge to the Holne side, we pass through the well-known Holne Chase, which was granted, with the Manor of Holne, by King Edward III. to his daughter, who married Bouchier Count D'eu, and continued in the hands of her descendants until recently purchased by the Hon. R. Dawson, its present owner. This portion of the Dart has, perhaps, the choicest bits of sylvan scenery in Devon, where for two or three miles the river flows and rushes through a wooded gorge, above which the bare moors and granite tors are visible. The house of Holne Chase is a pleasantly-situated residence, once a group of cottages, which Sir Bouchier Wrey made into a Hunting Box about 1843. It stands on the hillside on the eastern bank of the river which it commands.

Cleft Rock, on the opposite side of the valley, is a prominent feature at the entrance to the Chase gorge, the deep cleft being the result of ancient mining works. The Rapids, looking up the river, are caused by a hard band of metallic rock, which here crosses the bed of the Dart, and has offered more resistance to its corrosion than the softer slate, thus forming a partial barrier and deep pool below, the favourite haunt of salmon; in the distance Buckland Beacon, a thousand feet above, is seen over the trees.

The Lover's Leap is a huge crag on the left or eastern bank, around which the Dart forms an elbow; the view from the drive above, which passes around on a ledge cut in the face of the rock and commands the valley in both directions, is generally considered the gem of the Buckland drives.

After crossing the Buckland stream we come to Buckland Lodge, a picturesque little granite building which is said to have been suggested by Turner, the artist, when staying with Colonel Bastard at Buckland Court about a century ago. Here the public road is entered, and on crossing the Webburn, a moorland stream, down whose valley another charming private drive has been cut, we come to the open moor with rocks, streams, and bogs on one side, and the Dart with its deep salmon pools and islands on the other; passing the entrance to the grand beech avenue at Spitchwick we soon arrive at New Bridge, which carries the Ashburton and Tavistock road, which we left at Holne Bridge across the river. This old but not ancient bridge appears to have been built jointly by the parish of Holne and Widecombe about the year 1790, and we find the two ends of it quite different in masonry. The bridge opened up a new road across the moor by way of Dartmeet, available for wheel traffic. Still following the course of the stream we soon find ourselves again entering a deep defile with rugged granite-strewed hills on one side, and thick coppice woods on the other.



LOVERS' LEAP.



ON THE DART.

The Dart under Mel Tor is very grand, huge waterworn boulders of red granite almost choke the stream, which rushes between some and leaps over others in wild and frantic confusion. The hills rise very steep for four or five hundred feet direct from the river bed, hardly leaving so much as a fisherman's path. We soon obtain a peep of Sharp Tor, which appears to stand as a sentinel guarding the approach to Dartmoor. As we near the Tor an ancient attempt at cultivation comes in view, where the moorland farm of Rowbrook appears perched on the lap of Sharp Tor above a lower group of granite rocks near the river called Lucky Tor, where the stream makes a bend around a small flat area of bog and brushwood. Here our Devonshire family of fairies—the mischievous little Pixies—are supposed to assemble and hold high jinks on moonlight nights. Several stories are told of persons being decoyed into their brakes and swamps by following strange sounds, and in one instance never returned.



HOLNE CHASE.



NEW BRIDGE.

At the next turn of the river, on looking back we see Lucky Tor with Bench Tor in the distance, the river rushing through a clutter of stones, a well-known place for local fishermen to find good trout. Ascending still further we find the river widens and runs over some flat beds of granite, forming a series of shallow pools and framing falls, this is below Combestone Farm and Tor, at another turn of the river we reach the forest boundary at Dartmeet, and the end of our present excursion.



Early Spring in Devon.

"Slow and sure comes up the golden year," sang Tennyson. "Spring is coming; Spring is almost here," sing the birds in those matin songs of theirs, which shame us sometimes as we lie dreaming in our cosy beds, of the flower time which is even now beginning, and the pageant of the seasons which will begin to unroll with the blossoming of the first crocuses which flame in the gardens of our Devon homesteads. The lay of the lark is heard very early in the year down west, in the pearly dawn of a February morning he is often to be heard fluting away. The other birds who are supposed to mate and begin their household cares upon the feast of St. Valentine, make the rural world lyric, and are tuneful and jubilant wherever there are trees and shrubs, even in the big towns. Along the belt of elms, where the boughs are burgeoning, and the little hard buds are preparing to tremble into green, the rooks are unusually vocal, and their portentous "caw" has an accent peculiar to the mating season. The partridge calls for its mate across the red ridges of ploughed fields; sparrows preen themselves in the sun and indulge in endless scrimmages between-whiles, all for the love of a lady. The liquid notes of thrush and blackbird as they go a-wooing make orchards and spinneys fairly vibrant with music. The little finches, dainty, alert, vivacious, make sudden darts through the naked branches, where the stemmage invites one to a study of tree formation, and they twitter and chirrup, and generally "fuss" in a fashion almost human, when a fine soft day beguiles the bird-world into a belief that Spring is at the threshold, waiting to step in and make all the world glad. Truly "the time of the singing of birds is come," whether the winter be really gone or no. There is an odour of springing grasses, of freshly-turned earth, and a faint vague scent from the hedgerow, where the blackthorn has made a snowy drift of starlike bloom. Blue-green spikes of daffodowndillies are shewing closely-packed buds. Little hepaticas blush deeply along the herbaceous borders, and celandines flash out a welcome by the roadway. Anemones, purple, rose-red, and crimson, blossom gaily under the old lichen-covered wall, which shuts out all save south winds. There may be some more wintry days in store for us yet, but it is early Spring here in Devon all the same.

“Devon : The Shire of the Sea Kings.”

THE above is the picturesque title of one of the most perfect and picturesque books ever produced dealing with and describing our beloved County—“Fair Devon.”

It emanates from the Great Western Railway, and is primarily intended to advertise Devon as a capital centre for tourists and a feeder to our great railway system.

But we prefer to look upon this publication in a broader and more catholic spirit, and we see in it, first, a concession to our own frequently reiterated appeals for more publicity for Devonshire; and secondly, as a delightful brochure, which, widely circulated as it will be, must inevitably bring many people to Devon in the immediate future.

An old contention, that Devon has been sacrificed to other districts, has now been answered, and in a generous manner. Never before, perhaps, have we had placed in our hands a more comprehensive and beautifully illustrated guide to Devonshire. The work runs to nearly two hundred pages, it is divided into sixteen chapters, and it contains, in addition to general information on every place of interest in Devonshire, special information for tourists, motorists, and others who may visit the West in the coming season. Exmoor and Dartmoor are respectively treated, and at considerable length; there is a capital chapter on “Plymouth: the Home of the Sea Kings”; and in the same way we have chapters dealing with Torquay and South Devon, the South Hams, the Exe Valley, Lynmouth and Lynton and the Lyn Country, the Hinterland of Exmoor, Ilfracombe, and the North-west Devon littoral, Kingsley’s Country, etc., etc. It would be difficult to find in all England a more interesting locality than that described in this tempting volume; or one more calculated to meet the wishes of the founders of the United Devon Association, as we feel sure that it will have a great effect upon the prosperity of Devon during the next few seasons. The book abounds in illustrations, well selected and well reproduced, and these in themselves, charming and diversified as they undoubtedly are, must enhance the beauties of our Devon scenes and advertise the beauty spots of our delightful county. In a voluminous Appendix we find a mass of valuable information for tourists, to wit, Tourist Fares, Special Holiday Season Tickets, Road Motor Car Services, Rail, River and Coach Excursions, List of Golf Links, Useful Information concerning Hotels, Health and Pleasure Resorts, etc., etc. There is also an admirable map of the County.



Brent Tor Church.

TRAVELLERS to South Devon will not (indeed they cannot) fail to see the diminutive church perched on the conical summit of Brentor, warranted to hold at least fifty people on occasion, and which is several centuries old. The storms of Dartmoor, which do not respect either persons or places, wrought considerable havoc here, breasting all the winds of heaven as this tiny house of prayer has done for so many wild winters, so many tempestuous autumns. The Duke of Bedford, whose “cottage” at Endsleigh is one of the show places of the neighbourhood, restored the fabric some years ago, and placed the peal of bells in the belfry of the square tower. “Over the hills and far away” one hears their sweet chiming o’ summer days, when all the swelling moors are purple with heather, when drowsy bees tumble about among the wild thyme one crushes on the way up the steep ascent to the most lofty God’s acre in Devonshire. What a climb it is to be sure! Proof positive that there is mettle still left in the moorsmen and their families who live in the village. Every time they attend service here they must perforce walk some miles to reach the church, and afterwards perform an almost perpendicular climb of some seven or eight hundred feet.

Beautiful and _____
 Historic Homes of the
 _____ West Country.

Morval House.
 CORNWALL.

MORVAL House, until comparatively recent times a seat of the Buller's, and now the home of one branch of the ancient Cornish family of Tremayne, is one of the beautiful west country homes which visitors to the little seaside town of Looe often speculate about.

It lies among the Cornish hills, lapped in verdure and a great peace, for it is enclosed in woodlands, meadows, and gardens beautiful, and may be reached by following the curves of the Looe River as far as the lock, thence to an inlet, where the water is lakelike and mirrors the sylvan scenery of Morval. It is a seventeenth century manor house, not stately, or in any way imposing, but characteristic of the period, and full of the charm which old associations, great age, and remoteness from any of the great centres of busy life lend. There are no architectural surprises or eccentricities; it is just a quaint place with mullioned windows, arched doorways, and chimneys rising against a background of wood. Every sort of climbing, blossoming, creeping plant seems to have found and kept a place on the old walls; roses tap upon the leaded panes of the old-fashioned windows; clematis hangs out a purple banner when the days are long; a poignant scent of sweet briar meets one upon the terrace, and the blent fragrance of a thousand blooms floats round the gardens and over the lawns, for the place is exquisitely kept. The present house stands upon the site of a much older one, the seat of the Glyn's, who kept a certain degree of state here when John Glyn was under-steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, and had great power in the country and no little influence at Court. He superseded a Thomas Clemens, in office, and so made an implacable enemy, for history tells how Glyn was set upon at Liskeard by Clemen's little faction, when he was holding the King's Court, and was imprisoned and coerced into signing an agreement not to prosecute the miscreants. The mansion at Morval was next visited, and tapestries, silver plate, bedding, cattle, horses, and valuables were carried off to the value of £200—a great sum in those days—for it was as long ago as 1471. A little later the unfortunate John Glynn was foully murdered at Higher Wringworthy by Clemen's men, and his widow petitioned Parliament in the matter, declaring that there was no justice in Cornwall. In the time of Henry the Eighth, Thomasine Vyvyan, the heiress of Glynn of Morval, a widow, carried the house and lands in marriage to Richard Coode, and by the marriage of the heiress of the Coodes with John Buller, the manor passed in 1637 to the Cornish family from which Sir Redvers Buller, the gallant Devonshire general sprang. The Bullers held it for about two hundred and fifty years, and helped in the making of history as men of that name were wont to do. John Buller sat at Westminster for the borough of East Looe, under the Protectorate, wedding the daughter of Sir Henry Pollexfen, who made a worthy chatelaine of Morval. He was succeeded by his son, John Francis Buller, who also inherited Shillingham as heir to his eldest brother. Then came James Buller, whose inheritance included Morval, Shillingham, and Downes (now Sir Redvers' seat), the last-named possession coming to him by his marriage with the heiress of William Gould, of Downes. Their son John came after them at Morval, and represented Exeter, Launceston, and

West Looe in Parliament in turn. Sir Francis Buller, his brother, was a notable lawyer, and became Judge of the King's Bench when comparatively a young man, since he was raised to the Bench at the age of thirty-two. The next to succeed to Morval was the John Buller who was High Sheriff of the County in 1835, and sat for West Looe in Parliament. His son, John Francis Buller, was High Sheriff in 1853 and was exceedingly popular in the west countree, acting as County Magistrate and living the fine out-of-door life of a country gentleman of that period. He died childless, and the old manor house and the beautiful hills and valleys which go with the estate passed from the Bullers to the Tremaynes by the marriage of Miss Charlotte Mary Buller with Mr. Henry Hawkins Tremayne, son of Mr. John Hearle Tremayne of Heligan, she being heiress of the Morval estate. Indoors and out, wherever one goes in this ancient Cornish homestead, it is old-world, quaint, and beautiful; the plenishings of a bygone time give an atmosphere of great age to the pleasant rooms, where old china, old glass, and quaint examples of the fine stitchery of other days are cherished. Great groups of ornamental trees shade the always green and vernal lawns, azaleas flourish out of doors among the shrubs and other flowering plants, and stairways of stone and winding ways lead to a really beautiful garden placed high on a knoll, where



MORVAL HOUSE.

the sun shines on most days of the year. Here, and in the woods which slope down to the water, though the year is still young, there are signs that "slow and sure comes up the golden year," and the spell of the springtide is everywhere. The herald-melodies of birds begin with the dawn of day and make the old place lyric. There is a drift of gold in many a sunny sheltered corner, where gallant celandines have arrived in their strength. In upland woods and coppices the wind-flower is pushing up its exquisitely cut leaves, soon to be followed by the fairy-like blooms which nod with every light breeze passing over them. The rathe primrose, which unlocks the door of Spring, is budding; the old sundial—dear monitor of gardens beautiful—is more and more in evidence as the hand invisible leads up the golden year and begins the pomp of the seasons.

Quite near the old house is the old church of Morval, dedicated to St. Wenna. The old grey tower, embattled and pinnaced, rises among the trees and has its sweet peal of bells, dating from 1715. One of the most interesting memorials in the church is a curiously incised one to Walter Coode, who died in 1637, and was the last of the Coodes at Morval House.

Devonian Literature.

IN "The Story of Exeter for use in Schools," published by Mr. James G. Commin, Miss A. M. Shorto has cleverly interwoven the history of the ancient city into a continuous narrative quite suitable for the purpose for which it was designed, and full of picturesque interest.

Copies of this ought to find their way into all our public libraries, and especially into those that have juvenile branches; in fact, we think that the County Council should be approached to see that copies of the book are distributed amongst the schools under their jurisdiction, and doubtless our Library Committees will follow suit for the libraries under their control. Commencing with the times of the Romans, the writer carries the story on from the times of Roman occupation to the ravages of the Danes, to the days of the Normans, and so on, by easy stages, and by means of a series of pictures, right up to our own time. Some excellent illustrations accompany the text; the book is well printed, and reflects great credit upon all who have had a hand in it. We wish every historic city and town in the kingdom had so accomplished an historian and so interesting a story to tell.

In a delightful volume of some two hundred pages Mr. Arthur W. Clayden, M.A., Principal of the Royal Albert Memorial College, Exeter, has told the "History of Devonshire Scenery"; not from a superficial and popular standpoint, but as an essay in geographical evolution. We believe the work originally appeared in the pages of *Devon Notes and Queries*, but the publisher (Mr. James G. Commin) considered that it was of too great a scientific value to be altogether relegated to a magazine volume, and has thus issued it in independent form as a valuable addition to Devonshire literature and local scientific research. It is not our mission to review the work in the usual manner, but rather to call the attention of Devonians to the work, without which no local collection of books can be said to be complete. Although purely scientific in its treatment, the work abounds in picturesque details, with descriptions of our rivers, moors, and tors, of the wonderful bits of coast scenery at Seaton and Lyme Regis, of the Valley of Rocks, Lynton, and the thousand and one places of scenic interest in our wonderfully picturesque county. The illustrations are numerous and graphic, and there is a very full and complete index. It is published by Commin, Exeter, and Chatto and Windus, London, and the price is 10s. 6d.

Clovelly: a Song of Devon.

Written and composed by H. VERNE.

Clovelly, ah, sweet Clovelly,
Beside the western ocean sleeping,
Thy rocks and woodlands, the noontide steeping,
In golden ray.
And when I wander sad and friendless
In lands a thousand leagues away,
I long and long for my returning,
But never more will come the day.
Ah sweet Clovelly, adieu, adieu.

Clovelly, ah, sweet Clovelly,
As oft at night I lie a'dreaming,
I see the waters with moonlight gleaming
Beyond the bay.
I hear the song of streamlets falling,
And murm'ring nightwinds seem to say,
"For me that scene of peace and beauty
Alas, hath surely pass'd away."
Clovelly, ah, sweet Clovelly, etc., etc.

Devonshire Worthies.



Mr. John Brinsmead,

“The Father of the Pianoforte Trade.”

THE gentleman, whose portrait adorns this page, was born at Weare Gifford, a North Devon village, lying between Bideford and Tarrington, on October 13th, 1814. His father was a sturdy Devon yeoman, and he himself worked on a farm very early in life. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a Torrington cabinet maker. Having served his apprenticeship he went to London and got employment with a pianoforte maker named Scotcher; he did not remain in this position long, but joined his brother in the same line of business, founding that great and important industry with which his name is indissolubly connected. He made great improvements in pianos, and in due course produced the first grand pianoforte, in the perfection of which he received great assistance from Mr. John Broadwood. He exhibited at the great Exhibition of 1862, and in nearly every great exposition since. He is still hale and hearty and a man of whom Devonians may well be proud.

West Country Gatherings.

THE Queen's Hall, London, was well filled on Saturday, November 10th, 1906, when the fifth annual Devon and Cornish Festival was held. Mr. G. Croydon-Marks, M.P., presided, and was supported by the Lord Mayor (Sir W. H. Treloar), Mr. J. H. White, Hon. Secretary of Devonians in London, Mr. S. P. Rattenbury, the Rev. D. J. Rounsefell, and others. The usual concert was preceded by a farmhouse tea, held at the Polytechnic Hall, opposite, for which every edible was sent direct from Devon and Cornwall. Seldom has such an array of talent assembled at one of these gatherings. Miss Edith Evans, Miss Maria Yelland, Mr. Charles Saunders, Mr. Alexander Tucker, Mr. Charles Wreford, Mr. Sidney Gandy, Mr. R. B. Hopkins, Mr. A. Kinsman, and the popular St. Andrew's (Plymouth) Quartette took part in the programme. Amongst the items contributed by the latter was "Hail, Devonian," the words by the editor of *Devonia*, the music by Mr. H. Moreton, Mus. Bac. Several west-country songs were sung.

* * *

DEVONIANS in Birmingham gave a hearty reception to General Sir Redvers Buller and Lady Audrey Buller, who were their guests on the occasion of the fourteenth annual dinner, held at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on Tuesday, January 8th, 1907. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Barham Carslake, in the unavoidable absence of the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P., the President of the Society. The principal toast was "Devon, our County," which was proposed by the chairman, and responded to in a fine speech by General Sir Redvers Buller. Mr. J. Winsor Bond proposed "Birmingham, the city of our adoption," which was responded to by Councillor Sayer, Lord Mayor of Birmingham. Among the guests were the Mayor of Southampton (Mr. J. Sanders), Major Gratwicke, of Exeter, and representatives of the Scottish, Welsh, Cornish, Tyneside, Worcester, Gloucester, and other kindred societies. General Buller received quite an ovation.

* * *

MEN of the West met in large numbers recently at the Castle Hotel, Hastings, on the occasion of the first annual dinner of the recently-formed district of Hastings West Country Association, which was held under the happiest auspices, and proved a remarkably successful function, owing very largely to the efforts of the honorary secretary, Mr. R. H. Gaby, and Messrs. Winsley, Hicks, Hallett, and Heywood, upon whom devolved the burden of the work. Mr. R. White Ford, J.P. (Dorset), presided, and amongst the guests were many well-known "men of the west." A capital dinner was done full justice to, the menu including such delicacies as "Wilsheer Beakin," "Cornish Pasties," "Demshur Junket," "Dorset Bluemould," "Double Glos'ter," and "Zummerzet Zider." There were capital speeches, and an excellent programme of musical and other sketches. One of the features of the evening was the rendering of the song, "The Song of the Men from the West," which was specially composed by Mr. J. M. Glover (Mayor of Bexhill). This was sung in fine style by Mr. W. J. Winsley, and the chorus was taken up with great gusto by the company.

* * *

DEVONIANS and Cornishmen foregathered in large numbers at the Star Hotel, Worcester, on Thursday, December 6th, the occasion being the sixth reunion of Men of the West in Worcestershire. It was a very happy and characteristic gathering. Following an excellent dinner, which included some greatly-appreciated west country fare, there was a long and capitably varied programme, and the dearly cherished dialect of the West was heard in speech, song, and story, with a happy flavour of Irish brogue supplied by a visitor. A few Worcester guests were warmly welcomed, and especially appreciated was the visit of a few West countrymen from Birmingham. Mr. T. C. W. Pigott, a native of Devon, was in the chair, and made a splendid Devonshire speech. The programme included some Devonshire stories, the song, "Glorious Devon," The Women of Devon," and the ever-popular "Widdecombe Fair." Mr. W. J. Pearce, the indefatigable Secretary, was mainly responsible for the arrangements which went admirably.

* * *

PERHAPS no organisation ever formed in the Barry district has experienced such a flourishing career right from its inception as the Devon and Cornwall Society, the annual gathering of which was held at the English Baptist Schoolroom, Barry Docks, on the 27th ult. In the afternoon there was a tea and entertainment for the children, and later there was a good old-fashioned country tea, at which Devonshire cream and Cornish pasties abounded in untold quantities, and were in popular demand. At the annual meeting, which followed, Mr. W. R. Lee was elected President; Mr. T. Brown, Vice-President; Mr. A. L. Goldsworthy (the retiring President), Honorary Treasurer; and Mr. N. Welsh, Honorary Secretary. The business being concluded, the rest of the evening was given up to a very enjoyable programme of musical and other fare.

West Country Gatherings continued:—

ASSOCIATION of West Countrymen in Hampshire—Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall—Many years ago this Association was organised as the Devonian Association in Hampshire, having its centre in Southampton, and for some time was in a flourishing condition. Interest, however, flagged, and after an interim of some years the matter was again taken up and the Association formed on a broader basis. Alderman Dunsford, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Southampton, became President, with Mr. Follett Dunsford Hon. Sec., and Mr. J. Prowse, Hon. Treas., and a very successful year ensued. The following year these gentlemen retired in favour of E. James, Esq., President, with Mr. A. Broomfield, Hon. Sec., and Mr. J. Ellen, Hon. Treas. Dr. Russell Bencroft, J.P., has since been elected and re-elected President, while the Hon. Sec. and Hon. Treas. still continue in office.

Social evenings are arranged during the winter, which are well attended by the members and their wives; but the great event is the Annual Dinner, which is always held at the South Western Hotel, Southampton, when a large and influential company is always present.

This Association has already done good work in advertising the charms of the western counties.

* * *

THE Old Boys' Association of the Devon County School celebrated their annual dinner in London on the night of the 11th, under the presidency of the Rev. J. H. Thompson, M.A. (first Head Master of the School), and the vice-presidency of Mr. F. A. Wells, B.A. There was a large gathering, and among those present were Mr. F. A. Wells, B.A., Dr. W. W. Alexander, Mr. E. D. Oisly, Mr. Hubert Bath, Professor T. A. Hearson, Mr. M. B. Snell, J.P., Mr. Harold Hilton, Mr. H. Packer, Dr. J. H. Blight, Dr. T. E. Honey, R.N., Captain T. Chope, Mr. C. E. Byles, Mr. G. C. Fry, Mr. T. R. Potbury, Rev. E. C. Harries, B.A., Mr. G. W. Hill, M.D., and Mr. A. Taylor. The "roll call" of the old boys was called over by the secretary, the name of each being received with hearty cheers. Mr. F. A. Wells, who proposed "success to Devon County School," said he had had many opportunities of meeting boys from great public schools and had heard from them many interesting stories of meetings in remote and wild lands between men who as boys had been scholars in the same school, played in the same fields, and very possibly had been castigated by the same brawny arm. He was sure that the boys of the Devon County School loved their *Alma mater* with no less depth and enthusiasm and gratitude, and he need hardly add that their love for their country and county was not less also. Other toasts of the evening were "The School Sports Club" and "Old Boys' Association."

* * *

THE annual foregathering of the Old Blundellian Club took place at the Hotel Cecil early in January, under the presidency of Mr. A. L. Francis, the Head Master. Influenza was responsible for the absence of several distinguished "old boys." Among those present were the Rev. W. P. Besley, Canon W. Childs Clarke, the Rev. D. S. Read, Mr. J. E. Browne, Mr. Allan George, Mr. L. Goodenough Taylor, Mr. C. W. Gooch, Mr. J. L. Clarke, Mr. T. Cornish, Mr. G. H. Norman, Mr. G. D. Walrond, Mr. F. Herring, and two Japanese students at the school (Mr. S. Y. Wong and Mr. S. Q. Wong). Canon Besley submitted the school toast, "Floreat Schola Blundellina," and in a humorous speech recalled pranks and droll happenings at Blundells in his time at the old school. He impressed upon his audience the fact that three things were necessary to bring about the due flourishing of the school. In the first place boys must keep up that wonderful thing which constituted its whole life and sap—tone. In the second place the masters had to set the tone to the boys, and unquestionably they did; and had always maintained a tone of which everyone might be proud. Then if the school were to go on flourishing it would be largely by the efforts of old Blundellians. The world did not look only at the school as it was to-day, but also at the boys who had been there. Mr. Gamlen proposed "Absent Old Blundellians," recalling many distinguished names. There was a "perfect tribe" of them in the Indian Civil Service, while it was said that a whole district on the West Coast of Africa was being run by old Blundellians.

Correspondence.

ALDERMAN GITTINGS, Birmingham, writes:—"I am very much obliged to you for sending me the booklets of Devon. They are very good indeed, and reflect much credit on you and on all concerned."

Sea Gulls.

(Ilfracombe).

Above the misty headlands
 White seagulls soar and scream,
 And their wings have lured the flashing
 Of the sunset's crimson gleam;
 O, why are those wings so restless,
 And whence that boding cry?
 Do they catch the breath of the tempest,
 And the storm that is coming nigh?

Are they the souls of sleepers
 In ocean's restless bed?
 And do they speak of the living,
 Or do they speak of the dead?
 O, why do the gulls of the ocean
 So ceaselessly circle and cry?
 Do they think of the storm that is coming,
 Or the rest that will come bye-and-bye?

—From "West Country Ballads and Verses," by Arthur L. Salmon.

London: William Blackwood and Sons.



Devonshire Hedges in February.

THE "flowery band that binds us to the earth" is usually such a slender one in February that it is hardly worth while to kneel upon damp banks and prowl under dripping hedgerows in search of the blooms that are probably not there. The atmosphere, however, of the West of England is peculiarly favourable to the early development of flowers, as well as to the perfect developing of ferns. About three miles from Torquay there is a narrow road that much resembles a ravine. Instead of sheer glistening rocks rising on either side there are almost perpendicular banks, green and glossy as walls of emerald could be, whereon harts tongues with fronds two feet long, fat, thick ivy leaves, the hard fern, the polypody, and the waving lady fern are tangled together in a glorious profusion. Presently the road grew less like a rivulet running down a ravine; the hedges sloped away instead of rising perpendicularly, and, as I bent down to gather the first wild narcissus I had seen for the year, a flash of bright blue caught my eyes, and I recognised the dear little scalloped-edged leaves and the trailing bloom of that familiar old hedgerow friend, the ground ivy, and further on I came across a gigantic head of coltsfoot.

A tough ascent, and once more the lane was like a ravine cut in the side of a mountain; once more the water rippled down among big loose stones, whose presence there proved how little this bridle path was used. Brambles trailed out from either side, and presently I came upon a tall group of wild snowdrops. We prize them in our gardens, very properly, but I think we never value them to the same degree as when in some country wild their little graceful white heads bending down with a sweet stateliness arrest our attention. These Devonshire lanes are inexhaustible, try them at what season of the year you like. Just after I had left the snowdrops waving on the top of their bank, I came upon a yard or two of bank that was free from ferns, and was blue with that most exquisite of all our English blue wild flowers, the periwinkle. There is nothing in the hedges in any month that can exceed this purplish blue flower in richness and intensity, and at the same time in purity of hue. Nothing except the pimpernel, which is neither scarlet nor crimson, but something that makes it a minute empress among wild flowers. What a bouquet I might have had by this time if I had only gathered everything I had seen! It was too late to begin now, for the day was dying; and by the faint light that still came from the west I saw several half-opened primroses, and upon a great loose heap of stones I recognised a large patch of mistletoe flowers in their livery of unobtrusive green. Pendant from the hedges every here and there the great boughs of the hazel waved in my face, showering out the powdery stuff with which they are covered. These can be arranged beautifully for room decoration in a tall vase, together with long trails of the glossy ivy. The "black buds of March" are showing on the ash trees, and the broad leaves of the wild garlic, which ought to have waited patiently for April, are already plentiful in some woods I know of, and will soon be crowded with flowers as pure and beautiful in appearance as the lily of the valley, but their perfume is intolerable.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

CLAVERTON BRIDGE.

SHARP TOR.

NEAR COMBESTONE.

MEL TOR.

ROWBROOK FARM, &c.

LUCKY AND BENCH TORS.

See article "The Dart."

Rougemont Castle.—Exeter.

WHEN we see Exeter from a distance the Cathedral seems to dominate everything. Such a view he must have had in his mind who wrote:—

“Far o’er yon horizon rise the City towers,
Where our God abideth.”

But in years bygone the Castle stood above ditch and rampart like a red warder to guard that fair house of prayer from harm.

Steep, narrow, Castle Street, ascending from the High Street, practically shows the Red Mount to be the highest point of Exeter. The gateway and picturesque ruined towers at the top of the street are nearly all that remains of the ancient Norman Castle and the fortifications which, from Athelstane’s time until the end of the eighteenth century protected the city. Within the Castle yard the ramparts rise on either side; another turret looks down from the south-west corner, and immediately fronting us is the Assize Court, which was completed in 1784, a date when many alterations were effected throughout Exeter—some needful improvements, but frequently carried out without judicious preservation of what was really interesting and venerable. To build this new Assize Court, the old Castle Ruins were cleared away in 1774; the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, which from earliest times had stood inside the Castle, was destroyed; so was the castellan’s house, and the remains of donjon, sallyport, and square tower. All we now see is a mere outer shell, and that but fragmentary, of a castle which has played no unimportant part in the history of England.

The Norman Rougemont Castle was built by Brian de Molis, after the Conquest of Exeter by William I. Not being mentioned in “Domesday” it has been conjectured that it was not finished till the next reign, and must have been quite new when besieged and taken from Baldwin de Redvers by King Stephen. The earl was banished for a while, but restored in the next reign to his lands and titles, and in the possession of the de Redvers and Courtenays, Exeter Castle remained till the reign of Henry III. It may readily be believed that Robert de Courtenay did not give up his hereditary right without a struggle, when, in 1231, Henry presented Exeter Castle as part of the earldom of Cornwall to his brother Richard. In 1260 Richard, Earl of Cornwall, was elected King of the Romans. Thus for a while Exeter could proudly boast that her governor, in name at least, had the highest place on earth.

In 1337 Edward III. created the Black Prince Duke of Cornwall, Rougemont Castle being still assigned as an appanage of the Duchy, to which it has belonged ever since. When in 1537 Henry VIII. granted the charter which gave Exeter the privilege of being a county with its own Sheriff, Rougemont was excepted, remaining in the County of Devon as part of the Duchy of Cornwall and a royal possession.

No wonder Exeter proved so impregnable, for storming the Red Mount was well-nigh impossible, and history shows that Exeter when besieged rather yielded to circumstances than was taken by force. How she could hold out was demonstrated in 1549, when the men of the West refusing to accept the new Prayer Book and Ritual, rose in rebellion and besieged Exeter.

—From the Homeland Handbook “*The Ancient & Loyal City of Exeter.*”



Tavy Cleave.

A “wall of rocks” forms a natural barrier to the Cleaves; this is of granite, and seems justly fitted to be the bulwark of a world. A mighty portal opens to the view a deep-sunk and wide-spread vale, broken by small clefts or cleaves by which the Tavy rushes with all the wild fury of a mountain stream. Masses of stone, tinted with red and yellow lichen, give to the hollow the appearance of a ruined town or city. Nature in her wildest frolics appears to figure forth the elaborate works of art. In these fantastic groups of stones hurled together in motley confusion we may imagine the ruins of an ancient Baalbec or Palmyra. “But the masses of granite are so enormous,” says Reason, “that no effort of human power could have brought them together.” “There were giants in those days,” we answer, and the idea of a ruined city again returns. Descending by the precipitous wall which bounds Tavy Cleaves, we gaze upwards on the scene and still it wears new forms of grandeur. Great Tor discovers itself wreathed with mist. Similar tors embrace the vally on every side, and at their foot the torrent rushes, mingling its road with the melancholy sigh of the mountain breeze.

The County's Tribute to Sir John Kennaway.

There was a great gathering of West Country clans on the day appointed for the presentation to Lady Kennaway of the portrait of her husband, and to Miss Kennaway of a handsome and beautiful diamond and amethyst pendant and chain with receipts from hospitals (chosen by Sir John's daughter) for fifty guineas.

Gallant Sir John Kennaway, the Squire of Escott, has represented his part of the County in Parliament for nearly thirty-seven years, and the gifts were in recognition of his services and in token of the high esteem in which he is held by people of all shades of political opinion. The great meeting for the presentation was held in the Victoria Hall, Exeter, on January 25th, and Sir John's Devonshire neighbours and friends of all social grades were there in great force. There were most interesting speeches from the Chairman (Mr. R. Marker), Sir Thomas Acland, Mr. Spear, Colonel Marwood Tucker, Sir C. Cave, Mr. J. D. Pratt, Colonel Lee, and Colonel Williams. Sir John Kennaway's own speech, from which we briefly quote, was admirable: "My life has been a full one. It has been largely blessed, and, by the help of God, I continue until this day encouraged by the example of the great men of Devon, who have gone before us, and the fathers who begat us. Who can look upon the statues which adorn the Hoe of Plymouth, the slopes of Northernhay, the Castle Yard, and St. David's Hill, the windows of our great Cathedral, and especially the great West window, without remembering the men to whom honour has been there done? Drake and Devon, Acland and Fortescue, Temple, Buller, and others? And who will not be stirred and try to do something for name and fame, as they did in times past?"

The portrait of the Right Hon. Sir John Kennaway is a very happy effort by Mr. Walter W. Oulless, of London, and depicts Sir John as returning from the hunt. It is 50 inches by 42 inches, and bears the following inscription: "Presented to Lady Kennaway, in hearty appreciation of the character and career of her husband, the Right Hon. Sir John Kennaway, Bart., C.B., and of his services of nearly 37 years as M.P. of East Devon, by many neighbours and friends. January 25th, 1907." An illuminated album, containing the names of the 1,600 subscribers, and with an address to Lady Kennaway on the second page, accompanied the presentation picture.

Devonshire Clotted or Scalded Cream.

"THOUGH originally confined to the counties of Cornwall and Devon, the manufacture of clotted cream is now carried out most successfully in practically all counties. In addition to its having gained a great reputation as a luxury, it is now largely recommended by the medical profession as an exceeding fatty food, and is displacing to some extent the use of cod liver oil amongst invalids. Devonshire cream is very rich, containing from fifty per cent. to over sixty per cent. of fat, and this fat is of a more digestible kind than any other, being present in the cream in a finely emulsified condition. In the preparation of clotted cream it is desirable to use rich milk, such as is produced from the Channel Island breeds of cattle, but this is not essential, and the evening's milk from Shorthorn cows will produce very good cream indeed. In Devon and Cornwall clotted cream is largely made from the milk of Devon cattle, which are admirably suited for the purpose. Crosses with Channel Island cattle are also commonly employed."

—From Leaflet No. 179, issued by the
Board of Agriculture and Fishers, London, 1907.

Mrs. Laura Francis Richards, deceased.

On the 5th November last there died at Riversdale, Torquay, the widow of the late William Joseph Richards, the founder and for many years Hon. Secretary of the United Devon Association.

Mrs. Laura Frances Richards was the daughter of the late John Laidman, who was in past years a well-known solicitor in the City of Exeter. She married her husband in the year 1854. The day of her death was the anniversary of her husband and herself taking up their residence at Torquay seventeen years since. Her death occurred after a comparatively short illness at the age of seventy-seven years, and she leaves behind her one son and three daughters.

While Mrs. Richards did not take an active part in public affairs, she always showed deep interest in her husband's work, particularly in the work of the United Devon Association. This was a work which appealed especially to her, and her interest has been continued since the Association lost his valuable services. To her private friends Mrs. Richards evinced a charming disposition and a firm friendship, which was ever highly valued.

To her large circle of acquaintances her death came unexpectedly; and she passed away amid a tribute of deep and affectionate regard.

Devon Notes.

A VISIT to Devon by an American lady made an impression upon her which has been rendered permanent by verses on "A Devon Road," inspired by some pretty surroundings when driving from Exeter to Torquay. The verses are in a volume "In Praise of Leaves," written by Mrs. Shuman Dreyfus, of Boston, whose second book of poems has been warmly welcomed on the other side of the Atlantic. The verses are rightly described by a competent critic as full of tenderness, sweetness, and music; many of them are in the sonnet form—this is the most difficult of poetic measures, but "In Praise of Leaves" its stately movement is peculiarly adapted to the subject. It is a pleasant thing to find a visit to Devon not only stimulating admiration, but leading to a permanent record of the impression made by the beauties of the county.

Heigho! within a Devon lane
The leaves in arches rise,
And Pan in secret has his fame
Beneath the temple skies.

* * *

THE Devon and Somerset Staghounds have shown excellent sport this year. A writer in a sporting contemporary characterises the past season as unquestionably one of the best on record. But, he adds, this result has been brought about by steady and very hard work for the last few years. For one thing, a number of fat, lazy old stags, which were probably no good to the herd, have been killed off, and the overwhelming number of hinds has been thinned down. It is very evident from the number of new or unusual lines taken in the course of the season by stags, that the deer have spread more over the moor and forest, and have thus learned more country.

* * *

SUNNY SEATON, is, says a writer in *Health Resort*, an apt alliteration, expressive of the truth. Invalids, and others fond of the sun should pay a visit in the winter season to this healthful South Devon resort. Here you can "bask in the sunshine by the warm seashore," sheltered from all cold winds. And there is another consideration some may esteem. The residents of Seaton are more hospitable, and in the winter months a good deal of pleasant social enjoyment is here to be met with.

* * *

As an interesting specimen of the enterprise of Devonians who have wandered away from the dear homeland, we may cite that of the Messrs. R. P. Culley and Co., of Cardiff, formerly of Exeter and Plymouth; and of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Culley, who run the Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel, at Droitwich. They have just published a new edition of their charming little Illustrated Guide, which not only gives ample information of the establishment itself, but a variety of general information concerning the place and its surroundings, which will be found of great interest and usefulness by visitors and residents. It appears that considerable extensions have been made to the establishment, consisting of a new entrance hall and offices, two large waiting or cooling rooms—one each for ladies and gentlemen, and a *porte cochere*, under cover of which carriages can discharge their passengers, and the levels are so arranged that wheel chairs can be driven straight into the dressing rooms of the Baths. Additional private baths, with two dressing rooms to each, have been provided on the ladies' side of the building, and the ornamental grounds and front have been relaid, and fresh carriage drives planned from the roads. A notable addition to the staff is the appointment of a matron for the ladies' section, and a new secretary and manager appointed, viz., Mr. J. H. Hollyer, formerly private secretary to the late proprietor of the Brine Baths, Mr. John Corbett, known to the world as "The Salt King," who died a millionaire. The little booklet to which we refer is beautifully printed, is full of charming views, abounds in useful information, and is altogether such a publication as visitors to Droitwich and its vicinity will find of the greatest possible use to them. The little guide is an ideal guide, and copies may be obtained from Mr. T. F. Culley, Manager, Droitwich.

* * *

The cadets at the Naval College, Dartmouth, will, in all probability, lose their famous pack of beagles. As a result of an appeal by the Humanitarian League to the Admiralty, the latter have withdrawn their support to the beagles. For some time the sports fund has been entirely maintained by subscriptions paid by the parents of the cadets, but the wages of the kennel-men were still allowed as a charge to the public in the estimates. This allowance is now to be stopped. Unless increased voluntary support is forthcoming, the beagles will be dispersed.

Devon Notes—continued.

"THE Cathedral of Exeter" is the subject of an illustrated article in *Country Life*, from the pen of Professor Lethaby, who joins in the controversy which has arisen over the restoration of the West front, which restoration is being carried out with so much care by the Dean and Chapter. An interesting fact mentioned by Professor Lethaby is that the Cathedral was partially fortified. He observes "that although it is not an unknown thing for churches to have been fortified, especially on the borders of Wales, there is probably no other instance of a fortified Cathedral. The portions of the Cathedral which are fortified are the aisles of the nave. There is a double parapet with an outer walk, and also a shelter space between the vaulting of the interior and the aisle roof—having its outer wall pierced with loopholes.

* * *

Who introduced the potato? Most men believe it was Sir Walter Raleigh, but the *Telegraph*, having investigated the problem, is inclined to award the honour to Sir Francis Drake. Some years before Sir Walter had taken steps to colonise Virginia, and thirty years before he ever saw any part of South America, Sir Francis took his ships almost round South America, even to the country of which the potato is a native, along the slopes of the Andes. Moreover, the Germans, whose ability in historical science all the world recognises, have bestowed the palm on Sir Francis. In the market-place at Offenburg, in Baden-Baden, the centre of an important potato-growing district, stands a statue of Drake, inscribed "The immortal introducer of the potato into Europe."

—From *The Devon & Exeter Gazette*.

Official Photographers.

THE Council of the U.D.A. are appointing in each town in the County resident photographers, who shall be designated "Official Photographers of the U.D.A."; and who, in return for the publicity given in *Devonia*, shall from time to time allow the use of photographs, free of copyright fee, in the magazine only. In all cases the Editor will acknowledge the source from which the views are derived; and he will, on request, pay the actual cost of the photographs reproduced.

The following names have been already received. We shall be glad to add others for towns not here represented:—

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Bideford	Messrs. W. H. and B. Puddicombe.
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Devon Honey Harvest of 1906.

Lieut.-Colonel H. J. O. Walker, presiding over the annual meeting of the Devon Beekeepers' Association at Exeter, early in the year, said what the society had attempted to do in the past year it had done excellently. He greatly deplored the withdrawal of the County Council grants, for that had hampered the association considerably. The annual report stated that during the past year there had been forty-five new members, and forty-one had resigned. The membership now stood at 337, against 330 in 1905. The honey harvest of Devon had been good on the whole. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, spoke of the great loss that beekeepers had sustained generally throughout the country by the death of Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She had been president of the British Beekeepers' Association, and from her bounteous purse had assisted it very liberally.

* * *

The following circular was addressed to local secretaries and others, asking for information to be published in *Devonia* Supplement:—

"UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

"PUBLIC LIBRARY,

PLYMOUTH.

1st January, 1907.

"DEAR SIR,

"You will doubtless be interested to know that our arrangement with Messrs. Fredk. Nash and Co., of Bournemouth, for printing *Devonia* terminated at the end of 1906, and that the Council has accepted the tender of Messrs. Underhill, of Plymouth, for printing the same during the present year.

The work will therefore be printed in Devonshire, and will be under the direct supervision of the U.D.A. and its officers, and it is earnestly hoped that the new arrangement may conduce to the success of the Association and its official organ *Devonia*.

The editorship will remain in my hands as heretofore, and the Advertisement Department will be under the immediate control of the Council (by the agency of the Secretary) at the head office, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter.

With the January number we propose to remodel *Devonia*, and to add some special features.

The *Devonia* Supplement will also be revised, and new matter introduced as occasion may require, to suit the circumstances of each particular locality.

Will you therefore please send me, within three days of the receipt of this communication, some notes of your town or district, to take the place of the paragraph hitherto included in the *Devonia* Supplement, and will you also supply me with information of special fixtures or engagements as to sports or public matters; also information useful to tourists, motorists, cyclists, and pedestrians; notes on fishing, hunting, yachting, bathing, golfing, etc., etc., on the lines laid down by our Secretary (Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp) some time ago in connection with the proposed Gazetteer.

In addition to this, it is almost needless to say that the Editor is always glad to receive literary contributions relating to Devonshire, with photographs (non-copy-right) of places or people of interest in the county suitable for the magazine pages of *Devonia*.

This appeal is addressed to all local secretaries and honorary correspondents and it should be impressed upon them that everything depends upon the response made to this application as to whether the issues of *Devonia* can be made readable, practical, and entertaining, and thus further advance the interests of the U.D.A.; also that the issues shall be prompt and regular.

Naturally, a little delay will undoubtedly occur in the publication of the number for January, 1907, owing to the change of printers and other circumstances; but it is hoped that subsequent issues may be published early in the month, thus competing with the more popular and widely-circulated magazines.

Your prompt attention will be greatly esteemed by

Yours very truly,

W. H. K. WRIGHT,

Hon. Editor '*Devonia*.'

The response has not been as great as could be wished, but we hope in our second number to complete the revision of *Devonia* Supplement, which we have commenced in this.—EDITOR.

UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

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Mr. E. Windeatt.

The United Devon Association was started in the year 1898 as the result of meetings of the Mayors and Town Clerks of Devon, held at the New London Hotel, Exeter. The Head Office is at 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter, with local offices or bureaux in each principal town of Devon.

OBJECTS.

The objects of the Association are:—

To promote all measures tending to increase the prosperity of the County of Devon and add to its popularity as a residential and tourist centre.

To bring under the notice of families visiting England the attractions of the County.

To appoint Correspondents at home and abroad.

To organize subscribing districts in Devon.

To promote increased facilities for travel in the County..

To advance in any other way the interests of residents in the County.

The Association also, through the Western Counties Fern and Wild Flowers Preservation Committee, takes steps by prosecution of offenders to prevent the illegal removal by itinerant hawkers and others of roots of ferns, plants, and wild flowers from the lanes, hedges, and fields of Devon, and the wantonly throwing about of bottles, waste paper, or other *debris*, which not only tends to disfigure the beauty spots of Devon but also cause damage and danger to man and beast.

EXECUTIVE.

The work of the Association is carried out by the Council, consisting of the officers seven ordinary members elected annually and two delegates from each local committee meeting quarterly.

In each subscribing locality the local work is carried on by a committee of its local subscribers and associates, under whose auspices the *Devonia* series of local guides for free circulation is produced.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Donors of £15 15s. or upwards are life members and *ex-officio* members of the Council. Any Corporation, Council, or Association subscribing £10 10s. or upwards is entitled to elect a representative on the Council and the local Committee of its district.

Subscribers of £1 1s. annually, payable on 1st January, are full members entitled to all the privileges of the Association.

Subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, payable on 1st January, are associates entitled to attend and vote at local committee meetings.

Devonians resident outside the County of Devon, on payment of 5s. annually, due 1st January, are entitled to copies of *Devonia*, and all other literature published by the Association, free of postage.

PUBLICATIONS.

Devonia, the official illustrated magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and enjoys a most influential and far-reaching circulation in the British Isles, India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and all over the empire, as well as in the United States, the Continent of Europe, and elsewhere. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the personal notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, and the United States, and is placed on board all the principal lines of steamers to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and the Continent.

Local guides will be sent free on receipt by the Honorary Secretary, or local secretaries, of twopence to cover postage.

The Chairman and members of the Council appeal to Devonians wherever they may be, and they are everywhere, to give every assistance to the work which the Association is doing for the love of the old County, and particularly by becoming subscribers.

All literary matters should be forwarded to Mr. W. H. K. Wright, F.R. Hist. Society, Editor of *Devonia*, Public Library, Plymouth. All correspondence on monetary and other business matters, and suggestions for the prosperity of the Association to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Secretary, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter.

"DEVONIA" may be obtained of the following—

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Information from Secretaries gladly received at Bedford Circus, Exeter.



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VI.]

FEBRUARY, 1907.

[No. 2.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary or other business matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to the Manager, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; or any recognised Advertisement Agent. The printers are Messrs. Underhill and Co., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.

The River Tavy.

DARTMOOR is the "Mother of Rivers," and of all the places where rivers are born, none are so grandly rugged, so typical of our west country solitudes as is the cradle of the Tavy. Like many another moor-born waterway, it begins its existence in a lone morass a mile westward of Cranmere Pool. It flows north of the great granite masses of Fur Tor, which stand over against the place of its birth like a grey sentinel of the moors, keeping watch and ward. Coming down by Watern Oke, it is augmented by contributions from unseen springs and from little runnels which gather and conduct the moisture from the hills. Above Tavy Cleave the Rattlebrook joins forces with it. Thence it races along over broken blocks of granite overgrown with moss, slides swiftly across tiny weirs, and foams along seaward in a series of mimic cascades through chequered light and shade, and through every variety of scenery. Deep pools here and there reflect the greys and browns, the sage greens, and the ochres, and flame reds of the lichen



ENTRANCE TO TAVY CLEAVE.

growths, which are especially fine here. It leaves the moor after a brief run by a fine mountain gorge, descending into the valley of Tavy Cleave, one of the deepest and the grandest of our moorland vales. Very fine is the spectacle here when Tavy comes down in brown spate, after a big storm up among the tors. The waters chafe and murmur along by grey overhanging crag and weather-beaten cliff, they forge through narrow channels angrily and spread themselves in foamy breadth over masses of granite debris, brought down from the hills above in some prehistoric upheaval, or after some great thaw of long



THE TAVY, NEAR DARTMOOR.

accumulations of ice and snow, in a time when the climate of Devon was not equable and mild as now. Very strange and wonderful is the scenery of Tavy Cleave, through which winds the river. I have heard it compared with the *Mer de Glace*, the petrified waves of granite, left as we see them to-day after some great throes of nature, lending some degree of colour to the comparison.

Tavy looks sometimes like a grey ribbon threading Titanic groups of rock; at others like an attenuated waterfall as it comes down through this rocky



ST. MARY'S POOL, ON TAVY, TAVISTOCK.

vale, but the view from Ger Tor, with grey granite tors rising to a great height, and the stream hurrying impetuously along in the bed of the valley; is the finest.

Opposite Ger Tor, those curious in the matter of hut circles may see nearly a hundred of them upon the hillside, lying high above the Tavy. Possibly they were for the tenders of cattle, or maybe they were intended for miners' occupation, though of mining there are few signs remaining hereabouts. Anyway, there they are—ancient hut circles, a bygone village of them—belonging to a time of unrecorded antiquity, like the cairns and cromlechs of the Dartmoor uplands.

Below Ger Tor there is bogland, which conserves much of the rainfall hereabouts, and adds to the volume of those waters going southward to the Hamoaze and Plymouth Sound. On leaving the Cleave behind, the stream loses something of its moorland character, the environment is different, for it flows through fields and passes moorland farms, and presently, if we follow it, brings us to the village of Peter Tavy. Thence it is not a far cry to



ABBAY BRIDGE & WEIR ON TAVY.

Tavistock. (Note how the river lends its name to the pleasant places through which its pilgrimage to the sea lies.)

By many a memorial of a dim mysterious past the river flows, twixt source and sea moreover one is reminded of words out of the Good Book, as one goes wandering through a land musical with the song of many waters, where the pasture lands are rich with promise, and ores peep out from mother earth in outward and visible sign of inward potential riches: "A good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains that spring out of valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley, of milk and honey, a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."—Deut. viii.

To leave the banks of a Dartmoor stream for a while and to explore the wilderness of heather and budding gorse, is to stand face to face with hoary survivals which have power to carry one's thoughts backward to a time earlier than history itself; for Dartmoor in its remote fastnesses is primeval, and its rock pillars, stone bridges, cairns and cromlechs, may often be seen near the rivers which wind and curve and dance along to the sea.

"In history's page there is no tale of thee,
Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled.

Long centuries are flown.

Bowed many a crest and shattered many a throne,
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust
With what they hide,—their shrined and treasured dust.

But still these nameless chronicles of death,
Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
The eternity of nature, with the forms
Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms."



OLD HARFORD BRIDGE

(Destroyed in the Flood of 1891).

The river as it flows through the historic old town of Tavistock almost laves the walls of the ruined abbey, founded in Saxon times by Ordulph, son of Ordgar Ealdorman, of Devon, and sacked and burnt later on by the Danes. The old walls on the river's brink, and the fragment of an Early English cloister in the churchyard are still eloquent of the monastic age, among other fragments of the old-time religious house yet remaining. The lovely river walk at Tavistock runs beneath the abbey walls, and is shaded by elms; and just away from the town, and lying within sound of Tavy's impetuous waters is a fine bronze statue of Sir Francis Drake, the great Elizabethan Admiral. Lower down it passes Crowndale, where Sir Francis was born; the old house has gone with the years, and farm building stand upon its site, but many a pilgrimage is made there on fine summer days by people who revere the name of the gallant circumnavigator.

Thence down the valley, where wooded hills rise and hem it in on each side, Tavy broadens and goes dimpling down by fern-haunted coppice, and out-cropping rock, making verdure a beauty everywhere. Presently it reaches a famous "Watersmeet," where the Walkham joins the Tavy; a wild bit of down, scarped here and there with grey granite, a rocky promontory, a primitive rustic bridge, and mountain ash, oak, and other trees, making a pleasant and gracious shade.

Not far away is the old mansion of Waldredon, one of the many manor houses of the Courtenays, and dating from the time of Edward VI. Below is the Virtuous Lady Mine, a place beloved of artists and fishermen (and fishermaidens too, for one often sees the owner of tweed petticoats and workmanlike tweed coat, casting a fly somewhere on the stretch of river hereabouts). A Trout and Salmon river with a great reputation is the Tavy.

Passing along downstream, and leaving the lovely bend, where the disused mine of "Virtuous Lady," various adits, and other signs of bygone burrowings are eloquent of mining adventurers of other days, we drop down with the rapid little river past the Lady Bertha Mine and Hatch Mills, resting awhile to enjoy the beauty and the charm of Denham Bridge and its pretty ivy-covered cottage. Hereabouts the woods are flooded with azure in the springtime, and it might well be named Bluebell land. So plentiful are these wild blue hyacinths in this quiet breadth of exquisite country, where one may fish, botanise, or merely "laze" for a long brilliant day without meeting any of one's kind, though the little village of Buckland Monachorum lies only a short distance away from the river and its witcheries of mossy boulder, rocky promontories, and deep green woods.

Buckland Church is worth a visit, for all its antiquarian features have been carefully preserved—carved bench ends, oak roof, and screen, and there are some monuments and curious bosses, chiefly to the memory of the Elliott family, and there are the remains too of a fine old village cross; Buckland Abbey, founded in 1280 by Amicia, Countess of Devon, is also close by. The pious lady made it a great and powerful religious house, but when Henry the Eighth suppressed monasteries and convents throughout his kingdom, Buckland went the way of many a fair abbey and priory, and passed to hands secular. Sir Francis Drake secured it in Elizabethan times, and it is still in the possession of his namesake and descendant. The arms of Drake are over the entrance, and another doorway has above it a mutilated head in masonry, said confidently to be that of the Lady Amicia, who founded the old-time abbey. The grey ivy-grown walls enclose many relics of the old sea-dog Drake: his Bible, his sword, and the renowned drum of legend, which it is said will sound and awake its master from his long sleep if foreign enemies ever come near the coasts of his beloved Devon. There are portraits here, too, of Drake, King of seakings, and of Don Pedro de Valdez, Vice-Admiral of the Armada, whom he sent as his guest to Buckland, and who lived there for some time until a ransom was paid by his relatives in Spain.

It is just near here that the salt tides meet the moorland-born stream, and the Tavy loses its idyllic character, coming down by Lopwell and Maristow (Sir Massey Lopes's seat) in volume. Presently we are at Beer Ferrers, an odd little grey village right upon the river, with apple orchards and cherry orchards and narrow winding lanes, where wild flowers crowd upon each other, and bees, butterflies, and birds have a great time. The thirteenth century church was built by Sir William Ferrers, and has a fine canopied tomb, with effigies of Sir William and his lady. There is, too, the figure of a Crusader in the north transept, very possibly in memory of one of the noble de Ferrers. The fine altar tomb is said to be the place where Sir Willoughby de Broke, who died in 1522, lies buried. Great people were the de Ferrers, and the east window of the church shows the pious founder with his wife beside him. Sir William is holding in his hand the model of a church, over which is inscribed, *Wills Fereys ne fecit*.

Another stretch of picturesque river, and on the opposite shore is Warleigh, another ancient historic house, associated with names honourable in the annals of Devonshire, and the *locale* of one of the romances of Mrs. Bray. By the swelling woods of Warleigh Tavy reaches the end of its course and joins forces with the Tamar, about a mile above the lofty God's acre of St. Budeaux Church and the fine bridge of Brunel at Saltash, which links together the Sweet Shire of Devon and the Duchy of Cornwall

A Typical Devonshire Cottage.



THIS charming old cottage is situated at Croyde, North Devon, and is the property of Mrs. Penrose France. It is a favourite study for artists, and the interior (now modernised) was used as the scene of an Academy picture some years ago.



Where Herrick Sleeps

BUCKFASTLEIGH, a Dartside town, is the centre of some typically beautiful Devonshire scenery, wild and romantic to a degree, with ranges of hills, fold after fold; quaint old homesteads, woodlands, and silver streams hasting down through exquisite verdure to join the Dart. There are prosperous serge factories keeping up the old-time traditions of Devonshire, when the manufacture of woollens was one of the staple industries of the district. Cider-making is also carried on in and around Buckfastleigh. The Abbey of Buckfast, founded before the Norman Conquest, and enlarged by Ethelward, a son of William de Pomeroy, in 1137, has now been to a large extent rebuilt on the old foundations, and is again a house of residence for the Cistercian brotherhood: thus does time work its curious compensations. About two miles from Buckfastleigh Station is Dean Prior, for ever associated with Robert Herrick, the poet, who was its vicar in the seventeenth century. There is no stone to mark his resting-place, but somewhere in that quiet churchyard the bones lie mouldering of him, whose sweet poems and exquisite lyrics have charmed so many generations. "Is there no magic wand of the mind that may dip, as the water-finder's hazel, when a live mortal walks here among the primroses above the dust of an immortal? Cannot my heart pulse quicker, or the thrush sing sweeter, or the little violet yield a sweeter fragrance above Robin Herricks' grave?"—(Eden Phillpotts in *My Devon Year*). Dean Burn, a romantic gorge, with waterfalls and a haunted pool, is within easy reach of Buckfastleigh. The Dart flows rapidly down through the deep gorge, where Holne Chase and Buckland Drives on either hand seem to keep watch and ward, century by century, over the tragedies and comedies of petty humanity—petty beside the vastness and sublimity of Nature as she appears in those her fastnesses.

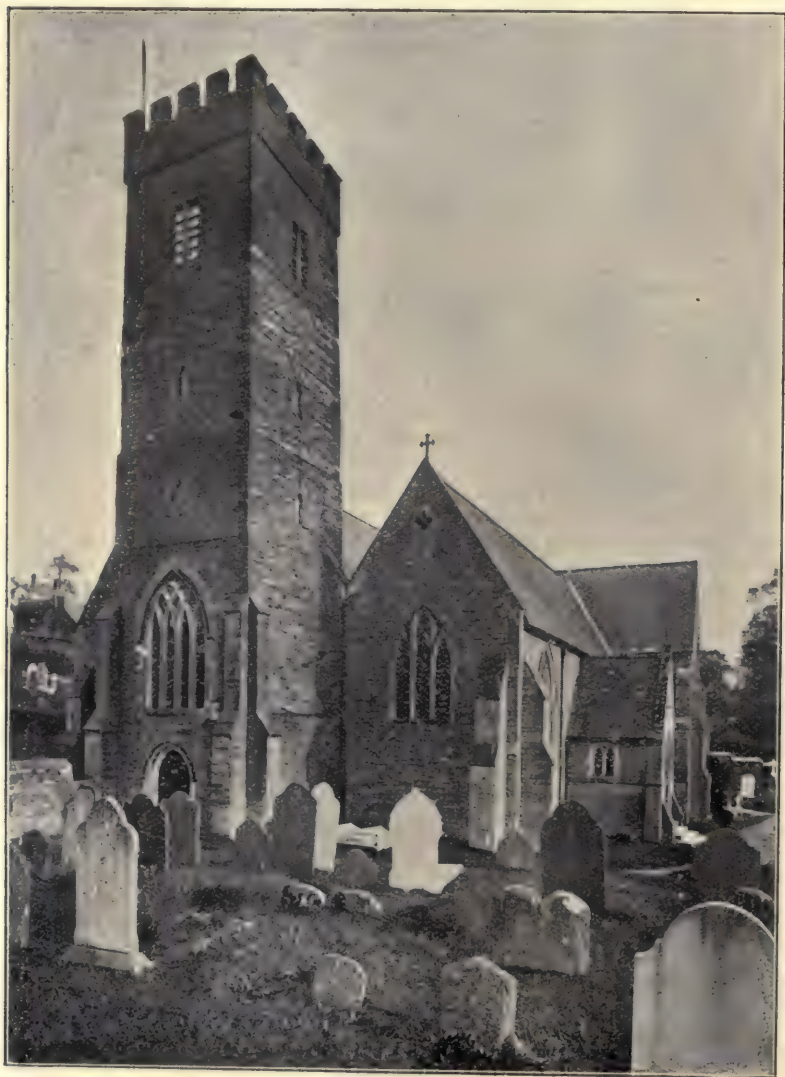
—From *Picturesque South Devonshire*, by W. H. K. Wright, F.R.H.S.

Longevity on Dartmoor.

MRS. HILL, who was buried at Princetown recently at the age of 84, was the daughter of Richard Edwards, one of the bakers for the French and American prisoners of war in the early part of last century. He was in his hundredth year when he died at the little hamlet of Whiteworks, about two miles from Princetown. Mrs. Hill leaves eight children, forty grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Her sister, Mrs. Charlotte Worth, who died last March, left 134 direct descendants.

Yealmpton, Devon.

AMONGST the numerous interesting books lately issued, relating to Devonshire, is one entitled, *A History of Yealmpton*, by the Rev. H. J. Warner, M.A., Vicar of Yealmpton, and published by the "Western Morning News" Co., Ltd. In a handsome volume of nearly one hundred pages, Mr. Warner has told us everything that



YEALMPTON CHURCH.

Block made by the "Western Morning News" Company's Process Department.

is known with regard to the history of this old-world town, and much relating to the church and parish which had not before been incorporated in local publications. He takes us back to Saxon times, and records the tradition that

a Saxon king had a palace on the south side of the churchyard, and that one of his officers lies buried there. He claims for an ancient stone, the "Goreus" stone, a still earlier antiquity, viz.: that it is a relic of pre-Saxon, or of British or Irish Christianity. It is a far cry from those early times to the days of the twentieth century, but Mr. Warner finds ample material down through the ages to make his book both interesting and valuable; his transcription of the Churchwardens' accounts from the year 1617, throwing a flood of light upon the



THE "GOREUS" STONE.

Block made by the "Western Morning News" Company's Process Department.

manners and customs of those times. It is well known that the fine old church of Yealmpton contains some notable monuments; these are fully described, and in some cases illustrations are given. Here we have the records of the Bastard's, the Pollexfen's, the Crocker's, the Woollcombe's, and other well-known west country families. Several chapters relate to the charities; an important note refers to the Kitley Caves, and many other topics are dealt with in a careful and scholarly manner. On the last page of the book is recorded a piece of information which we give in its entirety, as of unusual interest:—

“A Famous Nursery Rhyme.

The adventures of old Mother Hubbard and her dog are known all the world over, but few know where the poem was written. This honour the parish of Yealmpton can claim. Mr. W. E. P. Bastard has kindly supplied the author of this History with the following particulars:—

At Kitley, Yealmpton, the seat of the Bastard family, is a small volume about four inches square, illustrated with little woodcuts. Inside this book is this note:—

‘Original Presentation Copy of Mother Hubbard, written at Kitley by Sarah Catherine Martin, and dedicated to John Pollexfen Bastard, M.P.’ Mother Hubbard was, as is believed, the housekeeper at Kitley at that time.”

Then follows the dedication:—

“To J. P. B., Esq., M.P., County of at whose suggestion and at whose house these notable sketches were designed, this volume is with all suitable deference dedicated by His Humble Servant. S.C.M.

Published June 1st, 1805.

The correct title of the book is:—“The Comic Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog.”

We trust Mr. Warner's book will have a ready sale, for it ought to find its way into all public and private libraries in the district, while, we doubt not, copies will go over the seas to Yealmptonians who have become exiles from the place of their birth.

[The blocks illustrating this article kindly lent by the Western Morning News Co., Ltd.—Editor.]



In a Devonshire Lane in Spring.

What glittering troops of flowers are marshalled here,
 In trim costumes of every tint arrayed,
 (With bees for buglers) So to hold parade,
 And celebrate the opening of the year.
 Violets, shy in purple garb, appear,
 Meek primroses in ruff of creamy shade;
 Proud kingcups shine, with burnished gold o'erlaid;
 And stitchworts mingle, pranked in pearly gear,
 While daffodils display the saffron plume,
 And daisies their bossed orbs and scalloped rays;
 Sorrels peep forth; and hazel-boughs assume
 Their tassels light; and dandelions blaze . . .
 And I from city smoke and dust set free,
 Thrill with delight such pageantry to see!

I. W. N. KEYS.

Buckfast Abbey.

DOM. ADAM HAMILTON, o.s.b., upon whom "the nameless charm of Devon" has of a certainty cast its spell, has written a history of St. Mary's Abbey, of Buckfast, in Devon. It is a labour of love, for he is one of the children of the Abbey, and he has gotten together his facts and presented them in such pleasant literary fashion primarily for the monks of St. Mary's venerable Abbey at Buckfast, and, in the second place, for Devonshire men, as he tells us in his brief preface.

Incidentally in this most instructive and interesting amongst our local histories, the author draws for us a series of word-pictures of the long past times; of a day when the green gloom of a dense forest lay along this portion of Dartside, and the herds of red deer came down from the uplands to drink at the river. Hence the name, "Buckfasten," the stag's fastness—hence the armorial bearings of the Abbey, a stag's head caboshed. Hereabouts probably were some of the most heroic of battles waged, when the Saxons dispossessed the Britons and drove them over the Tamar into Cornwall. One has only to exploit the country and note its salient features to see that the conquerors had not an easy victory; the natural citadels of rock-crowned heights, the brown floods running swiftly to the sea, the deep tangle of thick woods—are each eloquent of a victory dearly bought. It was some fifty years after the Saxon occupation, in seven hundred and sixty, as nearly as historians can fix the date, that the stately Abbey of St. Mary's rose little by little by Dartside. The writer of the fascinating pages before us supposes that the beautiful religious house was probably built so that prayers might be said and masses sung for the souls of those who were slain in the fierce fights between Saxon and Briton. He assumes, too, that to Cynewulf, the "royal wolf," the foundation is most likely due, as he was then reigning prince over the Kingdom of Wessex. The fortified camp on Hembury was just above the site of the Abbey, as the ancient entrenchments show. There is every reason to suppose that the policy of the kings of the Heptarchy to civilise and christianise their new possessions by the foundation of monasteries, and the pious desire to offer prayers for the souls of the fallen, was the dual motive in the erection of the pile. Until after the Norman Conquest the manor of Buckfasten was never assessed, for Domesday declares tritely that "it never paid geld."

Students of Devonshire history will find much to interest them keenly in these pages, and Devon people, whether Catholic or Protestant, will like to learn what the studious monk of Buckfast Abbey has to tell the world about the very oldest Devonian Abbey. It certainly was founded prior to the reign of King Alfred, and Mr. Baring-Gould is of opinion that the Saxons reared their great house of prayer upon the site of a much earlier British monastery, which would fix the foundation as early Sixth Century. Whether or not his belief is justified by fact, no one can say, but when Domesday was compiled Buckfast was a well-dowered house, especially rich in lands. The story tells of the Saxon Conquest of the fair land of Devon, of the Lady Beornwyn,

of the great moorlands all about the manor and of the Saxon festivals at Buckfast. Of the Abbots Alfsige and Alfurne; of the coming of the Norman; of the country in the time of Edward the Confessor; of the pious de Nunants and their gifts to St. Mary's; all the lights and shadow in the history of the house for seven whole centuries; the suppression of monasteries and convents by Henry the Eighth; the razing of the venerable walls, the Norman towers, and a small portion of the building alone escaping. Then the zeal of the Benedictines in re-establishing the ancient abbey, its rebuilding upon the old foundations, so that each room now stands upon the same spot, and has the same uses as in the abbey before the long term of desolation and silence (three hundred and forty-five years) made the place a place of sorrow to the devout of the earlier faith. Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, the Duke of Norfolk, Dr. Mivart, Cardinals Manning and Newman, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord Herries, Sir Paul Molesworth, Lord Brayne, Archbishop Ullathorne, Bishop Hedley, and others, have been generous donors to the fund for the work of restoration, now nearly complete. A note in manuscript, added to the work of Dom. Adam Hamilton, tells that immediately after the installation of Abbot Anschar, last summer, he determined to begin the rebuilding of the ancient church on its former foundations and in all its former majestic beauty. The zeal of the community would not permit of their waiting until some benefactor should generously come forward with funds, but the monks themselves—priests, novices, lay brothers, and alumni—are all working in relays to rebuild their church, so that the cost shall be only that of the material. Lord Clifford, who is regarded as the quasi founder of the restored abbey, has granted that the arms of Clifford shall be impaled by the good monks with their own, and he is rebuilding at his own cost the west cloister. The book is sold by the Procurator at the Abbey at 3/-.

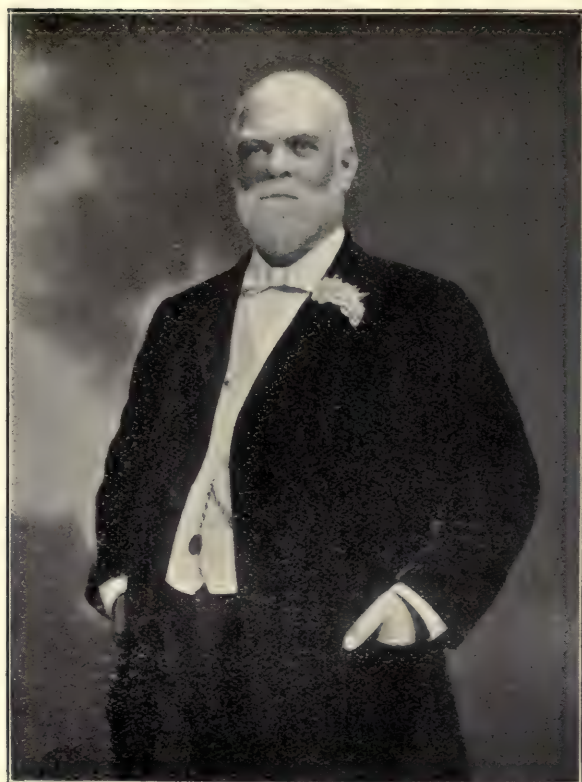


A bit of Rural Devon.

BOLHAM, a very decorous place in these days, but not so very many years ago a rendezvous of cock-fighters. The long thatched cottage at your left on entering was then the "Fox and Hounds," what is now a fenced garden being an open space, where waggons (and cock-fighters) could pull up and alight before the hospitable portals. Hence it is not far to a point where the bodyguard of woods re-commences—to attend us with hardly a break for nineteen luxurious miles. Woods, woods, woods, always woods! Time was—in the eighteenth century and during the Great War—when they supplied hearts of oak for many a three-decker, and the roads were ploughed into ruts by an endless procession of creaking wains. Now they combine with emerald meads, quaint veranda'd lodges, stone and "timbern" bridges, and an occasional mill, to impress the senses and cram the memory with a surfeit of romantic images. At Fairby the valley contracts to a gorge; elsewhere, and notably at Exebridge (Dulverton) it unfolds with a welcome for some affluent. Bampton is not on the Exe, but on a tributary, the Batherum. Being a town—though a small one—it naturally expects a visit, especially on the last Thursday in October, which is the date of the Exmoor Pony, Horse and Cattle Fair. The Mote, a large artificial mound, probably of Norman construction and originally stockaded at the base, is worthy of remark, whilst the big limestone quarries represent a revived industry of the utmost importance to the town. But the place should be visited on one of its fête days or during the commercial revelry of the Fair. Then it will be seen what Bampton can do. This is tantamount to saying that the town has not much to show. If it had there would be no temptation to dwell on the yews in and about the churchyard, which have been made the subject of curious and successful experiments. To many, indeed, they will seem quite the feature of Bampton, now that the church has been brought up to date by the substitution of deal seats for the high oak pews with their comfortable corners. The black oak pulpit fortunately remains *in situ*, and the old font, a portion of the screen, and fragments of Bourchier tombs survive with it. The stocks, which stood at the foot of the tower, have passed with the generations that needed them, but under a wooden hutch in Brook Street lies a well, saline and chalybeate, whose undoubted virtues cause it to be prized by the inhabitants. Would that they had saved a few more of their heirlooms! The cicerone and his flock would then have rejoiced with them.

From the Official Guide of the United Devon Association to The Exe Valley.

Devonshire Worthies.



Mr. John Henry Lile, C.C.

THE gentleman whose portrait adorns this page, and whose name is well known to thousands of Devonians in London and elsewhere, is a true Devonian. He was born at Northam, near Bideford, some sixty-five years ago, migrated to London when quite a young man, and has, by patient industry and hard work, gained a high position in the Metropolis. Mr. Lile (we are divulging no secrets when we assert) went to London to seek his fortune, but he found that there were other means of achieving position and honour, than of carrying on the vocation of a journeyman carpenter, and consequently he set to work to carve out a position for himself. He is to-day a member of the Court of Common Council, a Lieutenant of the City of London, and honoured amongst his colleagues. His work on the London Council has been honourable and onerous, but he has gained the respect of all those with whom he has laboured, and there are few men in London to-day more honoured than this Devonian amongst Devonians.

The reason of our bringing him into prominence on this occasion is because of the recent presentation to him by his brother Devonians in London of a handsome testimonial on his retirement from the responsible position of Honorary Secretary of Devonians in London. This he has held for ten years or more, and it is on the occasion of his retirement that the handsome testimonial,

a copy of which we append, was presented to him by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, at the last official dinner under the presidency of Sir John Kennaway, as given in detail in our last number.

Mr. Lile retires from active work with the good wishes of all "Devonians in London," with whom and for whom he has laboured for some years.

W. H. K. W.



Extract from "Droitwich Guardian,"

23rd February, 1907.

"MR. T. F. CULLEY, of the Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel, has been elected upon the Committee of the Society of 'Devonians in Birmingham and Midlands,' of which he has long been a member, and attended all the social gatherings, joining with a company of fourteen from the sister Society in Worcester to meet General Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller at the last annual dinner in January, at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham."

"My Garden, and other Poems."

By JOHN GREGORY.

With an appreciation by E. J. WATSON.

Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith, 1907.

MANY years ago—how many we do not care to tell—we were in correspondence with the writer of these poems, and counted him as a personal friend; in fact, one of the poems in this charming volume was inspired by something we wrote the poet at the time, and we have never forgotten it. The poem to which we allude is headed "Sweetbriar," and begins—

"You say you are coming to see me,
And ask with the grace of a king,
As if from all care you could free me,
Pray what you would like me to bring?
'Tis but a poor exile's desire,
Whose life to its winterhood wanes;
Do bring up a sprig of sweetbriar
To me from the dear Devon lanes."

This is the first verse of one of the many charming poems that are enshrined in this volume, in which the poet has opened out his heart and has told us in the sweetest language all that he had in him to tell, of woods and fields, of hedgerows and moorland, of river and dale, and all that makes up that dear Devonland, of which he is such a loyal son.

John Gregory is a true poet, as much a poet as Edward Capern and Robert Burns, his song is natural and true, and just as Giotto looks up from his sheepfold, and Burns from his furrow, so does John Gregory look up from his last and sings to us. The sun shines on him, that is sufficient; all is beautiful, the earth is alive with melody and colour.

"The rapid swallow, screaming with delight,
Darts o'er the shining flood; the cuckoo calls.
The orchard trees are draped with banners white,
And song-birds revel in their verdant halls."

And the singer revels there with them, and carols his lay like a good son of Devon, pleasing himself, if not the vulgar herd; gathering beauties, if not fame; and after all, says he, what is fame but—

The tinkle of a bell
Suspended in a crumbling tower
Of a strange realm, 'twixt heaven and hell,
Where care has blighted every flower.

* * *

Fame is not worth the hunter's pains
Until he dies, then eager friends
Will crown his ghost to make amends.

The volume before us is brimful of good things. In the first place we have a counterfeit presentment of the poet himself—the shoemaker poet of Bideford, in Devon. Then we have a sketch of his career by one who knows him well—Mr. E. J. Watson; after that we have song after song, poem after poem, of the most exquisite melody and the most poetic thoughts, for well on one hundred and fifty pages. Mr. Gregory is first a poet of nature; his verses are redolent of the breeze, the flowers, the budding trees, and he sings as a lark with all the exuberance of delight in all things great and good in nature and in man. His poems are healthy and invigorating, and it is difficult to realise that they have been written by a man who from morning to night is working at a most prosy trade.

Devon Notes.

Sport in the West Country.

Delightful Devon.

Devonshire is celebrated for more than its cream and the charming seaside resorts, which, along with others of the neighbouring county of Cornwall, have been the cause of its being named "The English Riviera." Devon may fairly be described as the playground of the West, in which fine old baronial halls and castles vie with the charm of natural scenery in making it one of the most interesting counties in England.

Old Times and New.

The men of Devon wove their wool, made their cider, reaped their rich harvests, and waxed merry over what Herrick, the poet-parson of Dean Prior, termed, "their nut-brown mirth and russet wit," which appears to have taken the congenial form of a perpetual round of wakes, morris dances, shearing feasts, harvest homes, and kindred revellings. Such merrymaking has now given place to the more modern hunting parties and hunt balls, though with the country folk some of the pleasures of former days have still considerable vogue.

Charming Resorts.

The names of many Devonian watering-places have become household words all over the world, but there are still certain less-known spots both on the coast and in the moorlands, which amply merit the attention of holiday-makers and sportsmen. Some of these offer special attractions to the angler and the golfer, as well as to the lover of the picturesque and the seeker after pure air and better health.

Opening up the Country.

The gradual extension of coach and motor services is tending to open up health and pleasure resorts hitherto comparatively unknown, and the inauguration of the short route from London affords a seasonable opportunity for directing the attention of the public to the paramount importance of Devonshire from the traveller's point of view.

A Useful Handbook.

It is with this object that "Devon: the Shire of the Sea Kings," is now added to the series of travel books issued by the Great Western Railway, whose lines afford rapid and direct communication with every part of the county. This is a most useful book, beautifully as well as profusely illustrated, for those who contemplate making the acquaintance of Devonshire and its many attractions.

Deer Hunting.

The hunting of the red deer and the fishing of the moorland stream bring sportsmen from every quarter to Dulverton and Exmoor. To the mighty hunter Exmoor is the red-deer land, for it is there that the wild stag has been hunted ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The Devon and Somerset Hunt.

The Devon and Somerset Hunt is at the present in the full tide of its prosperity, under the mastership of Mr. E. A. Stanley, who perpetuates the traditions of those who have gone before him.

Some Popular Masters of Hounds.

The present Lord Fortescue, Mr. M. F. Bissett, Mr. C. H. Williams-Bassett, and Mr. R. A. Sanders are some former well-known masters. The landowners on both sides of the border line give every facility and encouragement to the hunt, which is regulated and largely controlled by an influential committee.

A Broad Hunting Area.

The area hunted over may almost be said to lie within the district which stretches from Barnstaple to Dulverton, Wiveliscombe, Williton, and Minehead, and then back again through Lynton to Barnstaple. In addition to these there is the outlying country of the Quantock Hills, and a further stretch from Dulverton to Tiverton, through Rackenford, Witheridge, and Eggesford. The Quantock country is hunted by Mr. E. A. Stanley, and the Tiverton district by Sir J. Amory.

Devon Notes—continued.

The Deer-hunting Season.

Deer are always plentiful, and the season for stag-hunting extends from about August 8th to October 18th; a few stags are also hunted about Easter. Hind-hunting begins at the end of October and lasts till the end of March, the close season being from the end of April until about July 20. The popularity of stag-hunting may partly be accounted for by the exhilarating nature of the sport, and partly because it may be enjoyed at its best when Parliament has risen and mankind generally is busy holiday-making.

Deer and Black Game.

A great many stags are killed during the season and a far larger number of hinds during the winter, the sum total reaching nearly 300 head. Black game is fairly abundant on certain parts of Exmoor, but the grouse apparently decline to naturalise so far south.

Golf Attractions.

Devon in common with other counties of England is waking up to the necessity for providing facilities for the ubiquitous golfer. There are now fourteen courses in the county, four of which (the Royal North Devon at Barnstaple, the Churston, the Staver at Heathfield, and the Tavistock clubs) have eighteen holes. Other notable courses readily accessible by the Great Western Railway are those of Westward Ho! Weymouth, and Bournemouth.

The Tatler, February 13th, 1907.

* * *

Fishing in Devon.

THE beginning of March the leonine will see the opening of trout fishing on those famous streams, the Tavy, the Walkham, the Meavy, the Tamar, and the Cad—moorland streams all—running down through scenery typical of the sweet shire of Devon to join the sea in Plymouth Sound. Fishermen and their womenkind, many of them as deft at throwing a line and landing their catch as the most ardent Piscator, are anxious to be at work on the rivers where trout are said to be very plentiful, some extra large ones having been seen in the accustomed haunts along these streams. It may interest some of the anglers who come west to know that for thirty shillings a salmon license, which includes trout, may be had for these waters, this sum being inclusive of a conservator's ticket for the entire season. For trout fishing only, half a crown secures a license for the season. Day tickets are one shilling each in addition, whilst anyone with just one day to spare, may get license and ticket for that day for two shillings. Holders of these tickets may fish any portion of the Tavy on the left-hand side upwards from the weir at Denham Bridge to above Tavistock; and on the right-hand side of the river, from Lady Bertha up to Virtuous Lady Mine and the portion of the Walkham as well as the Walkham on the same side. Licenses and tickets, with any further information desired, may be had from Mr. William Hearder, Union Street, Plymouth. Yelverton, Clearbrook, and Meavy Village are splendid fishing centres.

* * *

Tiverton.

Is there any other town of which it could be said, as it was of Tiverton the other day, that there were four packs of hounds within a circle of eight miles of the borough, all showing good sport. Sir John Heathcoat Amory's staghounds were at Rackenford and his harriers at Halberton; the Tiverton Foxhounds were at Hensleigh; and the Silvertown Foxhounds at Backswood. Is not this a record?

It is no exaggeration to say that a sportsman, from Tiverton as headquarters, may, without inconvenience, hunt almost every week-day for the greater part of the year. Moreover, thanks to the public spirit of Sir John Amory, who has never asked for any subscriptions either for his staghounds or harriers, hunting is a much less expensive luxury here than in many other places.

—*Tiverton Gazette*.

A copy of the *Tiverton Gazette* having been sent to Field Marshall Lord Roberts, with a letter calling his attention to the report of the speeches of the dinner of the Tiverton Volunteers and the Rev. E. J. Damen's patriotic verses, the following reply has been sent by his lordship's secretary, from Englemere, Ascot, to Father Damen:—
"I am directed by Field Marshall Lord Roberts to thank you very much for kindly

Devon Notes—continued.

sending him a copy of the local paper, with an account of the Annual Dinner of the Tiverton Volunteers, and of your own excellent speech, and the capital verses you composed on the situation." The following are the verses referred to:—

TIVERTON RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Air: "Auld Lang Syne."

Our Navy may not always smash
The ships that us invade,
And foes may come by special trains
When the Channel tunnel's made.

CHORUS:

Confiding in our soldiers bold,
By Captain Anstey led,
Our citizens may toil all day,
Then tranquil sleep in bed.

Our standing army is not large,
Conscription is unknown:
Without a host of volunteers
We cannot hold our own.

Confiding, etc.

Then here's to Britain's fighting men!
May they in strength increase,
And turn to good account in war
The tactics learnt in peace!

Confiding, etc.

And may the town that stands on Exe,
Just where 'tis joined by Lowman,
Equip a force of volunteers,
The dread of every foeman!

Confiding, etc.

E.J.D.



Official Photographers.

THE Council of the U.D.A. are appointing in each town in the County resident photographers, who shall be designated "Official Photographers of the U.D.A."; and who, in return for the publicity given in *Devonia*, shall from time to time allow the use of photographs, free of copyright fee, in the magazine only. In all cases the Editor will acknowledge the source from which the views are derived; and he will, on request, pay the actual cost of the photographs reproduced.

The following names have been already received. We shall be glad to add others for towns not here represented:—

Ashburton	Messrs. Blampey and Son.
Barnstaple	Messrs. Vickery Bros.
Bideford	Messrs. W. H. and B. Puddicombe.
Bude	Mr. S. Thorn.
Budleigh Salterton	Mr. F. T. Blackburn.
Crediton	Mr. H. Cornish.
Dartmouth	Messrs. Balley and Flower.
Honiton	Mr. A. J. Griffiths.
Ilfracombe	Mr. E. G. Phillipse.
Launceston	Messrs. Hayman and Son.
Newton Abbot	Mr. E. Kelley.
Okehampton	Messrs. Lugg and Co.
Plymouth	Messrs. Heath and Stoneman.
Seaton	Mr. G. H. Barton.
South Brent	Mr. W. K. Gay.
Tavistock	Mr. T. Vanstone.
Tiverton	Mr. H. E. Hatt.
Torquay	Mr. J. C. Dinham.

A Devonshire Book-plate.

THE fine book-plate of the Honourable Mrs. Tremayne, of Sydenham, Devon, and Heligan, Cornwall, shows in the design a view of Sydenham House, the ancestral home of the Tremaynes, and one of the most beautiful old-world homes to be found in the whole of Fair Devon. The River Lyd flows down beside the house and through the lovely woodlands of the estate; it is spanned just in front of the house by an old stone bridge, where ferns foregather and mosses prosper, and, as may be seen by the book-plate picture of the ancient mansion, it is one of those Tudor manor houses, which have survived the years bravely and is in perfect condition in the year of grace 1907, though built in the thirteenth century.



“Plymouth in History.”

THE above is the title of a little work just published by the *Cornubian Press*, Redruth and London, the author of which is Roger Barnicott, and the illustrations by W. S. Lear. In a brief preface the author says that “Foremost in the western garden of England, our ‘fair town of Plymouth’ is justly famed, the world over, for the glorious part it has played in the history of the seas. In every age its mariners have been valiant in arms, intrepid in exploration, true rulers of the deep in its ever-changing aspect; and throughout the story of our island home, its civic governors have ever espoused the cause of freedom and progress.” This is a very worthy and appropriate introduction to this interesting historical essay, every page of which bristles with important facts or statements of hoary traditions. We are given the romantic story of the famous combat on the Hoe between Corineus, the Trojan, and Goemagog, a local worthy. Then we are carried on step by step through Saxon and Roman times, through the Middle Ages, when the legitimate history of the town may be said to have commenced, stress being laid upon the exciting incidents which took place in the days of Edward the Black Prince. On we are carried to the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth with all their movement of men and fleets, the beginnings of England’s Navy, and so through a series of word-pictures to the exciting time of the great Siege, the sailing of the *Mayflower*, and the accession of William and Mary. Later history is compressed into one short chapter, but there is ample material here for study and evidences of considerable research. The illustrations are for the most part taken from old prints and are fairly representative of old Plymouth. Considering that the book sells for one shilling, it ought to have a wide sale, and to be eagerly read by natives of Mother Plymouth the world over.



Medical Conference in Devonshire.

THE British Medical Association, which numbers about nineteen thousand members, and includes the most notable and eminent men associated with medicine and surgery, holds its annual Conference in Exeter this year. From the 29th of July until the 2nd of August the old city will entertain at least 1,200 medicos it is supposed. So great an influx of visitors will tax the resources of the “Ever Faithful City,” and some of the smaller towns, particularly those on the coast, will doubtless benefit: Exmouth, Starcross, Dawlish, and Teignmouth will all have their share in the expected wave of prosperity. Some of the moorland towns have shown great enterprise in getting a fair representation in the book which it is proposed to present to the visiting members of the profession of healing, and the Devonshire Riviera may reasonably hope that much benefit may accrue from the forthcoming Conference.

The headquarters of the medicos at Exeter will be the Albert Memorial Museum, erected as a memorial to the late Prince Consort, and the location of the Day Training College, the Museum and the Free Library. Temporary postal and telegraph facilities will be found here, and a bureau of information besides. There are thirteen sections, whose meetings will be held in various buildings. These include the Barnfield Hall, the Victoria Hall, the High School for Girls, and the Pathological Museum at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital. It goes without saying that the venerable city itself will be of great interest to the visitors: the Cathedral, with its many links with the past; the old parish churches, some of them of quite hoary antiquity; the portions of the Castle of Rougemont, which have, so far, defied time; the ancient Guildhall and its treasures; the pleasant reaches of river—all will come in for a share of attention. Many interesting phases of medical science are to be discussed at the sectional meetings, and we may confidently expect to hear more about modern diseases and their prevention and cure from the *savants*, who will foregather from all quarters.

A large number of Canadian and American visitors are expected, and among distinguished foreigners who have signified their intention of being present are Professor Waldo Emerson, of Baltimore, Professor Stephane Leduc, of Nantes, and Dr. E. Landolt, of Paris.

His Majesty King Edward VII. is Patron of the Association, and when Prince of Wales was for a period of years an honorary member. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is at present an honorary member, and amongst the names of past honorary members are Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal, Professor Charcot, Lord Armstrong, Baron Larry, Dean Liddell, Pasteur, Lord Playfair, and Sir George Gabriel Stokes. The Association at present has upon its list of eminent men, Professors Esmarck, Koch, and Liebreich, Lord Gordon, Surgeon-General Billings (of the United States), the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Didworthy Sanatorium.

THERE has been much correspondence of late in the local papers as to the usefulness or otherwise of the Didworthy Sanatorium for Consumptives upon Dartmoor. This voluminous correspondence has proved without a doubt the extreme value of the institution to the two westernmost counties of Devon and Cornwall. No sooner had something of the nature of an attack upon the Sanatorium appeared in the local press, than champion after champion arose and grateful public acknowledgments of the immense benefits received began to flow in. One after another, old patients wrote to tell of new hope, new vigour, and re-established health, after a stay at Didworthy. Breadwinners whose families depended upon their exertions have been received, treated in accordance with the latest developments of science, taught the hygiene of daily life, and discharged so far cured as to be able to return to their occupations. Not a patient has gone back, moreover, to his home circle without having learned how to treat himself in the matter of fresh air and food. The small percentage of failures have been cases sent much too late for a possibility of anything more than a temporary alleviation of suffering.

Didworthy is near South Brent—one of the many places upon the moors which medical men praise so highly when a case of phthisis comes to them for advice and cure. The sunny slopes of the great moorland have worked wonders, and it is no new thing to find doctors sending patients to Dartmoor instead of to Davos Platz and Mentone, and of late years Americans and home-returning colonists from India, South Africa, and the Gold Coast have found that a year's stay in the comparative solitudes of a moorland town or village has proved a rest-cure extraordinary. Fishing in the moorland streams, otter-hunting along the banks of the South Devon rivers, golfing at the several moorland settlements, where good links have been added to attract visitors, botanising upon the uplands and in the deep flowerful coombes, all these are health-giving occupations, and all do more to keep at bay diseases and nervous ailments than all the drugs in the pharmacy. The golden rule, where it is a question of fighting the dread scourge consumption, is to send the patient, whilst in the very earliest stages of the trouble, and to make a sufficiently long stay.



Sir John Hawkins.

A Sea-Dog of Devon—being an account of the life and adventures of Admiral Sir John Hawkins, of Plymouth, by R. A. J. Walling, with an introductory chapter by Lord Brassey. This new work should prove to be of considerable interest to the West of England. Many of the scenes are laid in Plymouth, the home of the Hawkinse, and much of the incident has the strongest West-country flavour. "If it be true," says the Author in his introductory words, "that in the moment when Death breathes upon the face of a man as he passes by, the man has vision of his life as in the flash of magic crystal, never doubt that the wind of the culverin shot cleared for an instant the red mist of battle and disclosed to John Hawkins the garden of a gabled house in Plymouth. There he saw two boys at play, their game disturbed by the coming of mariners fresh from far seas, their game forgotten as they hung upon the converse of those sailors with their father of the perils and rewards of daring men who furrowed uncharted seas in the golden west. There he saw himself, one of those wide-eyed boys, flush and thrill as the microcosm of his life was suddenly revealed—glittering with shining adventure, red with the hue of war, dark with the shades of intrigue, following the star of high emprise. The boy who had stood in the garden at Plymouth was on the deck of his flagship in San Juan de Ulloa, the thunder of disastrous battle was around him, the powder smoke thickened again."

The book is the first detailed biography of one of the greatest men of the West, who helped to build up the glory of England in the Sixteenth Century. It describes a career full of lively incident and gorgeous colour, and should be a useful addition to the gallery of portraits of Elizabethan heroes.

The publishers are Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., and it will have a photogravure frontispiece portrait of Hawkins, from an original kindly lent by Miss Mary W. S. Hawkins, a descendant of the Admiral. An introductory chapter has been written by Lord Brassey, whose great knowledge of naval history enables him to "place" Sir John Hawkins both as a sailor and as a naval administrator.

A Sea-Dog of Devon will be issued at six shillings net.

Gates of the Morning.

THE morning wind came scented over miles of the greater furze, the rush-beds likewise yielded their savour, and along a brook the river-growths exhaled sweetness. Here, too, beside a tributary of Dart, the broom shook out yellow spears above dark green foliage; the woodrush hung his flowers; may-buds gleamed in a lake that reflected their own gold with blue sky and rosy cloud; and the marsh-violets twinkled more humbly beneath them to find their images in the river also. Upon the water, procumbent grasses made a mesh to catch dawn light, pond weeds trailed their new-born leaves beneath, and the sun flooded the heart of that singing stream with clear colour—amber and agate and cherry red—where it struck upon submerged peat.

Along the margins of the stream ivy-leaved crowfoot turned little white faces to the morning; and the flowers were thrones for lustrous ephemeral things, with wings of gauze and golden eyes that also blessed the only sun they would know. From fleeting blossom and fragile midge my sight passed directly along half a league of lonely ridges to Bellever's turrets and granite fortresses, where that great tor dominated the land. He indeed seemed like to witness a million more such sunrises—to shelter the mist and the grey lichens till the end of the world; but my part was with the insect and the flower. I looked up at the giant's head, dark against the morning, for once rested content with my small parcel of time, nor grudged him one of all his centuries.

The water sang very placidly, and purred to the green things anchored in it, and the light lingered much here, streaked each rush with brightness, transformed each blossom into a fairy cup, into a jewel of gold, or silver, or pure turquoise, where speedwells and forget-me-nots shone like the sky.

The old bridge passed through a dawn phase also, and existed through that wonderful hour as though every fragment understood. His clefts and crannies sparkled up with stonecrops and the young fronds of the spleenwort. These leapt in little aigrettes of new green from the grey; and mosses brightened the masonry; while from the river, sunlight reflected sharply, made gleaming tremor upon the bridge, like the shimmering dance of hot air.

Delicious tones and deep shadows touched the red cattle and defined their modelling; the cuckoo cried, and his song echoed from the stone wall over against his resting place on a white thorn; the planes of the moor arose up each out of the other; cloud shadows raced free and passed over the earth like cool presences; little cots began to send incense of blue peat-smoke aloft; dogs barked musically and brought up the full-uddered kine from their nightly places; and man last of all arose and went forth to justify his wakening. I met him then, and there sounded gladness in his voice, benevolence in his greeting; for the sun was very warm and the month was May, and the air seemed good to dwell in for all created things that breathe it.

—From *My Devon Year*, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen.

West Country Gatherings.

THERE was a large gathering, and a representative one, at the South Western Hotel, Southampton, on the occasion of the annual dinner of the West Countrymen's Association in Hampshire. Messrs. S. Deagon, Follett, Dunsford, J. Ellen, A. W. Monkhouse, A. Reed, and S. J. Trew-Cary formed the Committee, and a very joyous company indeed did justice to the excellent dinner, and listened to the capital speeches which followed. In the unavoidable absence of the President (Dr. Russell Bencraft, J.P.) the Vice-President (Mr. Follett Dunsford) occupied the chair, and was supported by the Mayor, Alderman R. Andrews, J.P., the Sheriff, Councillor C. J. Sharp, Colonel W. A. Swalen (American Consul), Colonel Sir G. A. E. Hussey, Colonel C. H. H. Candy, and a number of other gentlemen. Mr. A. M. Price proposed the toast of the Army and Navy, and said that the history of the Navy was practically the history of the West Country, which had always been at the forefront with regard to the Navy. Mr. Austen, in proposing "The County of our adoption," said that Devonians were taking a prominent part in the life of Southampton. The Mayor in replying added to the gaiety of the evening, and said that he had always heard that the Wise Men came from the East, but apparently a great many of them came from the West.

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THE Devonians settled in Manchester and its environs have celebrated their seventeenth annual Association Dinner at the Mosley Hotel, Piccadilly, Manchester. Mr. S. Teed, President, a Colyton Raleigh man, was in the chair, and others present were Mr. W. H. Ackland (Exeter), Mr. J. Bastin (Alphington), Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Balhatchet, Mr. W. W. Connett (Exeter), and friends hailing from Ottery St. Mary, Totnes, Southmolton, Halberton, Plymouth, Okehampton, Winkleigh, Tavistock, Sidmouth, Branton, Cornwood, Ilfracombe, Torquay, Dartmouth, and Tiverton. Many ladies were of the party, and the greetings between Devon-born folk were hearty in the extreme. After the usual loyal toasts had been duly honoured, "Devon, our County" was proposed by Mr. Kidger, who modestly thought that nothing was too

good to be said of beautiful Devon and its people. He recalled Stephan Langton, of Magna Charter fame, and the gallant heroes Raleigh, Drake, and others, adding a tribute to the soldiers' friend, General Sir Redvers Buller. "Exiles from home" was proposed by Mr. A. J. Pearce (Tavistock), and Mr. S. Northcote (Bedworthy) proposed "The Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces," in all of which he said Devonshire men had taken a prominent part.

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DEVON AND CORNWALL ASSOCIATION FOR SURREY.—Recently at the County and Borough Halls, Guildford, a goodly number of West-country people decided to establish a Devon and Cornwall Association in Surrey. Mr. J. P. Roberts, of Claygate, occupied the chair, and heartily supported the proposal. Mr. H. T. Michell, acting secretary, suggested—and it was unanimously approved—that the objects of the association should be to bring into touch one with another those people in the county who hailed from Devon and Cornwall, the promotion of friendly intercourse and mutual interests among the members, to provide social and literary entertainment, to bring the claims of the two counties as holiday resorts before the public by means of lectures, the establishment of a provident fund, and they could also take recourse to the ever-popular annual dinner. The minimum annual subscription was fixed at 2s. 6d. Mr. L. L. Crook, 74 North Street, Guildford, was appointed treasurer pro tem., and Mr. H. T. Michell (Guildford) was elected hon. secretary. It was resolved to ask the Lord Mayor of London (Sir William P. Treloar) to accept the presidency. A temporary committee, consisting of Mrs. E. Macan (Kingston), Miss J. C. James (Mitcham), Messrs. J. P. Roberts (Claygate), J. Lee (Camberley), A. E. Cann (Redhill), H. E. Phillips, W. J. Hill, and F. Blake (Guildford), W. Pardon-Howe (Dorking), C. O. Collins (Ashtead), and Brock, was appointed to draw up a set of rules for presentation at a general meeting to be held in March. Mr. Michell stated that from promises received, the society should start with a membership of between 120 and 160.

A Tribute to our Devon Waterways.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Editor of the *Bazaar* (a publication which frequently gives excellent information as to Devon localities) to ask for particulars as to a small coast village, where fishing and wild-fowl shooting could be enjoyed. We have made a note of the practical advice given in reply, and append it for the benefit of anybody interested.—

"We think you would appreciate the little old-world villages of Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo, situated on the Estuary of the Yealm, not very far from Plymouth, and we believe you would have little difficulty in obtaining lodgings in one or other of the villages. The valley of the Yealm is one of the prettiest of the many pretty timbered valleys in Devonshire, and for quietude and simplicity of living these twin villages are ideal. For the angler the neighbourhood is a paradise, for there is excellent sea and river fishing. Pollack and bass in number and of a good size may be taken in the river, larger ones outside, and flatfish, soles, and plaice on the banks or flats at the river mouth. A little later in the season mackerel, whiting, bream, dory, mullet, and other fish are plentiful. Trouting is obtainable in the Yealm and neighbouring rivers by payment. We believe rabbiting can be had on easy terms, and in the winter months fairly good wild-fowling, but on this point we are not certain; perhaps, however, some reader can advise you. The picturesque and sheltered harbour provides safe anchorage for boats of all sizes, and the sea, harbour, and river afford fine boating. Newton Ferrers has a delightful climate at all seasons of the year—mild, equable, sunny, free from frost, snow, or fog, which make it especially suitable for winter residence, but the tree-clad hills lining the river banks make boating and fishing a delightful pastime even in the warmest weather. The nearest station is Yealmpton (three miles).

"We would also recommend the neighbourhood of Salcombe, Devon, a charming little town not far from Kingsbridge, lying on the western edge of the Salcombe estuary, which branches off into many beautiful creeks. Splendid boating, sailing, and sea fishing are to be had; large quantities of fish are taken the whole season through, including mackerel, bass, and chad, whilst shrimping and prawning are indulged in. Salmon and trout fishing can be had in the Avon by payment (about six miles distant). The rugged headlands in the vicinity are the haunts of innumerable sea birds, and very fair wild-fowling can be had free. The farmers readily grant permission to shoot over their lands for a small payment, and excellent rough shooting (chiefly rabbits) can thus be obtained. Bathing in the sandy coves around is most enjoyable. Salcombe is surrounded by hills, rising near the coast to a considerable altitude, and terminating in the magnificent headland known as Bolt Head on the one side and Prawle Point, the southernmost point of Devon, on the other. The coast and land scenery is equally attractive. As regards climate, Salcombe is one of the most sheltered spots in all England, and on the lower ground it is warm all the year through. Higher up, however, the air is more bracing, and if you ascend to the summit of the hills you have magnificently exhilarating air. We would advise you to advertise for rooms in either of these places in the *Western Morning News*, George Street, Plymouth."—Ed.

United Devon Association.

THE Editor of *Devonia* would renew the appeal which he made in the January number, and which in circular form was sent to all local secretaries and honorary correspondents. He would point out that the work is now produced in the county—Messrs. Underhill and Co., of Plymouth, being the printers. It is earnestly hoped that the new arrangement may conduce to the success of the Association and its official organ.

The editorship will remain as before, and the advertisement department will be under the immediate control of the Council, at the head office, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter.

The *Devonia* Supplement has been revised, and new matter will be introduced as occasion may require, to suit the circumstances of each particular locality.

The Editor will be glad to receive from time to time information of special fixtures or engagements as to sports or public matters; also information useful to tourists, motorists, cyclists, and pedestrians; notes on fishing, hunting, yachting, bathing, golfing, etc., etc., on the lines laid down by the Secretary (Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp) some time ago in connection with the proposed Gazetteer.

In addition to this, it is almost needless to say that the Editor is always glad to receive literary contributions relating to Devonshire, with photographs (non-copyright) of places or people of interest in the county suitable for the magazine pages of *Devonia*.

This appeal is addressed to all whom it may concern—all lovers of "Fair Devon," whether at home or abroad; members of Devonian societies in Great Britain and the Colonies; it being the earnest desire of the Council to make this magazine the vehicle of intercommunication and information for Devonians everywhere.

W. H. K. WRIGHT,

Hon. Editor *Devonia*,

Public Library, Plymouth.

Extracts from Letters for insertion in "*Devonia*."

"Wanted to buy or lease a cottage or small house detached in or near some place on the North Coast of Devon, such as Lynton, or Ilfracombe, Morthoe Bay, Wooda Bay, Woolacombe, etc., a nice little cottage prettily situated and standing by itself would be suitable.—Bude, N. Cornwall."

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"Kindly send me four copies of *Devonia*; will remit per return cost of same.—Tooting."

* * *

"Please send me copy of Exe Valley Official Guide.—Upper Norwood."

* * *

"Please send me two copies of the Guide for Liskeard and Looe and District, and oblige.—Westerly, Rhode Island, U.S.A."

* * *

"I have to-day returned slides, for which I thank you. I had a full meeting, and the slides were highly appreciated.—Birmingham."

* * *

"May I venture to ask for more information as to the trout and salmon fishing on South Devon rivers? Where licenses are to be obtained, etc., and some advice as to centres and lodgings would also be most acceptable. I have just arrived from South Africa after many years absence, and would like to renew acquaintance with my native county Devon, but after so long an absence feel almost a stranger.—London, W."

* * *

Mrs. A. D. McIlraith, Christchurch, New Zealand.—"A Devonian would be glad to have further particulars re *Devonia*, where it is to be procured, what is the price, etc. . . . She is especially interested in Exeter, her birthplace."

Official Notice.—United Devon Association.

THE eighth Annual General Meeting will be held at the Guildhall, Plymouth, on Thursday, the 21st day of March, 1907, at 12-15 p.m., at which your attendance is earnestly requested.

AGENDA :

1. To read and confirm the minutes of the last Annual General Meeting held at Exeter.
2. To receive, and if approved, adopt the Annual Report and Treasurer's Statement.
3. To elect the President for the year ensuing.
4. To elect Four Vice-Presidents for the year ensuing.
5. To elect the Hon. Editor of *Devonia*, Hon. Secretary, and Hon. Treasurer for the year ensuing.
6. To elect Seven Members of the Council for the year ensuing.
7. To transact such other business as may be brought forward.

CECIL R. M. CLAPP, *Hon. Secretary.*



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VI.]

MARCH, 1907.

[No. 3.

— Principal Officers: —

President and Chairman of Council:

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CLIFFORD, J.P., D.L., UGBROOKE PARK, CHUDLEIGH.

Vice-Presidents:

SIR ROBERT NEWMAN, BART., J.P., D.L.
EXETER.

MR. H. BARRETT, BARNSTAPLE.

MR. W. E. P. BASTARD, PLYMOUTH.

REV. G. ROGERSON, NEWTON ABBOT.

Hon. Treasurer:

MR. T. SNOW, UNION OF LONDON AND SMITH'S BANK, LTD., EXETER.

Hon. Secretary:

MR. CECIL R. M. CLAPP, M.A., L.L.M., SOLICITOR, 17 BEDFORD CIRCUS, EXETER.

Hon. Editor "Devonia":

MR. W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. HIST. SOC., F.L.A. PUBLIC LIBRARY, PLYMOUTH.

Secretary:

MR. ALFRED WOLFE, 17 BEDFORD CIRCUS, EXETER.

Elected Members of Council:

MR. T. CANNING BAILY, PLYMOUTH.

REV. E. J. DAMEN, TIVERTON.

MR. F. T. DEPREE, EXETER.

MR. A. EDMUND SPENDER, PLYMOUTH.

MR. C. J. ROSS, EXETER.

MR. STANLEY HEARD, BIDEFORD.

DR G. A. RAE, J.P., DEVONPORT.

Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary or other business matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to the Manager, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; or any recognised Advertisement Agent. The printers are Messrs. Underhill and Co., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.

The Nearly
 ——— forgotten Village ———
 ——— of Gidleigh.

Written specially for
 "Devonia" by
 CHAS. PROUSE.

GIDLEIGH is a small and somewhat scattered village on the eastern escarpment of Dartmoor. The access to it is now tolerably easy by means of the motor cars, which run to Chagford constantly from the Railway Station at Moretonhampstead, where they meet the trains upon their arrival.

Chagford is about two miles from Gidleigh, and is a town that is fast becoming one of the most popular places for visitors on the borders of the moor. It has always been noted for its pure and bracing air, but its desolateness in winter, combined with the difficulty of approaching it, rendered it only suitable as a summer residence, especially for invalids. Now with the advent of the motor car, the electric light, and the telephone, all that has changed. It was before this advent, and during the gloomy season of winter, that an inhabitant being questioned as to the name of his town, is said to have replied in sad and dismal tones, "Chaggiford—Good Lord!" but that when in summer he had the same question put to him, his exulting reply was, "Chaggiford, and what d'yee think?"

Besides the three objects of interest which may be mentioned in connection with Gidleigh, *i.e.*, the church, the park, and the castle ruin, there are very many objects of attraction to the antiquary to be seen in its neighbourhood. Within an easy distance from it not only many Hut Circles may be seen, but also the Sacred Circle on Scaur Hill Down, as well as the Tolmen in, and the clapper bridge over, the river near it. For those whose powers of pedestrianism will enable them to extend their walks as far as the Grey Wethers, and Grimspond, there may be seen, on their way there, the Round Pound—or "Roundy Pound," as it is known on Dartmoor—at Batworthy; the Stone Avenue at Shuffle Down, and the Stone-circle at Fernworthy; while on the hill above Grimspond is a row of stones surrounding a cairn with a Kistvaen in its centre.

When at Grimspond the pedestrian would not be far from Becky Falls and Bowerman's Nose, as well as the wild and romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of Manaton, but these would be easier visited from Lustleigh. Should he have time later on to make an excursion in the opposite direction from Gidleigh, and visit Cosdon Beacon, with its cairns, and its kistvaens, its inscribed stone, holy well, and leaning Menhir—the Whitmoor Stone—he will be well repaid for his trouble, especially should the weather be fine and clear. He should not, however, on any account, miss seeing the Cromlech at Drevsteignton, called the Spinsters' Rock, as it is now the only perfect cromlech in the county, and is also spoken of by some as the *finest* in the country. If

before his return he were to cross the road, he could obtain a sight of Bradmere Pool, which is close by. This pool, which is said to always maintain the same level, but whose depth is unknown, is the result of some old mine workings. At times the dark, unruffled surface of the water, under the shadow of the surrounding trees, gives a gloomy and far from pleasant feeling to the spectator.

Gidleigh Church (Holy Trinity) is in the Perpendicular style of architecture, and has a somewhat slender tower with four bells. It is truly a *granite* church internally as well as externally; its pulpit, lectern, and reredos all being of this stone. It has, however, a painted screen, in good preservation, with figures of saints upon its lower panels; also a stained glass window, which, as well as the screen, is worthy of notice. On a mural tablet is a list of the rectors of the church from A.D. 1259, copied from Bishop Bronescombe's register. The first rector's name was Michael de Leghe, the patron of the living being William Prouz. After him, and during the next one hundred years, came six other rectors, the patrons during this time being all members of the Prouz family, while the rector who held it from 1284 to 1324 was also a member of the same family.



GIDLEIGH.

Photo by Chapman & Son, Dawlish.

Gidleigh Castle—the ruins of what appears to have been the keep of the Castle, although probably one of no great extent, may be seen close to the church. It was some years ago almost inclosed by the buildings of a contiguous farm, but since then these have also become ruins, and the stones which formed their walls lie scattered about. The monolithic clothes-posts of the farm's one-time tenants, rising from among them, are the only portion that appear able to resist time and decay, but look fully as capable of carrying a cable loaded with hundredweights of iron as a clothes-line with a few pounds of wet garments. Dartmoor, however, is the land of monoliths; the farmer makes his gateposts of them, the road-maker bridges the streams with them, and many a boundary wall may be frequently met with in which are granite blocks, whose weight often runs into tons. Next to the Castle ruins, and occupying the site between them and the churchyard, a modern villa residence has lately been built, and forms a strong contrast to its surroundings.

The Castle ruins have, without doubt, a very interesting history of their own, although it seems now to have been forgotten. Back as far as the early

half of the thirteenth century Gidleigh appears to have been in possession of two families, one bearing the same name as the place, the other the descendants of a Norman ancestor—one Le Pruz—which name subsequently became changed to Prouz, and later to Prouze. After this state of things had continued for many years, there came a time when the only son of the Le Pruz family obtained the only daughter of the Gidleighs in marriage, and by this union increased his possessions, so as to warrant his becoming—as Westcote says—"Dominus de Gidleigh." This was in all probability the one who built the Castle, its *raison d'être* being, without doubt, the proximity of the moor and the lawlessness of the times.

The son and grandson of the Le Pruz, who married the heiress of Giles de Gidleigh—both William's—followed him in its possession, but as the only child of the grandson was a daughter, Gidleigh, with its Castle, passed out of the family, first to the Moeles, then to the Damarells, and shortly afterwards to the Coades, in whose possession it remained—according to Westcote—up to the Seventeenth Century. It was while in their possession that the Castle was allowed to fall into ruin, they belonging to a Cornish family and having their property in that county.



GIDLEIGH CASTLE.

Photo by Mr. C. Prouze.

Gidleigh Park.—The park, which is quite unlike what is now generally understood by that term, possessing more the characteristics of a Chase, is a somewhat extensive but rocky tract of country, magnificently wooded, and including some of the finest and most romantic scenery in Devonshire. The river Teign flows through the lower part of it, and with its rushing, roaring stream, as it leaps and whirls around the boulders in its impetuous course, and with the masses of rock on either hand, gray with moss or dark with ivy, this part of the park is particularly attractive. Some years ago the park was free, as a route between Gidleigh and Chagford, but since then the owner has taken up his residence there, so that it is now necessary for those who would enjoy its attractions to obtain his permission to do so.

On the way to the park from Chagford the old market cross will be passed, and a little farther on, in a field, a mass of moss covered granite, called variously Puckle, Puggie, Puckie, or Pixie Stone, on the top of which is a rock basin.

The novelist *par excellence* of this part is, without doubt, Mr. Eden Phillpotts. His description of Dartmoor scenery is most graphic, while the style in which he depicts the ways and speech of the inhabitants is, while true to life, in a manner all his own. In some of his works he writes of Gidleigh under its own name, but in others under that of "Little Silver."

Gidleigh Castle.

Old Castle Keep! If but thy time-worn stones
 Could speak and tell of what occurred to thee
 In centuries past, when the three Royal
 Edwards following reigned. If this could be,
 I then would ask, with earnest wish to know,
 Who was the man that caused thy walls to rise,
 That Prouz of whom though little now is known,
 Yet, even yet, still links his name with thine?
 If thou art now but only what remains
 Of castle then complete, whence, from within,
 Retainers, firm and bold, shot arrows sharp
 At the besiegers, grim and fierce without?
 As Castle was it entered then through a
 Portcullised gateway strong, with bastions
 Well protected, by which, oft times rode forth
 With pointed lances keen, gay mounted men,
 Whose tramping o'er the bridge that crossed its moat,
 Resounded loud, and even to the moor?
 Did sometimes in its Hall, gay rev'lers meet,
 And play rude jokes, or speak their ruder jests?
 Or were misfortune's sons at times confined,
 As captives in its dungeon cold and dim?
 There are some things I need not ask of thee,
 For these past History most clearly tells:
 How, ere to ruin sad thy walls were left,
 The sons within them born, to country true,
 Would willingly respond the Royal call
 That summoned them to Council, or to War.
 Those sons are gone, but their descendants, all
 Good men and true, are patriotic still,
 And feel a wish as strong, and a desire
 As great as ever their forefathers felt,
 To benefit their Country and their Race.

C. P.



Plymouth as a Port for Mails.

In advocating the claims of the Port of Plymouth, more particularly in connection with Trans-Atlantic mail carryings, the Port of Plymouth Incorporated Chamber of Commerce have passed resolutions affirming the superiority of Plymouth over other routes. The Chamber furnish some interesting statistics which go to show that the average period elapsing between the receipt of the mails at the Post Office in New York, and their delivery at the Post Office in London works out as follows:—

	Average time occupied per trip.
	Hours.
Via Plymouth	150'9
By other routes	179'4
Quickest times of various steamers by the Plymouth route	144'1 to 147'2
Quickest times of various steamers by other routes	162'9 to 182'6

—Great Western Railway Magazine.

United Devon Association.

Annual Meeting at Plymouth.

THE Eighth Annual Meeting of this County Association, which was held at Plymouth on Thursday, the 21st day of March, 1907, was, in some respects, a record event. For some years this annual function had been held at Exeter and had become a somewhat stereotyped proceeding. The resolution to hold the meeting for 1907 at Plymouth was therefore a wise and welcome departure, and was amply justified by the results. Not only has strength accrued to the Association, but the local Committee in the Three Towns has been considerably strengthened, and a new life infused into what was regarded as a somnolent entity.

The Mayor of Plymouth (Mr. J. F. Winnicott) threw himself enthusiastically into the work, and directly he was apprised of the Association meeting in the borough under his jurisdiction he did his very best to make the gathering a success. His hospitality was generously extended to all visitors, and in addition, he invited a number of representative local gentlemen to meet Lord Clifford and the Council of the U.D.A., so that the party assembled at Rockville, Mannamead, the charming residence of His Worship, was in every sense representative of the Association and of local commerce and trade. The presence of the Mayor of Devonport, and of the Chairman of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce and Plymouth Mercantile Association, besides several gentlemen who had previously filled those important positions, at once stamped the proceedings with a representative character. It was pleasant also to see the Deputy-Mayor of Plymouth (Alderman Wills), the Town Clerk of Plymouth (Mr. J. H. Ellis), and Alderman Winnicott present, as representing the Plymouth Corporation, while local trade and commerce were well represented by the gentlemen named.

Exeter sent a large contingent, including the Sheriff of Exeter, Dr. H. Davy, the President of the Medical Conference, shortly to meet at Exeter; Mr. C. J. Ross, Mr. O. Ralling, Mr. E. T. Stone, Mr. F. J. Widgery, Mr. C. R. M. Clapp, and Mr. Alfred Wolfe; while other parts of the county were well represented. The absence of gentlemen representing towns in the extreme north and east of the county may be explained by the meagre train service, and the difficulty of reaching Plymouth and returning therefrom within the same day. This is a matter which should speedily engage the attention of the Council of the U.D.A. and the other bodies concerned.

The Report of the Council, which we print elsewhere, requires but little comment. Much good work has been done with a comparatively small income, and this leads to the conclusion that, given more liberal funds, a still more satisfactory record of work performed might appear in subsequent reports.

Although Lord Clifford was prevented from speaking at the formal business meeting, held, by permission of the Mayor, in the Plymouth Council Chamber, he made up for it by attending the luncheon given by the Mayor, and bearing his testimony to the good work done by the Association.

The presence of Dr. Davy, the president of the Medical Association meeting in Exeter in the summer, naturally diverted the attention of the gathering from the U.D.A. and its work; but the practical remarks of Mr. C. J. Ross, with his references to *Devonia* and the good work it was doing, brought the

minds of those present back to the main object which the U.D.A. had in fixing their annual meeting at the most westerly town in the county. Moreover, as was pointed out, Plymouth is *the* port of Devon, and all tourists and passengers coming from over seas must land there in order to reach the beauty spots of Devonshire, and it therefore behoved the representatives of other towns in the north and east of the county to support the action now being taken by Plymouth to secure as large a share as possible of the ocean traffic.

Many other subjects were touched upon by the various speakers, the chief topic being Devonshire for health, and upon this Dr. Davy waxed most eloquent.

Quite apart from the encouragement given to the Association generally by this meeting at Plymouth, is the fact that it has tended more than anything else could have done to consolidate the local forces, and now that the Three Towns are combined, backed up by the Port of Plymouth Chamber of Commerce and the Plymouth Incorporated Mercantile Association, we may augur greater success for the U.D.A. in the future than it has recorded in the past. Much of the success which has been achieved is due to the public spirit and generous hospitality of the Mayor of Plymouth, and to the manner in which some of the leading men of the town rallied around their chief citizen and magistrate.

W.H.K.W.

United Devon Association.

THE Eighth Annual General Meeting was held at the Guildhall, Plymouth, on Thursday, the 21st day of March, 1907, at 12-15 p.m., to transact the following business:—

AGENDA:

1. To read and confirm the minutes of the last Annual General Meeting held at Exeter.
2. To receive, and if approved, adopt the Annual Report and Treasurer's Statement.
3. To elect the President for the year ensuing.
4. To elect Four Vice-Presidents for the year ensuing.
5. To elect the Hon. Editor of *Devonia*, Hon. Secretary, and Hon. Treasurer for the year ensuing.
6. To elect Seven Members of the Council for the year ensuing.
7. To transact such other business as may be brought forward.

CECIL R. M. CLAPP, *Hon. Secretary.*

ANNUAL REPORT.

During the year ended 31st December, 1906, many matters of importance to the Association have occupied the attention of the Council.

DEVONIA.—During the month of August the Council were sorry to receive intimation that difficulties were likely to arise which would probably prevent Messrs Nash and Co. continuing to carry out their contract for printing *Devonia*, and meeting their liability for payment of the annual quota thereunder to the Association.

In order to protect the Association financially the Hon. Secretary took an Assignment of the moneys due to Messrs. Nash and Co. upon Advertisements appearing in *Devonia*; and subsequently in the month of November negotiations were opened with the Liquidators of Messrs. Nash and Co. for the surrender by them of their rights under the contract. These were brought to completion in December, and as from the issue of that month's *Devonia* the contract has been terminated.

The Council decided for the future printing of *Devonia* to confine the tenders to firms in Devon; and, after open competition among them, a contract for the ensuing twelve months has been placed with Messrs. Underhill and Co., of Plymouth.

The Council regret that the position in which they were thereby placed has led to considerable delay in the publishing of the issues for the months of November and December, 1906, and of January, February, and March, 1907.

Messrs. Underhill and Co. have been handicapped by inability to obtain accurate particulars of the Advertisements which were still running, and had to be included in the January and subsequent numbers (with the accompanying blocks); but now that the difficulties have been surmounted the Council feel they may safely rely upon their intention to allow nothing on their part to prejudice in future the regular publication of each issue early in each month.

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT.—In connection with the above matter the Council have decided that the Association should keep in its own hands the financial control of the moneys payable for Advertisements in *Devonia*, and have created a post of Advertisement Manager, with offices at 17 Bedford Circus. His duties will be to superintend the Advertisement pages of *Devonia*, keep an account in proper books of receipts and expenditure in connection therewith, and pay over to the Hon. Treasurer the proportion thereof due to the Association. They have appointed Mr. Alfred Wolfe to this post.

Advertisements will be received from all recognised Advertising Agents upon commission, but all advertisements must be sent to, and dealt with at, the Head Office.

RULES.—The Rules as amended at the last Annual General Meeting have been reprinted.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS have been held during the year at Totnes, Honiton, and Exeter.

BUREAU FRAMES have been provided for Exmouth, Tiverton, and Dartmouth.

LOCAL GUIDES have been issued for Exmouth, Tiverton, and Exe Valley, Launceston, Liskeard and Looe, Bideford, and Westward Ho! (re-issue).

LOCAL RULES.—The Committees of Tiverton and Dartmouth have issued Rules regulating the business of their local Committees, providing for the holding of meetings at stated intervals. The Council hope that this example will be followed by other local Committees. Rule 4 of the Association Rules provides for this, but it is matter for regret that it is not more generally observed. The successful working of the Association depends so largely on the interest shown by localities, that without their cordial and regular co-operation it is very difficult for the Editor of *Devonia* to keep before the public the attractions of the several towns.

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—The visit of the members of the British Medical Association to Devon for the purpose of holding their Annual Meeting at Exeter during the week commencing 29th July, 1907, affords an unique opportunity of placing before the medical profession the claims of the health resorts and residential neighbourhoods of the County. It is anticipated that upwards of 1000 medical men from all parts of the kingdom, including many of the leading authorities, and not a few from the Colonies and foreign countries, will attend the meeting.

Your Council have cordially accepted an invitation from the South Western Branch of the British Medical Association to co-operate with them in thus booming Devon, and particularly in placing in permanent form as a necessary work of reference for the bookshelf or table an amplified handbook under the name of *The Book of the South West*, dealing specially with the climatological and educational features of the County. Gratis copies will be distributed to every member of the British Medical Association attending the Meeting, and others willing to subscribe for copies may obtain them on application to the Hon. Sec. of the United Devon Association at the published price of 6s. The Council appeal to all local committees to give every assistance in their power towards making these efforts of the South Western Branch of the British Medical Association a success.

LYNMOUTH TO DULVERTON: PROPOSED NEW ROAD.—Your Council have gladly co-operated with the Dulverton Rural District Council in promoting a petition to the Devon County Council for a contribution towards the work of providing a new road between Dulverton and Lynmouth.

LANTERN SLIDES.—Arrangements have been made for completing sets of slides dealing with South Devon and the Rivers of Dartmoor. The Council hope now to deal with East and North Devon, and again appeal to local Committees to help them in meeting the constant appeal for this means of advertising the County in places far distant.

The Council desire to express their thanks to Lord Clifford and the Hon. Officers, Local Secretaries, and Correspondents for their assistance in continuing the work of the Association, and regret that, owing to his absence from Exeter, Mr. H. W. Drummond has expressed his wish to retire from the post of Hon. Treasurer, which he has held for many years. His financial statement is presented herewith.

United Devon Association.

Devon and Cornwall as Health Resorts.

Speeches at the Annual Dinner.

REV. G. ROGERSON (Newton Abbot), a vice-president, presided at the annual meeting of the United Devon Association at the Plymouth Guildhall on Thursday, 21st March, 1907. Among others present were the Mayor (Mr. J. F. Winnicott), the Deputy-Mayor (Mr. T. G. Greek Wills), Dr. Pickard (Sheriff of Exeter), Dr. Davy (president-elect of the British Medical Association), Dr. W. H. Waterfield, Dr. G. A. Rae (Devonport), Dr. Searle (Dartmouth), Messrs. A. Edmund Spender, T. Canning Baily (Editor of the *Western Morning News*), W. Hearder, B. Priestly Shires, J. R. Lake, W. H. K. Wright (Editor of *Devonia*), T. Baker, R. H. Leadbeater, S. Burridge, W. J. Butland, R. E. Wellington, G. H. Sellick, F. Underhill, C. Bailey, C. J. Ross (Exeter), W. R. Gay (Brent), E. Terrell (Seaton), O. Ralling (Exeter), E. F. Stone (Exeter), E. Hawker, J. T. Johnson, F. J. Widgery (Exeter), Cecil R. M. Clapp (hon. secretary), and A. Wolfe (secretary). Letters of apology were received from Sir R. Newman, Sir R. White-Thomson, General Holley, Mr. W. E. P. Bastard, the Mayors of Exeter, Southmolton, Tiverton, Launceston, and Honiton, Major R. C. Tucker, and others.

Those present at the Mayor's luncheon at Rockville, Mannaeard, included the Mayor of Plymouth, Lord Clifford, Dr. H. Davy, Rev. G. Rogerson, the Mayor of Devonport, the Town Clerk of Plymouth, the Sheriff of Exeter, Dr. Searle (Ex-Mayor of Dartmouth), Mr. Orlando Davis, Chairman, Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Charles Luke, Chairman, Plymouth Incorporated Mercantile Association, Alderman T. G. Greek Wills, Alderman R. W. Winnicott, Rev. J. J. Astbury, Mr. A. E. Spender, Mr. T. Canning Baily, Dr. G. A. Rae, Dr. W. H. Waterfield, Mr. C. J. Ross (Exeter), Mr. O. Ralling (Exeter), Mr. F. J. Widgery (Exeter), Mr. E. F. Stone (Exeter), Mr. J. R. Lake (Plymouth), Mr. W. R. Gay (South Brent), Mr. Aaron Rowe (Princetown), Mr. Fairweather (Salcombe), Mr. T. Baker (Plymouth), Mr. W. Cecil Wade (Plymouth), Mr. R. A. J. Walling (Plymouth), Mr. J. T. Johnson (Plymouth), Mr. E. Terrell (Seaton), Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp (Hon. Sec. U.D.A.), Mr. A. Wolfe (Sec. U.D.A.), and Mr. W. H. K. Wright (Hon. Editor *Devonia*).

Letters of apology for non-attendance were received from the following:—Sir Robert Newman, Bart. (Vice-President), Col. White Thompson, Mr. W. E. P. Bastard (Vice-President), the Mayors of Exeter, South Molton, Tiverton, Launceston, Honiton, General Holley (Okehampton), the Town Clerks of Launceston, Great Torrington, Totnes, Axminster, Holsworthy, Dartmouth, Rev. Edward J. Damen (Tiverton), Rev. W. B. Vere Stead (Bovey Tracey), Major R. C. Tucker (Ashburton), Mr. P. F. S. Amery (Ashburton), Major Mallet (Torrington), Messrs. J. C. Macaulay (Honiton), A. Michelmores (Totnes), Fred C. Frost (Teignmouth), P. C. Cornish Bowden (Newton Abbot), J. D. Prickman (Okehampton), D. W. Wise (Ilfracombe), H. Lascelles Mackenzie (Torquay), W. A. Axworthy (Paignton), W. E. Pitfield Chapple (Axminster), J. S. Hodge (South Molton), T. Lake (Tiverton), Jago (Exmouth), William Hamlyn (Buckfastleigh), R. S. Stickland (Seaton), W. B. Johns (Bideford), H. C. Young (Teignmouth), G. Smith (Chagford), John Taylor (Torquay), G. D. Lindsley (Barnstaple), R. Sowton Barrow (Dulverton), C. W. Nelder (Dulverton), W. H. Symons (Lydford), F. G. Avant (Dawlish), F. J. Snell (Tiverton), F. T. Depree (Exeter), T. W. Greenfield (Tavistock), Henry Grant (Torrington), Ernest Hawker (Ivybridge), W. E. Ellis (Salcombe), H. W. Drummond (Exeter), Bayley (Dulverton), Foster Melliar (Bude), H. W. Harrison (Bude), J. C. Clarke (Ilfracombe), John R. T. Kingwell (South Brent), Henry Barrett (Ex-Mayor of Barnstaple and Vice-President), J. Kinton Bond (Plymouth), F. B. Westlake (Plymouth), H. Cecil Wills (Yelverton), G. Grant (G.W.R., Plymouth), F. P. Wharton (L. & S.W.R., Plymouth), J. Nicholas (G.W. Dock, Plymouth).

The Chairman acknowledged the receipt of a telegram stating that the President (Lord Clifford of Chudleigh) had missed a train, but he would join them later on. He was sorry Lord Clifford was not present, because he took a very great interest in the Association. In past years he believed his lordship was the backbone of the Association, and he was always ready to take a part in their deliberations. He moved the adoption of the report, which had been published.

Mr. A. Edmund Spender said he had great pleasure in seconding the motion. He thought an Association of that sort ought to meet with peculiar zest in a county like Devon, so rich in natural beauties. The United Devon Association was trying to get the people throughout the whole of England and Scotland to realise that they had a beautiful Devonshire. Every association in its early stages had to go through a

period of anxiety, and justify itself. The United Devon Association had justified itself, and he hoped the time had come when every town and village in Devon would link itself by committees with the Association. They acted as sentinels on behalf of Devonshire, and when a large body like the British Medical Association visited the West they approached them with a view to assisting them in any way they could. (Hear, hear.) They were also an interesting Association; that was to say, they tried to bring all in touch with each other, and held their meetings at different places, so that they might have a fuller knowledge of their county. (Applause.)

The coming Medical Conference.

Dr. Davy, supporting, said he did not suppose he would have been asked to come to the meeting were it not that he occupied the position of president-elect of the meeting of the British Medical Association in Exeter this year. In that capacity he did not think he could come on the invitation, for it must be distinctly understood that the British Medical Association was not particularly coming to Devonshire or to Exeter to see the beauties of these parts. But he happened to be a Devonshire man, who, with the exception of ten years, had always lived in Devonshire, and he was extremely anxious that this meeting of the British Medical Association should be of some good to Exeter, and to Devon and Cornwall, and to those parts of the world in which the United Devon Association was so much interested. This meeting of the British Medical Association offered an almost exceptional way of doing good to Devon and Cornwall. Devon and Cornwall were counties which had no manufactories to speak of, and apparently had less and less money in them, and the only way they could get money, so far as he could see, was to attract people from the North of England and from large towns in the Midlands and disagreeable parts of England, where they did not know anything of their fine sunshine and warm breezes. Devon and Cornwall were most essentially the playgrounds of the counties of England. They offered advantages in climate which were only to be found elsewhere in the winter—in the Riviera—and it seemed to him that the United Devon Association would be making a great mistake—and he had not the slightest hesitation in saying that they would not make it—if they did not take this opportunity of pushing the claims of those two counties as a health resort and as a playground for the exhausted people of England, also as a most wonderfully good place for the invalids and elderly people from the North and Midland towns to come to settle there. (Applause.) They were going to publish for the Exeter meeting of the British Medical Association a guide book which would illustrate Devon and Cornwall, which would bring out the climatological features of the two counties, point to the suitability of the place for residence, and call attention to it as the Riviera of the West. They had in hand information of the climatology, reports by experts on the sport of the districts, and the question was whether they would be able to illustrate the book or not. They had no wish whatever to make any money out of it, but they wished to present a well-bound, illustrated book to every member who went to the Exeter meeting. He thought the United Devon Association would give every possible help to make the guide book a complete success. He would like to point out the value of favourable medical opinions of a place. He had known Sidmouth from boyhood. It was once a small place to which few people went. No one thought of going there in the winter, and he did not think any medical man would have dreamt of sending patients there some twenty or thirty years ago. Sidmouth had rather active authorities. They, first of all, put in a perfect system of drainage; they then closed down all their old wells and put in a good water supply; they built baths; they began to advertise and push it in the medical papers, and the result was for a small place, Sidmouth at the present time enjoyed almost a unique reputation throughout England as a winter health resort. They had three large hotels, and these, as well as the smaller hotels and the lodgings, were crowded the whole of the winter. Last week he heard that one hotel alone sent away thirty persons who wished to go there. He considered that Sidmouth had been absolutely made by the medical profession; and he thought that this opportunity of putting forward the claims of other places in Devonshire came in a way which they would not have again for a great many years. One might illustrate the same thing from Falmouth. Sir Joseph Fayrer took a fancy to going down to Falmouth, and he wrote largely of the climate of Falmouth in the medical papers, and Falmouth was now so grateful to him that they were going to present him, during the meeting of the Medical Association, with the freedom of the borough. A large number of medical men in Exeter had been invited to go down when they honoured him. If the United Devon Association could impress on the people around the extreme value which this guide book was going to be and get some of the towns to advertise, he would promise them they would bring out a book which would not only be of great use to Devonshire, but would be a standard book of reference for all the medical men more or less throughout England. He hoped some of the authorities would in some way help the publication of the book, so that they could illustrate it well. He also hoped the schools and sanatoriums throughout Devon and Cornwall would come forward and advertise, so that the medical men could see the sort of place to which they could send their patients. It had been said: "Why don't you send this book to every medical man belonging to the Association?" (Hear, hear.) They,

as an Association, were only concerned with the guests who came to Exeter, which would be quite enough for them to make provision for, but he could conceive it quite possible that a second edition of a cheaper kind might be brought forward for the United Devon Association if they wished it, at some subsequent time. He was quite sure that the Printing and Publishing Committee, with Dr. Gordon at the head, would be willing and anxious to meet the United Devon Association in regard to any suggestion of that kind. At the same time, he must impress upon them that they were only concerned with entertaining their own guests, that they had nothing to do with the pulling of the beauties of Devonshire and Cornwall, although they would be extremely pleased to help the Devon Association, or any other Association doing its best for the two counties. (Applause.)

The Mayor of Plymouth on Devon.

The Mayor offered, on behalf of the people of Plymouth, a very cordial welcome to the Association. He was convinced that the work they had been doing during the past year would be of great advantage, not only to the Association, but to the county generally. They frequently heard with pleasurable pride of the successful gathering of Devonians in most of the populous centres of this country—in London, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Bristol—as well as in South Africa, India, Australia, and Canada; and it was proper that once in a way they should have meetings at home. The charming figure *Devonia* graced the whole of the publications of the society, and occupied a prominent place on the cover of the present issue of that excellent organ of the Association, and looking at the goddess as she appeared with outstretched arms, they were at once attracted by her beauty and her grace, and that brought to their minds the various points of perfection in their own beloved county. He did not think they could clearly state as to which town should possess the head, which the head, which the feet, and which the hands; the whole of the picture made up one beautiful contour, in which he was sure they all felt a pleasure as individual towns and cities to take a share. Exeter, for instance, claimed the antiquity of the ecclesiastical arts; Dartmouth the incomparable river from which the town takes its name; Kingsley's country might claim the birthplace of many noble sons, without whom Devon would be robbed of a very valuable part of her glory. Then they had the rocky heights and inlets of Clovelly and Ilfracombe, of Lynton, and the north coast of Devon, and the grand hills and valleys inland. Every hamlet and village went to make up the sum total described in the January number of *Devonia*, of "her sunny shores, her wooded vales, and flowing rivers singing to the sea, her towers and heights, her old-time places full of story of the past, her loveliness and grace"—no mean heritage, of which they all claimed a part. (Applause.) With the usual modesty of a Plymothian, he was unable to say much about his own town, but he might be pardoned mentioning the name of one of his predecessors, Sir Francis Drake—(applause)—also the Plymouth Hoe. He saw mention in that day's paper of the game which had become almost obsolete, he was sorry to say, in Plymouth. At Torquay they had a bowling green, also one at Exeter—"Two"—Ilfracombe, Torrington, and Newton Abbot. In Plymouth, the home of the bowling green, they had nothing of the sort. He hoped that coming there would be the means of reviving that old sport. Dr. Davy had referred to the coming visit of the British Medical Association. He had no doubt he was aware that the surgical section of that meeting had promised to pay Plymouth a visit. (Applause.)

Dr. Pickard said he might consider himself an adopted son of Devon because he held office in the city of Exeter. As a Londoner he could speak with the utmost enthusiasm of their beautiful county. He knew it as a holiday resort many years before he ever contemplated coming into practice in Exeter, so he could appreciate the point of view that was taken by those who visited that place for the benefit of health. Nowadays it seemed somewhat superfluous to insist upon the necessity of advertisement; yet it was worth while to emphasise it. Those of them who had to go abroad saw at once how much was placed upon it in various cities and districts through which they had passed. He need hardly instance Switzerland. There the "foreign industry," as it was called, was one bringing in several millions of pounds each year, and they recognised the importance of advertising accordingly on a scale quite out of magnitude to what they did in Devonshire. They provided them with beautifully got-up guide books, with large scale maps, free of cost, and that could not fail to popularise districts. He hoped the people of Devonshire would recognise that although the British Medical Association's meeting was held in Exeter, it was one in which all should take an interest. He knew they in Plymouth were doing their full share, because he had an opportunity of talking to Dr. Soltau a few days ago about it, and he found they had already got their preparations well in hand. He need not insist upon that so far as Plymouth was concerned, but they were endeavouring in arranging the list of excursions, which in these days were an inevitable part of any gathering, to see that every part of the county had fair and due prominence given to it.

Claims of "Devonia."

Mr. Ross (Exeter) trusted that the British Medical Association's meeting would be a great success, but so much had been said of the "Guide" it was proposed to publish, that it might tend to eliminate from the minds of the general public the work which

they had so much at heart—*Devonia*. For the first time *Devonia* was going to be edited, printed and published in Devon itself. (Applause.) He did not think they could over-estimate the value of *Devonia*, because it was the connecting link which bound them together. He suggested they might have some interesting story by Rev. Baring-Gould published in the book, and that a charge be made for the publication. He thought a book with a story by some good author was quite worth 3d. per month. The great value of *Devonia* was that it bound them together, and he felt that at the present time they wanted combination. The motion was unanimously agreed to.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Mr. Ross proposed the re-election of Lord Clifford as President. He knew his lordship had very deeply at heart the interests of the Association; in fact, he had known him to come from the Continent to be present at one of their meetings. The motion was seconded by Mr. Lake, and carried with acclamation.

On the proposition of Dr. Rae, seconded by Mr. Gay, and supported by the Mayor, the following were elected Vice-presidents: Sir Robert Newman, Exeter district; Rev. G. Rogerson, Torquay district; Mr. W. P. Bastard, Plymouth district; and Mr. H. Barrett, Barnstaple district.

In moving the election of Mr. W. H. K. Wright as Editor of *Devonia*, Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp as Hon. Secretary, and Mr. T. Snow as Hon. Treasurer, Dr. Searle mentioned that the Mayor of Dartmouth had left property worth £50,000, and when that was laid out they would have as magnificent a view of the Channel as they would find anywhere in South Devon. Mr. Stone seconded the motion, which was agreed to.

Mr. Wright, in returning thanks, said he would do his best to carry out the various suggestions made. He was always endeavouring to get information, but information did not come, in spite of all their efforts.

Mr. E. Terrell, of Seaton, in supporting the election of the Council, spoke of the benefit which had accrued to Seaton by the work of the U.D.A., and more especially by the welcome visit of Lord Clifford and the Council of the Association to his town in 1906.

The following were elected members of the Council: Mr. T. Canning Baily (Plymouth), Rev. E. J. Damen (Tiverton), Mr. F. T. Depree (Exeter), Mr. A. Edmund Spender (Plymouth), Mr. C. J. Ross (Exeter), Dr. G. A. Rae (Devonport), and Mr. Stanley Heard (Bideford).

A vote of thanks was accorded the Mayor of Plymouth for the use of the Guildhall, on the motion of Mr. T. Canning Baily, seconded by Mr. Widgey. The Mayor, in reply, moved a vote of thanks to the chairman; this was seconded by Mr. Wright, and carried with acclamation.

The President, the Council, and Delegates, together with some leading gentlemen, were entertained at luncheon by the Mayor at his private residence. A special tramcar was placed at the disposal of the guests from the Guildhall. After luncheon the visitors were shown interesting parts of the town, under the guidance of Mr. W. H. K. Wright. They were entertained at tea by the local committee. A photograph of the Chairman and Council of the Association, taken by one of our special artists, appeared in the *Illustrated Western Weekly News*.

—From the *Western Morning News*, March 22nd, 1907.

Plymouth and the Movement.

After the meeting the Mayor of Plymouth entertained a party at lunch at Rockville, Mannamead, including Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, who had been unable to arrive in Plymouth in time for the gathering at the Law Courts. There was no formal toast list, except that the health of the King was given by the Mayor, and the health of his Worship by Lord Clifford. In order to enable his Lordship to present to the members one or two points of interest which he had intended to deal with at the meeting, however, a short discussion took place. Lord Clifford insisted on the importance to the Association of having more assistance from the citizens of Plymouth, and on the importance to Plymouth of taking advantage of the Association's organisation and work. He remarked that the County fully appreciated the position of Plymouth as the only port of Devonshire, and welcomed the prospect that was now held out of a further development of the ocean passenger traffic in the port. It was an undoubted fact that many of the people who arrived at Plymouth by sea did not go on to London direct, but spent some time in enjoying the beauties of the two Western counties. If Plymouth would combine with the Association there was little question that this practice could be largely encouraged and increased. He hoped that the result of the meetings would be a considerable enlargement of the Plymouth Committee, and the hearty co-operation in the movement of those bodies in the Three Towns which were pursuing the business of advertising their claims as health and pleasure resorts. The suggestion of Lord Clifford was taken up with some enthusiasm. Mr. A. E. Spender spoke of the need for sinking all differences and uniting to bring the new business and the new revenue into the two counties, which would add to the prosperity of each of their individual communities.

Mr. Orlando Davis, Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, was invited to address the company, and expressed his sense of the value of the Association's work. The advertising of Plymouth for pleasure purposes was the special work of the Mercantile Association, and the Chamber of Commerce was concerned rather with the interests of the port. He acknowledged the importance of the oversea passenger traffic which was distributed through the West, and mentioned steps that had been taken to disseminate information in America and elsewhere as to the attractions that visitors from abroad would find in the district. He would gladly become a member of the enlarged committee of the Association in Plymouth.

Railway Facilities.

Mr. Charles Luke, Chairman of the Mercantile Association, indicated the nature of the Advertising Committee's work, and expressed his sympathy with the common action promoted by the United Devon Association. He advocated a movement for the acceleration and improvement of the railway communications within their own county. It took as long to get to Ilfracombe and back from Plymouth as it did to go up and down to London, for instance.

Mr. R. A. J. Walling remarked that it was the clear duty of Plymouth to join in this movement with earnestness, because it seemed to him that the more visitors they could attract into the West, to whatever point they were attracted, the better would it be for such a resort. If people were induced to come to other places on the moor or the coast, and the programme of the Association were thoroughly carried out, they could not depart without learning what there was of beauty and of interest to be seen in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and fresh business must accrue.

Mr. O. Ralling urged the immediate importance of forming the new committee, and other speakers, including Mr. Clapp, the Hon. Secretary, mentioned the impossibility of leaving Cornwall out of account. The effort to establish a similar Association in Cornwall had not succeeded, but many places in Cornwall felt the value of the work, and had appealed to the Association for advice and help. It was remarked that the traffic from America in the coming season would include many persons bringing motor cars, who purposed commencing their English tours at Plymouth.

The Mayor of Devonport, at the suggestion of Lord Clifford, spoke on the relation of the Dockyard borough to the movement, and remarked that in spite of their artificial divisions the Three Towns were one for the purposes of advertisement in this matter. He would willingly join the committee. Dr. Waterfield also spoke on behalf of Stonehouse.

Mr. W. H. K. Wright, as Editor of *Devonia*, summed up the discussion with the hope that the committee would renew its youth and get to work speedily. It was not the fault of the Association that more interest had not been aroused in its operations in that locality. Mr. T. Canning Baily confirmed this view, remarking that on a Council of seven the Three Towns had no less than three representatives. It was ultimately left with Mr. Wright to summon a meeting for the election of a representative local committee.

A Tour of Plymouth.

The Mayor and Town Clerk of Plymouth were obliged to leave early in order to attend a meeting of the Town Council, but later in the afternoon rejoined his guests at the Council Chamber. The pictures and objects of interest in the Chamber and the Mayor's parlour were explained by Mr. Wright, who subsequently conducted the party over St. Andrew's Church, pointing out the most interesting of the memorials, the Chantry bust of Dr. Mudge, the Jacobean wall tablets, and the tomb of Charles Matthews. During the stay in the church a brief organ recital was given by Mr. H. Moreton, Mus. Bac. From the church Lord Clifford and the members of the Association walked through St. Andrew's Street, noting the ancient buildings of the Abbey, the Elizabethan mansions, now turned into common lodging-houses, and the Palace Court School, standing on the site of the house where Catherine of Arragon was entertained; and proceeded to the gin distillery of Messrs. Coates, where the remains of the Blackfriars' Monastery, most beautifully preserved, were inspected with interest. Finally, the company reassembled in the Palm Court of the Royal Hotel for tea.

—*Western Daily Mercury*, March 22nd, 1907.

Notes in the West.

THE annual meeting of the United Devon Association at Plymouth on Thursday, 21st March, 1907, was favoured with brilliant spring weather, which made the day's combination of business and pleasure peculiarly agreeable. Plymouth was seen at its best, and visitors from Seaton, Exeter, Brent, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Dartmouth, and even greater distances received, in consequence, the best impression of its attractions.

But from the business point of view the gathering was memorable, inasmuch as amongst the speakers was Dr. Davy, of Exeter, the President-elect of the British Medical Association, who attended the meeting in connection with the approaching visit of that Association to the county of Devon. The speech of Dr. Davy was, indeed, the outstanding feature of the meeting. The object of the United Devon Association is to direct the attention of the whole world—that part of it, at any rate, which at any time travels in search of health or pleasure, or both—to the unrivalled attractions—unrivalled not merely in their peerless beauty, but in their great variety of climate and circumstance, which fits them to all tastes and all ailments—of the Westcountry, and especially the county of Devon. Now the visit of the British Medical Association to Exeter, and through the numerous excursions which will be organised for the members to Plymouth, Sidmouth, Ilfracombe, Dartmouth, and many other of the numerous health and beauty spots with which both the coast and hinterland of Devon abounds, cannot fail to be the best possible advertisement of the salubrity and beauty of the county. No one is more potent than the family doctor in determining the direction in which his patient shall seek health and recreation, and the visit of the “doctors’ parliament” to Devon is therefore an event of the first moment to everyone interested in promoting the prosperity of the county as a health and pleasure resort. The remarks of Dr. Davy on the advisability of the towns of Devonshire and Cornwall taking advantage of this matchless opportunity to make their merits as health resorts known to the assembled faculty of the country should be attentively considered by the municipal authorities and trading classes throughout the two counties. His advice is thoroughly sound and practical, and we trust the county will reap the full benefit of it.

The Mayor of Plymouth, with his wonted hospitality, extended a cordial welcome to the United Devon Association, and not merely permitted them the use of the Municipal Council Chamber, but also entertained them sumptuously at his charming residence at Rockville, where was taken the photograph of the members and other guests which appears in to-day’s *Illustrated Western Weekly News*. It was unfortunate that the Mayor was obliged, with the Town Clerk, by the coincidence of a Town Council meeting, to leave the company prematurely, but his graceful hospitality, in which he was most genially assisted by the Mayoress, was productive of excellent results both as regards the Association and Plymouth. In the informal speeches which, after the hearty thanks of the Association had been conveyed to the Mayor by Lord Clifford, the President of the Association, were delivered round the board, the nucleus shaped itself of a new and influential local committee, which will no doubt revive interest in the Association in the Three Towns and enable them to take their proper share in a work which is so well calculated to benefit Devon as a whole, and every portion of it in particular. The Mayor of Devonport, Mr. Orlando Davis, Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Chas. Luke, Chairman of the Incorporated Mercantile Association; Mr. J. T. Johnson and Mr. T. Baker, past chairmen of that Association; and Dr. Waterfield, of Stonehouse, in turn expressed their willingness to co-operate with other local gentlemen already connected with the Association as a local committee, and the result cannot fail to be a large accession of strength to the Association. Mr. Davis mentioned a fact of great interest to all Devon and Cornwall, namely, that during the coming year not only will the number of American visitors to this country be largely increased, but also—and this is undoubtedly very largely due to the labours of the United Devon Association—a considerable number of them have declared their intention of bringing their motor cars with them, and of making extended tours through Devon and Cornwall. It behoves the towns of both counties, therefore, to be prepared with a cordial welcome and the best of accommodation for such desirable visitors, for if their treatment comes up to their expectations the result must inevitably be a great augmentation of the number of such visitors coming in succeeding years to Devon and Cornwall, and consequently a large addition to the amount of money circulating throughout them.

—*Western Morning News*.

So far as Devonshire is concerned, a great deal has been done to promote amity and co-operation by the United Devon Association, whose annual meeting was held at Plymouth on Thursday, 21st March, 1907. Students of the reports, which appear in another column, will see that Plymouth and the Three Towns have not done so much as they might have done to encourage the good work. We need not enter into the reasons for this. They have vanished, and a complete understanding prevails. It seems likely that, as the result of yesterday’s discussions, the local committee will be greatly enlarged. The interest of people in Plymouth who are able to do much to advance the objects of the Association has been enlisted, and the Mayor of Devonport has been induced to speak for the Dockyard town. An important point is mentioned by Lord Clifford, whose view is corroborated by the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce. The Association recognises that Plymouth is the only port of Devon, and that a considerable part of the most lucrative tourist business comes by way of Plymouth from the sea. Joint action by the pleasure resorts of Devon and Cornwall to cultivate and increase this business is to be ardently desired.

The sweet uses of advertisement are, of course, the principal study of the Association. In Plymouth much good work of this kind is done already by the Mercantile Association, and we have no doubt that care will be taken to prevent clashing and to conserve energy. One of the most immediately practical things that could be done would be to establish in Plymouth a "Bureau of Information" relating to the whole district, on the lines prevailing in Switzerland and other tourist haunts, and already adopted in some of the Devonshire towns. It ought not to be a difficult matter to arrange, and it would be an excellent piece of work for the new committee to start upon.

The suggestion made in our columns some time ago, that Plymouth should have a bowling green, if only for the sake of historical continuity, is likely to fructify. The movement has made some progress among those who admire the ancient and dignified game, and we may presently have the pleasure of recording the formation of a club. We note with gratification, too, that the Mayor bestowed his blessing on the project, and asked also for the benediction of the United Devon Association. The Hoe is the proper and inevitable site for the green. If the Hoe Committee can be conjured into smiling upon the scheme, it ought to be consummated without much delay.

—*Western Daily Mercury.*

The Plymouth Portfolio.

THE above is the title of a delightful work which has recently been issued by Messrs. W. H. Beynon and Co., Publishers, of Cheltenham. It consists of a series of eighteen plates illustrative of Naval and Military life in and around Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse. The plates are reproduced from drawings made on the spot by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, of London, by permission of the local Admiralty and other authorities. We cannot speak too highly of this beautiful set of plates, for they are not only excellent and artistic as drawings, but they are admirably reproduced and well printed. Their subjects are as follows:—

1. St. Andrew's Church and Municipal Buildings.
2. H.M.S. *Donegal* in Dock (Devonport).
3. H.M.S. *Commonwealth* (Devonport).
4. Royal Naval Barracks, Keyham.
5. The *Britannia* (Dartmouth).
6. H.M.S. *Cambridge*—Gunnery Practice.
7. A Torpedo Workshop.
8. At School on Board H.M.S. *Defiance*.
9. H.M.S. *Impregnable*—Instruction in Steering and the Compass.
10. The Citadel, Plymouth.
11. The Barbican, Plymouth.
12. Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse.
13. Royal Marine Barracks, Stonehouse.
14. Torpedo Destroyers, Keyham Dockyard.
15. Royal Naval Engineering College.
16. H.M.S. *Vengeance*—Defects being made good.
17. H.M.S. *Hannibal*.
18. The Citadel School of Instruction with the 6-pounder.

These plates are issued singly or in sets; or they may be had in volume form or in oak frames. There will be a special issue of 150 impressions printed on India paper, with plate paper mounts, each plate bearing the artist's signature. These are issued at 3s. 6d. each, or the whole set for 42s. Ordinary proofs are issued at 2s. 6d. each, or the whole set at 30s. We have no doubt this series of plates will receive a hearty welcome from members of the two services all over the world. We believe they will shortly be obtainable from the leading booksellers in the Three Towns. A set of these plates was supplied to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his recent visit to Devonport.

Buckfast Abbey.

IN our last number (February, 1907) we gave a notice of a new book just printed, containing a History of this renowned Abbey, compiled by Dom. Adam Hamilton, O.S.B. We have since received some blocks illustrating the same, which we here insert with our best acknowledgments to the Rev. Procurator. An article on Buckfastleigh and Buckfast Abbey appeared in *Devonia* for February, 1907.



BUCKFAST ABBEY.



BUCKFAST ABBEY: first founded in 8th Century. Suppressed 1538. Restored 1882.		
Mansion on site of	West Front, rebuilt on 12th	Tower restored
Cloister, 1806.	Century Foundations	(Probably by Abbot
	1886 and 1903,	King) about 1485.



BUCKFAST ABBEY. REFECTORY, rebuilt on old foundations



ST. MARY'S ABBEY, BUCKFAST. (View from North-east, with some of the old foundations of Church and Cloister.)

In the West Country.

The Coming of Spring.

There's a soft wind blowing
 In the West country;
 Showers of misty rain
 Drenching every lane—
 Oh, life is good again
 In the West country.

There's glamour in the sun
 In the West country;
 The snowy cloudlets mass,
 Fresh breezes wake and pass,
 Rustling dewy grass,
 In the West country.

There's a storm-thrush whistling
 In the West country;
 Primroses peep out,
 The beechen roots about,
 And the lone cuckoo's shout
 In the West country.

There's a salt wind blowing
 In the West country;
 Troubled waters sighing,
 With white gulls flying,
 And the white foam lying
 In the West country.

The swell is long and deep
 In the West country;
 To watch it rise and fall,
 And hear the sea-birds call,
 The mystery of it all—
 In the West country.

Fisher fleets are sailing
 On the Western sea;
 Beneath the moonbeam pale
 You catch the red-patched sail,
 Meeting the sou'-west gale
 In the West country.

Dusky shadows gather
 In the West country;
 The stars come shining down,
 And make a silver crown
 Above each sleeping town,
 In the West country.

S. L. ROWED.

—From the *Lady's Pictorial*.

Sunshine at Yelverton.

In answer to inquiries as to climatic conditions at Yelverton, a correspondent who is a great believer in the healthfulness (at all seasons) of the high-lying moorland village. records as follows:—

Sunshine recorded at Yelverton for the week ending Friday, March 22nd—Saturday, 16th, 0 hrs. 0 min.; Sunday, 17th, 5 hrs. 0 min.; Monday, 18th, 0 hrs. 15 min.; Tuesday, 19th, 8 hrs. 28 min.; Wednesday, 20th, 9 hrs. 20 min.; Thursday, 21st, 10 hrs. 12 min.; Friday, 22nd, 9 hrs. 30 min.; total, 42 hours 45 minutes. Not a bad record for a week not remarkable for sunshine in other places in the British Islands. As has been previously noted, Yelverton enjoys an equable climate, and a very fair meed of sunshine. It often happens that when low-lying towns and villages are misty and foggy, the downs and hills about Yelverton are basking in clear sunlight.

West Country Gatherings.

IN connection with the newly-formed Devon and Cornwall Association for the County of Surrey a meeting of Devonians and Cornishmen took place at Redhill on Saturday last, Mr. H. Libby occupying the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting, which was called for the purpose of considering the desirability of forming a branch in Redhill, Reigate, and district, under the auspices of the County Association, were read and approved. A draft of rules, drawn up by the Committee was adopted. A goodly array of vice-presidents were elected. Mr. J. E. Lamble was elected honorary secretary, and Mr. G. W. Ward hon. treasurer. The General Committee included the names of Messrs. A. E. Cann, H. Luscombe, A. Maunder, W. J. McDonald, J. Jinks, F. Hare, R. H. Clatworthy, H. Datson, Hamblyn, and Sherwill. The next meeting takes place in May.

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Birmingham Devonian Society.

At the Annual Meeting of this Society, held on February 11th, the following were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. J. Barham Carslake, B.A.; Ex-President, The Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P.; Vice-presidents, Mr. J. Winsor Bond, Mr. Edwin Bond, Alderman G. Bowden, Mr. A. J. Collins, Mr. Henry Eales, M.R.C.S., Dr. A. Douglas Heath, Mr. Montgomery Hooper, Mr. T. W. Hussey, Mr. W. D. Hutchings, Major Halse, J.P., Mr. Frank Huxham, Mr. Henry J. Ley, M.B., M.R.C.S., Mr. P. H. Levi, Mr. R. Mogford, Mr. R. A. Pinsent, Mr. J. D. Prior, Mr. Isaac Silverston, Mr. A. G. Spear, Mr. W. Voysey, Mr. Joseph Walter. Committee, Mr. Edwin Bond, Mr. J. Winsor Bond, Alderman G. Bowden, Mr. F. Nelson Bond, Mr. T. F. Culley, Mr. S. H. Dibble, Dr. A. Douglas Heath, Mr. Frank Huxham, Mr. R. C. Hussey, Mr. F. Mountford, Mr. R. Mogford, Mr. J. D. Prior, Mr. F. C. Rowe, Mr. A. G. Spear, Mr. W. Voysey. Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Edwin Bond. Hon. Secretary, Mr. T. W. Hussey. Hon. Auditor, Mr. Thaddeus Ryder.

* * *

West Country Progress and Prosperity.

YEAR by year the West country is being opened up as a holiday resort for all classes and sections of the community. Its warm, equable climate, together with the loveliness of its scenery, makes it one of the best recruiting grounds for health, strength, and vigour. From Easter onwards busy workers from the North and the Midlands come within its borders, staying as long as their circumstances permit. Others of ample means, and knowing the great benefit to health which residence in the West gives, prefer staying in the sheltered nooks of Devon and Cornwall to going abroad in the winter. And so it is one finds that places, little better than mere fishing villages on the rock-bound coasts of the two westernmost counties ten years ago, have grown in size and importance, and have now direct communication with the outside world. To this prosperity the two great railway companies serving the West Country have in no small measure contributed, and their efforts in this direction show no signs of diminution.

* * *

West Country Dinner.

THE Lord Mayor of London (Sir William Treloar) and Mr. J. B. Dunn, one of the Sheriffs, were the principal guests at the recent annual dinner of westcountrymen at Eastbourne. They were welcomed at the railway station by Mr. Carew Davies Gilbert (an ex High Sheriff of Cornwall and President of the Society). More than 260 sat down to dinner, among whom were Dr. James Adams, Chairman; Mr. Percy Glanfield, Hon. Sec.; the Mayor (Alderman W. H. Keay), and the Town Clerk (Mr. H. W. Fovargue). The Mayor of Bexhill, the Rev. E. G. Hawkins, Dr. W. G. Willoughby, Dr. Habgood, Alderman T. B. Rowe, and Mr. Leslie C. Wintle were among the numerous company. West-country dishes were upon the well-furnished board, and West-country dialect was heard with delight by all and sundry, when recitals by Mr. Harry Rice, of Exeter, and songs by Mr. Arthur Dynham, Mr. J. T. Parsons, and Mr. W. H. Hammond followed the good things named upon the menu. The Mayor of Eastbourne, in proposing "The West Country," referred to the magnificent Cathedrals of Wells, Exeter, and Truro, and the great men which the West had produced. The toast was drunk in Devonshire Cider. Councillor S. N. Fox, in replying, referred to the wrecks of the *Jebba* and the *Suevic* upon the Devon and Cornish coasts, and asked that honour be paid to those West-countrymen who saved the lives of those in danger.

William Browne, Poet, of Tavistock.

MR. JOHN SHELLY gave an admirable lecture at the Plymouth Free Library recently, taking "William Browne, of Tavistock," who lived and wrote early in the Seventeenth Century as his subject. In 1613 the first book of "Britannia's Pastorals"—Browne's chief effort—was published. The lecturer declared that "the whole of the scenery of that story was Devonshire. He mentioned the Erme, the Yealm, the sandy Plym, and, above all, the Tavy, and he had found everything Browne described as being still in existence. What Browne called a high mountain they could not now call a high mountain; it was a high cliff. The only thing he did not find was 'the Tavy groping underground and forming a natural bridge.' The rest of the passage was so accurate and so corresponded to fact, that he was inclined to think there must have been in Browne's time something of the natural bridge that he described. Not only did Browne describe Devonshire scenery and make it the background of his poem, but he used a great many Devonshire words. He knew of no early writer of English who gave such a close, faithful description of natural objects and natural life. In that respect he seemed almost to forestall Wordsworth." Mr. Shelly, in conclusion, said that he had no doubt there would always be a few who, having patience with his faults and discernment of his merits, would cherish in his writings the memory of this Devonshire poet, the genial, affectionate William Browne.

Ozone and Length of Days.

THE quaint, old, and picturesque village of Clovelly, thanks to the ozone-laden atmosphere of North Devon, is noted for its healthfulness and the consequent longevity of a large number of its inhabitants. The parish is a comparatively large one, but in the village itself there reside, in robust health, three very highly respectable persons whose aggregate ages amount to 264 years. The good nonagenarian dame, Mrs. Mary Hockridge, is 92 years; Mr. Stephen Headon, 92 years (he has been a member of the Mariners' Union Society for 67 years, and for the past 20 years has enjoyed its benefits in being the recipient of old-age pay); Mrs. Susan Pickard is 82 years of age. There are several other very old people in the village.

The Weir Head on the Tamar.

SIR.—In the interesting article on the River Tamar in the *Devonia* for October, passing reference was made to the Weir Head, just below the village of Gunnislake. There is a bit of ancient history attached to this "artificial line of rocks across the river," which is known to but a few of the present generation, and may be worth preserving. In 1829 the Rev. Thomas Moore, of Exeter, published a volume on the history of Devonshire, and in referring to the Tamar, said that an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1796 by a company styling themselves "The Tamar Marine Navigation Company," for making cuts and canals, and otherwise improving the navigation of the River Tamar, from Morwellham Quay, in the parish of Tavistock, in the County of Devon, to the immediate vicinity of the town of Launceston, in Cornwall. About three miles of this undertaking was completed at a cost of £11,000. The works were carried out principally under the direction of one of the proprietors. The Weir Head was one of the structures which was to connect the towns of Tavistock and Launceston, via the Morwellham Quay. A canal connects the tidal part of the river with the weir above, in which are locks, enabling barges to ascend to the quays to discharge produce from the Three Towns, and return with granite from the adjoining quarries for buildings, road-making, and other purposes. What the original projectors failed to accomplish in their large idea has caused the Head Weir to be a great boon to the neighbourhood. Their first structure of the kind was their last; but it bears evidence that there were far-seeing men even in those days, and but for the lack of capital, they would doubtless have accomplished their design. There is an old man's tale at Tavistock with reference to Sir Francis Drake, which says that he (Sir Francis) offered to make the River Tavy navigable to Tavistock by means of a system of locks, were a given portion of land on either side of the river made over to him in consideration of his work.—I am, yours, etc., T. VANSTONE.

P.S.—The company referred to is still in existence, and doubtless from the canal and buildings connected derive a small yearly dividend. In one of the buildings a few years ago the weaving of dress material was carried on, but failed to be a success in consequence of being too far away from the source of yarn, which had to be brought from Yorkshire.

Tavistock.

Devon Notes.

THE following appeal has been issued in the name of Lord Clifford:—

UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Head Offices:—17 BEDFORD CIRCUS,

EXETER.

March, 1907.

DEAR SIR,

The Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association, to be held in Exeter during the week commencing July 29th, 1907, affords a unique opportunity for bringing before the Medical Profession of the Empire and other countries the attractions and advantages of Devon and Cornwall for temporary or permanent residence.

In connection with this visit, the South Western Branch of the British Medical Association are in co-operation with the United Devon Association preparing the

"Book of the South West."

with special articles on the Climatology and History of the Counties, which will, it is anticipated, become a permanent and necessary work of reference for Members of the Medical Profession.

A copy of the Work will be presented to each of the 1,000 or more medical men attending the meeting from all parts of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Foreign Countries.

Many residents in Devon and Cornwall and others will, it is hoped, be glad to become possessors of the book, and arrangements are being made, subject to sufficient financial assistance being guaranteed to justify the step, to publish a further 1,000 copies at 6/- per copy for subscribers to the issue.

The Council of the United Devon Association commend the issue to your favourable consideration, and will be pleased to take your order for copies on the enclosed form.

Yours truly,

CLIFFORD,

President.

• • •

Notes from Towns and Districts.

Ilfracombe.

WE regret to see from a copy of an Ilfracombe paper that lies before us, that the Advertising Committee of that town, after having practically finished their work and beautiful district to the travelling world, have practically finished their work and have voluntarily dissolved "in consequence," so goes the resolution, "of the lack of interest taken in it by the townspeople." This is very lamentable, after Mr. D. W. Wise, who was at one time actively engaged in the work of the U.D.A., had devoted himself entirely to the interests of Ilfracombe, and this decision must be intensely mortifying to him.

We observe that the same paper has a paragraph headed "An Epitaph," with the following:—"In respectful memory of the Ilfracombe Advertising Committee, which expired at 8-20 p.m., on December 31st, 1906, after a lingering illness, borne with great patience, during which it suffered much neglect at the hands of those who ought to have been its friends. Its life was short but useful, and its most devoted friends have no hope that it will ever rise again."

Tiverton.

AN envelope directed to "Francis Herring, Esq., Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon," and stamped with the official endorsement: "Salved from S.S. *Jebba*," lies before me as I write. It was posted at Africo Calabar, West Central Africa, on the 14th February, and contained a letter from Mr. F. E. G. Johnston, an old Blundellian, one of a small number of English officers who maintain the *pax Britannica* in Nigeria, an immense region of the dark continent added to the Empire within the last few years. In response to an appeal posted to him from Tiverton about a year ago, Mr. Johnston enclosed with his letter a cheque for £10 as a contribution to the Blundell's School Organ Fund, expressing the hope that it would not be too late. He said that the appeal in question reached him in Nigeria "after many and extraordinary wanderings," part of which were on the heads of native porters through African forests. Barring the fact that it is slightly stained in places, apparently with colouring matter

Devon Notes—continued.

from stamps on other letters in the same mail-bag, the missive salvaged from the *Jebba* bears no signs of rough usage. The point at which the steamship was wrecked was within a few miles of the South Devon estate, which until recently for 300 years formed the chief part of the endowment of Blundell's School. The salvaging of the mails did not take place until the day after the vessel had been abandoned, and the letter with its contents reached Tiverton last Wednesday.

—Tiverton Gazette, 26th March, 1907.

Ottery St. Mary.

CHANCING the other day to be at Ottery St. Mary I went into the stately parish church at an interesting moment. In the north transept of the church—which dates from the early part of the fourteenth century, and was evidently built on the model of Exeter Cathedral—is a curious astronomical clock, constructed no doubt by the monks of that period. After being still and silent for more than a generation, this time-recorder was re-started last week; and I saw it in good working order, very much as it was when it emerged from the maker's hands nearly 600 years ago.

The honour of restoring the Ottery clock belongs, I am told, to a gentleman named Hall, an expert in horology, who, on retirement from active life in the metropolis, took up his residence last year at Exeter. Happening to visit Ottery one day last autumn Mr. Hall found to his sorrow that the clock was in a dilapidated and neglected condition. He saw at a glance that it was of great antiquity and value, being of a pattern similar to that in the transept of Exeter Cathedral. On the face or dial there are no hands, but in lieu thereof are figures representing the sun, moon, and a star; indicating respectively the hour, the day of the month, and the phases of the moon.

With the sanction of the Church governors, Mr. Hall undertook the work of putting the clock into working order with his own hands and at his sole cost. The labour of love occupied him several months, and is now almost finished. Last week the clock, after having been in disuse since 1874, was re-started, to enable it to be regulated. When this has been satisfactorily done, the work will be complete; and there will probably be a service of re-dedication, in which the Bishop is expected to take part.

—Tiverton Gazette.

* * *

Correspondence.

Useful Work of the U.D.A.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

March 13th, 1907.

DEAR SIR,

It is my intention to visit Great Britain during the present year, and I have thought seriously of running down to Devonshire as I have been told that it is the Garden of England. Can you send me any pamphlets, or a work descriptive of the county? I will remit any expense you may be put to, etc., etc.

* * *

BIRMINGHAM.

SIR,

Can you give me a few particulars about the villages upon the fringe of Dartmoor? I hear great things of Yelverton as a health resort with quite unique advantages of climate and picturesque situation; Clearbrook and Horrabridge have also been named as pleasant places to live in. I would be glad to know more about the trout and salmon fishing, and if rough shooting can be had during a stay at Yelverton.

* * *

A Good Example.

MR. W. L. REED, Hon. Secretary, Manchester Devonian Society, writes: "A few weeks ago I received from you two copies of *Devonia*. I ventured on my own initiative to call at the Y.M.C.A. in Manchester and told them that as we wished to put Devonshire in close touch with the northern cities and towns, would they please accept these two copies of *Devonia* for their Reading Room, and if so, I would guarantee them a copy free monthly. I do not know whether you present copies in this way, but if not please forward them to me and charge me for them, and I will assure their safe delivery to the Y.M.C.A. I know that a godly number of Northerners visit the West Countree hence my anxiety. If I can do anything to foster their love for our County of Devon, that, as far as I am concerned, shall be done." The Manchester Y.M.C.A. has been duly placed on the free list of *Devonia*, and a parcel of *Devonia* and *Cornubia Guides* sent for the Reading Room.

Correspondence—continued.

"SOME years ago a letter from you appeared in the Scottish newspapers, in which you kindly offered to answer enquiries by intending visitors to Devonshire. I propose visiting the district in June, and if you can, without inconveniencing yourself, send me any printed matter useful to a visitor I should feel much obliged. Thanking you in advance."—"Edinburgh."

* * *

A London resident writes:—"I want a cottage in Devonshire, 3 or 4 rooms with good garden and orchard (about an acre or so), 2 or 3 miles from a station would suit: willing to pay £15 to £20 per annum." Readers who know of anything likely to suit should write to Mr. E. T. Walls, 9 Kilmarton Avenue, Norbury, London, S.W.

* * *

"I am obliged for your Devonian and Cornubia Guides to hand, and also for having kindly put us on your free list for *Devonia*."—Secretary, Y.M.C.A., Manchester.

* * *

The Secretary (Mr. Alfred Wolfe) took advantage of the fact that he was at Bournemouth at Easter to arrange to carry out a gratis circulation of some 1200 back copies of *Devonia* among its hotels and boarding houses. These must have been seen by the thousands of visitors who may possibly be persuaded thereby to spend their next holiday in our county.



Official Photographers.

THE Council of the U.D.A. are appointing in each town in the County resident photographers, who shall be designated "Official Photographers of the U.D.A."; and who, in return for the publicity given in *Devonia*, shall from time to time allow the use of photographs, free of copyright fee, in the magazine only. In all cases the Editor will acknowledge the source from which the views are derived; and he will, on request, pay the actual cost of the photographs reproduced.

The following names have been already received. We shall be glad to add others for towns not here represented:—

Ashburton	Messrs. Blampey and Son.
Barnstaple	Messrs. Vickery Bros.
Bideford	Messrs. W. H. and B. Puddicombe.
Bude	Mr. S. Thorn.
Budleigh Salterton	Mr. F. T. Blackburn.
Crediton	Mr. H. Cornish.
Dartmouth	Messrs. Balley and Flower.
Honiton	Mr. A. J. Griffiths.
Ilfracombe	Mr. E. G. Phillipps.
Launceston	Messrs. Hayman and Son.
Newton Abbot	Mr. E. Kelley.
Okehampton	Messrs. Lugg and Co.
Plymouth	Messrs. Heath and Stoneman.
Seaton	Mr. G. H. Barton.
South Brent	Mr. W. R. Gay.
Tavistock	Mr. T. Vanstone.
Tiverton	Mr. H. E. Hatt.
Torquay	Mr. J. C. Dinham.
Totnes	Mr. C. Richards.

NOTE.—We regret that owing to a printer's error, the name of Mr. T. VANSTONE, who supplied the photographs for the Tavy article in the February number was omitted.—EDITOR.



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VI.]

JUNE, 1907.

[No. 4.

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Official Notice.

At the quarterly meeting of the Council, held at the Globe Hotel, Newton Abbot, on Thursday, the 16th of May, the question of the more regular publication of *Devonia* upon the 1st of each month was discussed, and, while the strenuous efforts which have been made by the Executive to overcome the delay which has naturally occurred through change of printers and other circumstances were fully recognised, it was felt that the task set them was more than they could reasonably be expected to cope with. The Council have therefore decided to issue this number in its proper month, and to abandon the April and May numbers. This will not affect the advertisements, as the full issue subscribed for will be inserted. The Council feel that their action will have the approval not only of the Advertisers, but of the subscribers generally, as it will enable the publication of each issue on the first of each month. Advertisers and correspondents are requested to note that all literary communications must reach the head office or the Editor respectively not later than the 10th of each month for insertion in the following issue.

CECIL R. M. CLAPP, Hon. Secretary.

**17 BEDFORD CIRCUS,
EXETER.**

Yealmpton,

A Devonian Art Colony.

From the *English Illustrated Magazine*,
by kind permission of the publishers, who
also lend the accompanying blocks.

“**N**EAR PLYMOUTH” is the postal address for the little village of Yealmpton, presenting thus, to those who know it not, a mental picture of a suburb to that busy part of the West Country. Yet anything more unsuburban, rural and picturesque—unspoiled by the rush of humanity, than this little corner of Devonshire, it would be difficult to imagine.



ART STUDENTS IN THE ORCHARD, YEALMPTON.

This is owing to several causes. For one thing, Yealmpton is on the way to nowhere in particular, is not sufficiently near the coast to make a watering place, and has few or no “objects of interest” with which to tempt the ordinary tourist to make the journey of eight miles by rail or motor from Plymouth. Another

reason is that the property is mostly in the hands of one or two old-fashioned landlords, who avoid so-called modern improvements, caring more to preserve the old-world aspect of their little village.

To these causes is probably owing the fact that Yealmpton has preserved its rural simplicity.



(B.A.) was struck with the place from an artistic point of view. Realizing at once that a large variety of subjects could be found there, he decided to make it his headquarters, and here establish his painting classes, which had been at Polperro for some years.

An ancient and dilapidated school-house was found, which was converted into a studio—the tumble-down appearance only enhancing its background for figures. In fine weather however, the students pose the models out of doors, in the meadow, or in one of the many orchards (for Yealmpton is a cider-making district).

All kinds of subject-pictures are attempted, from the cider-

press at work, with stolid horse steadily turning, and villagers grouped around, waiting their turn to have their apples pounded. Farmyard scenes, thatched cottages in-

The village stands high, looking down on its sister hamlet, Torre, which lies on the opposite side of the little river. The country round about is very varied in its beauty, swelling and rising gradually till beautiful Dartmoor is reached.

Within walking distance of Yealmpton is the little township of Plympton, famous for being the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The old school-house where his father taught is still standing, and the adjoining wall, where Reynolds' house used to stand, is marked with a tablet on which is inscribed "Here until 1871 stood the house in which Sir Joshua Reynolds was born, A.D. 1723." Many of his best portrait groups hang on the walls of the private houses throughout this part of Devonshire; Lord Mount Edgcumbe being his first patron before the artist's departure abroad with his friend, Commodore Keppel. Examples of his work are to be found at Saltram, Kitley, Puslinch, and other neighbouring mansions.

While passing through the village some two years ago, Mr. Edward Ertz (formerly a professor at the Académie Déclécluse Paris, and a well-known exhibitor at the R.A.,



After Water Colours by B. DONIE, L. B. WHITEHEAD, and A. GALTON.

different states of dilapidation or repair, with quaint interiors and pleasant spoken inmates; to wide stretches of breezy country, and quaint estuary, or deep quiet woods.

Then there is the little river Yealm, which irrigates the two villages, Torre and Yealmpton. It rises on Dartmoor, and runs gaily through many a beautiful wood and sunny meadow, round mossy boulders, hides under over-hanging branches, sparkling and frothing into little cascades where the fall is quick, emerging finally into a broad meadow, through which it twists and turns till the marshy land is reached, and it becomes widened into a tidal estuary, spreading at high tide like an inland lake between wooded slopes and shingly shores, till after a couple of miles, it reaches the sea near Newton Ferrers.

The beautiful South Devon Coast is about four miles away. There rocky headlands jut out into the sea, with waves dashing at their base, tempting the marine painter and the artist fond of cliff scenery. Many a bathing and painting excursion do the students make there, lingering at the time of the full moon to see the beautiful red orb rise serenely over the purpling waters.

The Village models cannot understand that the artists prefer them in their smocks, their corduroys, (tied with a bit of string under the knee) old shapeless hats, and farmyard boots,—and, if allowed half a chance, will slip into the house and “smarten up a bit” before posing. Time being of no particular value to them, punctuality is consequently a virtue more conspicuous by its absence than presence, these easy methods being part and parcel of the reposeful slow-going Devonshire ways.

To the tired worker from hot town studios the village, with its leisurely air, its women gossiping round the village pump, and its men smoking under the village elm, acts as a soothing draught to nerves fretted with the rush and bustle of large communities. Nature, the great healer, touches these weary ones with beneficial fingers, inspiring them to work, for idlers have no place in the little colony of students, who have chosen the thorny paths of art, where world rewards are scarce and hard to attain, but where the pleasure of the work is its own reward. Students come and go, but, “as it was in the beginning” remains the little West Country Village whose portrait in these few words we have attempted to portray. Long may the outside world, with disturbing elements of hurry and toil, leave untouched the peaceful serenity of quiet Yealmpton.

The illustrations in connection with this article are unique, inasmuch as they reproduce the actual work of masters and students at the Yealmpton Art School. Thus scenes in the district are presented to us in the drawings and paintings which serve at the same time to illustrate the technical efficiency and artistic spirit that are inculcated among the students, who have received their training, or part of it at least, at this School. Of course the photograph which appears at the head of the article is not in that category, but



YEALMPTON COTTAGES.
Painted by Mrs. E. HORSFALL ERTZ..

as a photograph from life it presents vividly the essentially thorough methods adopted in the school, and also the healthy out-door life enjoyed by the students in one of the most beautiful and invigorating districts of England. We reproduce a painting by Mr. E. Horsfall Ertz, a very charming view of some Yealmpton Cottages, which however idealised they may be, emphasise the delightful old-world character of the place, its calm repose, and the singularly picturesque material it offers as subjects for artist. Mr. Horsfall Ertz painting "A Breeze off Dartmoor" is as expressive a rendering of moorland scenery as one could wish. Merely to regard it is an invigorating tonic, it is so suggestive of space, light and air. One seems to be on the top of the world. The ills and worries of life drop away and a deep breath fills the lungs like a prayer of praise. And yet the elements of the picture are of homely every-day familiarity, the tilled field, the ploughman and his team, the house in the dip of the downs; but it is the familiar infused with feeling as broad as the sky, and deep as nature.

Of the several reproductions, Mr. Ertz's pictures which appear with the article in the "English Illustrated" from which we quote—we have chosen "Sea Urchins," a delightful study of coast scenery, sea and fresh tints.



A BREEZE OFF DARTMOOR.

Painted by Mrs. E. HORSFALL ERTZ.

Editorial.

THE following communication from one of our Hon. Local Secretaries is so much to the point that we give it *in extenso* (suppressing the name and place) as a hint to others as to the practical help they may render *Devonia*.

"The newspaper I send herewith is marked in three places. By sending you this our local journal marked distinctly in one or more places, I hope to furnish you from time to time with items of possible interest to *Devonia*. When I send nothing it must be supposed that no items worth your notice have been chronicled in this district. Our 'forthcoming events' do not escape my observation, but they are seldom likely to interest your readers—the said events being of small importance except locally, or else having no date assigned until too late for insertion in *Devonia*. Surely our secretaries in all directions can help you in this respect! They or their friends certainly read the local news, and it is so easy to mark clearly and forward to you anything that looks like 'wheat among the chaff.' Do they quite realise that although you prefer original matter, still a constant supply of such extracts is very serviceable to a busy editor?"

Devonshire as a _____
 _____Swimming Centre.

By "The Baron,"
 Swimming Correspondent to the
Illustrated
Western Weekly News.



SEA URCHINS.

Painted by EDWARD ERTZ, R.B.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy and at Liverpool.

TO the tourist who would revel in the delights that swimming affords, Devonshire with its beauteous sea front, and its freshening rivers gathering volume on the journey from moorland to sea, offers glorious and seductive temptations which stand unrivalled—and are none the less amongst the county's attractions as compared with its respective grandeur and rusticity of scenery or its reputation as a health-giving place of residence. Where the invigorating glories of "the briny" fail to penetrate has local initiative stepped in to utilise in attractive form the substitute of fresh water for the swimmer.

Should you, for instance, choose the county capital—Exeter—with its dear old Cathedral and Guildhall, as the centre for your excursions, the early morning

will doubtless find you enjoying a "refresher" in the well-appointed and spacious tepid swimming bath in the High Street, or at the beautifully-situated open-air bathing station snuggling on the banks of the Exe, near the St. David's Station; or should you be returning from a tramp across the moor into say the quaint little moorland towns of Okehampton, Tavistock, or Buckfastleigh, here again may you invigorate your tired limbs by a dip in the comfortably enclosed swimming baths, supplied with clear, sparkling water from the adjacent hills.

But it is in the safety of its open-sea bathing that Devon makes its proudest boast. Herein it stands paramount. Take a run down twelve miles from Exeter to the charming town of Dawlish, and we will give you swimming in its most enjoyable form from the snug little Gents' Bathing Cove. Here is the popular rendezvous that has earned for Dawlish from thousands of visitors the reputation of possessing the finest sea bathing that can be obtained the world o'er, whilst the Ladies' Pavilion, so comfortably furnished, faces upon a gentle sloping beach that ensures absolute safety to the fair natants. A little further along the coast we find Teignmouth, the home of many a sturdy swimmer—and incidentally, that of one of the finest open-water polo teams in the country. Enthusiasm for swimming runs very high in this up-to-date seaside town. Indeed the residents seem to have emulated the Ancient Romans, with whom the ability "to swim" was one of the essentials of citizenship. Although they are not "citizens" at Teignmouth, yet swimming is rightly considered so important that a knowledge of this glorious art generally precedes scholastic education amongst the youth of both sexes in the town; and the opportunities are great indeed. A long stretch of smooth beach with a gradual fall inspires confidence to the novice, whilst the expert dives from giddy heights into deep water from the end of the Promenade Pier. At both Dawlish and Teignmouth bathing charges are very moderate, conditions comfortable, and attendants obliging. Teignmouth possesses also a small tepid swimming bath with sea water.

The home of England's most ancient annual Swimming Gala is at Plymouth, where the world's greatest swimmers have won some of their most notable victories in the wide expanse of water off the historic Hoe; and here have the local authorities successfully grappled with the difficulties of a somewhat rocky "front" by providing facilities for the learner. To the adept swimmer the bathing off the Promenade Pier or from the dressing boxes under the Hoe is quite idealistic and delightful—plenty of deep water and comfortable dressing arrangements. Torquay and Paignton are not behind their rivals as to their open-sea bathing advantages, whilst at Dartmouth the local club maintains at considerable expense a well-appointed bathing station at Castle Cove, facing the ocean, with a capable instructor. Exmouth offers enjoyable bathing between the tides, whilst club contests and teaching is carried on by the Exmouth Swimming Club in the docks with still sea-water; whilst further along the coast at Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth, and Seaton, though the pebble ridges on the beach call for attention on the part of the novice, yet there are ample opportunities for safe bathing in the adjacent coves.

Away in the North of the County, Ilfracombe takes the lead in swimming accommodation, for in addition to its admirable open-sea bathing ponds, it possesses on the brink of the waves—so to speak—one of the largest and finest equipped tepid salt-water baths in the country, the water being pumped from the open sea close by. Bideford is also fast making a reputation as a swimming centre.



Motoring Notes in Devon.

BONDFIELD and I had, on the evening on which my story commences, motored over from the east side of Lyme Bay to Teignmouth. After crossing the toll bridge and climbing the cliff which commands the estuary we stopped for a few moments to admire the view of the bridge and shipping, made exquisite by the sunset. Continuing, we hoped soon to find a road leading towards the sea where a good place for an encampment might be found. A narrow lane to the left was noticed after a few miles, and this we followed down a steep descent to where the lane ends in the village of Maidencombe, which overlooks the sea from the top of a low cliff. Leaving the car in a farm building, we carried the camping kit and lamps from the car down a steep path to the sea shore. It was now dark, but by the light of the acetylene lamp we could see there was no sand to camp on, so the tent had to be pitched on the surface of a flat rock. After a bathe in the clear moonlit water we made ourselves a good meal, spread our "airships" (which made the hard, rough surface as comfortable as a feather bed), and turned in. In the morning, after a swim and breakfast, we were sitting on the rocks, when we noticed a man apparently searching for crabs, who after a while came up to us and wished us good day. He said he had done cooking and orderly duty for officers, so we left him in charge of the tent to wash up. Meanwhile we ran the car to Torquay, five miles distant, and, leaving it in a garage, hired a sailing boat. This we sailed back to our encampment at Maidencombe, having told the boatman that we might want it for a week if the weather continued to hold fine.

Loval, our new servant, had got everything in order, and as he said there were better places for a camp a little way along the coast, we packed up and rowed round with all our kit to Mackerel Cove. There we made a much more comfortable encampment, and it was not long before Loval showed that he was an old hand at camp life by scooping out an oven in the face of the cliff and roasting a fowl in it. How we enjoyed this rugged place! Its very inaccessibility was an added charm. By land it could only be reached by a scramble round the rocks, impossible except at low tide or by a precipitous, and by night somewhat hazardous, descent down the cliffs. This cove we made our home, enjoying all the delights of sea bathing, crabbing, sailing, and motoring to the full. The third morning after our arrival at the cove Loval brought a newspaper containing a paragraph which told us that while we were thus quietly encamped we were the unwitting cause of much trouble and anxiety, and had been given up for drowned. I at once went to Torquay and explained matters, and found that the boatman had expected us to return to his moorings after each day's sail. Having sat up for us the whole of the night following our departure, he next day informed the police and coastguards of our non-appearance. However, he soon understood my explanation of how the mistake had arisen, and we thought this was the end of the matter, as those on the look-out were soon informed of our return. That evening one of us, as was our custom, rowed the boat out a short way and anchored her for the night in full view of the tent, and afterwards swam ashore. Next morning, happening to wake at about four o'clock, I sat up in bed and looked out of the tent, and was horrified to see that the boat had vanished! Dressing quietly, so as not to wake my friend, I walked round the rocks to the next cove, but still without seeing a trace of the missing boat. I returned to the tent, and, rousing my friend, sent him to search the coast in case the boat had dragged anchor and got drifted away. Meanwhile I made tracks for Maidencombe, where I succeeded in waking Loval by throwing pebbles at his cottage window. I got the car from the farm, and set off for Babbacombe Coastguard Station. There we searched for the missing boat, calling telescope and telephone to our aid, all to no purpose. We could, by means of the telescope, see my friend clambering round the rocks five miles distant, and also that his efforts had proved as fruitless as ours. Search in Torquay Harbour and enquiries among the "wreckers" there proved equally unavailing. Finally we gave up the quest in that direction and returned to Maidencombe. On going down the lane to the village we met an aged fisherman, who stopped us and said that he had been sent by the Teignmouth police to say our boat was in charge of the coastguard there. It was not many minutes before we drew up by the ferry, where I left the car with Loval and crossed the estuary to the coastguard station on the other side. There, sure enough, was our boat, but how had it got there? A newspaper published on the previous evening had stated that we were still missing, although everyone concerned knew then where we were, and two fishermen, seeing this report, took it upon themselves to "save" our boat during the night, and towed it round to the coastguard station, hoping to obtain salvage.

Plympton.

"Plympton was a borough town
When Plymouth was a vuzzy down."

SO runs the old rhyme applicable to the ancient town and borough of Plympton, of which Mr. J. Brooking Rowe speaks in his latest and deeply interesting work on local history.

"In 1904, Plympton had a recorded documentary history of a thousand years," writes Mr. Rowe in the work before us, "The History of Plympton." It is a bulky volume of over four hundred pages, in which the author proves his preliminary statement most incontestably. He tells us, moreover, all that it is possible to glean of Plympton history, ancient and modern. It is not the Plympton which is known to passing railway travellers, which comprises the fine old parish church of Plympton St. Mary, with a few scattered residences near the station. This is not the Plympton proper—the Plympton of Mr. Rowe's book—for this ancient town is to be found at the back of the village of Ridgeway, hidden deep in a valley, with all its old-world associations clustering close around it. This is the place treated of by Mr. Rowe in his splendid volume; Plympton Erle, with its Castle and Manor, included in the ecclesiastical parish of Plympton St. Thomas, otherwise Plympton St. Maurice. A large portion of the book is taken up with transcripts of important ancient documents and charters bearing upon the early history of this old-world town; then comes a chapter on the Castle and its Lords; another on the municipal history of the borough; a list of its Parliamentary representatives; with a full account of the old church, its history and monuments; while another chapter is devoted to the clergy and church officers; yet another to the quaint and ancient Guildhall, the scene of many a society function in the old days; followed by a most interesting account of the Plympton Grammar School, founded by Elize Hele and others, and rendered famous by the fact that Sir Joshua Reynolds was educated here, his father having been head master at the time.

Passing from these subjects, we find an account of the charities and a description of the streets and some of the old houses of this ancient town, besides notices of the trade, commerce, and population of the borough, and a final chapter on the more important families of the district, the Strode's of Newnham, the Treby's, the Heles, the Woollcombe's and others.

Needless to say, these chapter headings convey but little idea of the wealth of information brought together in the pages of this valuable work, in which Mr. Rowe has applied that enthusiasm and erudition which are marked features in his earlier historical works, and for which he is well known.

This old borough sent representatives to Parliament from 1295 until 1831, the names of many distinguished men appearing in the list.

Altogether the book is a most valuable addition to our local histories, and should find a place in every library, public and private, throughout the West of England. Moreover, it cannot be ignored by public libraries, both in Great Britain and America, for here we have the germs of our national history, as told in these fragmentary histories of our cities, towns, and parishes. The publisher is Mr. James G. Commin, Exeter.

Dreamy Devon.

By Harold Ashton.

I have been having a few days' lazy ramble in the neighbourhood of the English Rhine—in the warm and beautiful country of the Dart. I am stiff and sore with climbing; the sun has blackened my face; and on the film of my brain there is a composite photograph of supreme loveliness, whose colours and configurations it is impossible to sort out. Where am I? Heaven knows; except that I am half asleep in a hamlet churchyard, and leaning against the leaning memorial stone of a lady who went the way of all flesh on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1763:

ELIZ	H	wife of
MAT	POMEROY.	

There is ivy and lichen blurring the graven record of Elizabeth. But through it I read enough to show that she bore some of thesings and arrows of outrageous clamour among the dames of this tiny town, as the half-obiterated verse shows:

Farewell, vain world! I know enough of thee
And now am careless what thou say'st of me.
My cares are past; my head lies quiet here,
What faults ye knew in me take care to shun
. course is run!

The rest is hidden in the grass and the moss of the old burying-ground. Around are more Pomeroyes, waiting quietly for the last call. Above, in the shimmering blue, hundreds of larks, far beyond the reach of eye, are making music which comes down to earth in a glorious cascade of melody. Down in the village—this village is all either up or down—it is the after-dinner siesta hour. There's never a sound beyond the far-away trill of the larks. Even the cottages seem asleep, leaning against the hill-side; but here and there, as a little white cloud moves away from the face of the sun, their windows blink and flash as if the glare is too much for them.

The Corduroy-Pomeroyes.

Outside the inn door there is an ancient oaken table, well ringed with the marks of cider mugs. By the table is a stone wall, home-made and rough; and on it are leaning six old men whose back view presents an amazing acreage of corduroy trouser. So they lean, with their fringed chins on their brown, gnarled hands. They are dozing, dreamily in the sun. By the looks of them and by the beautiful way they merge into the landscape and the tinted red of the old wall, I should say they have been there for a hundred years. Do you wonder, then, that I start with surprise when I reach them and find them alive, and conscious, in their sleep, of a strange footfall on the cobbled way?

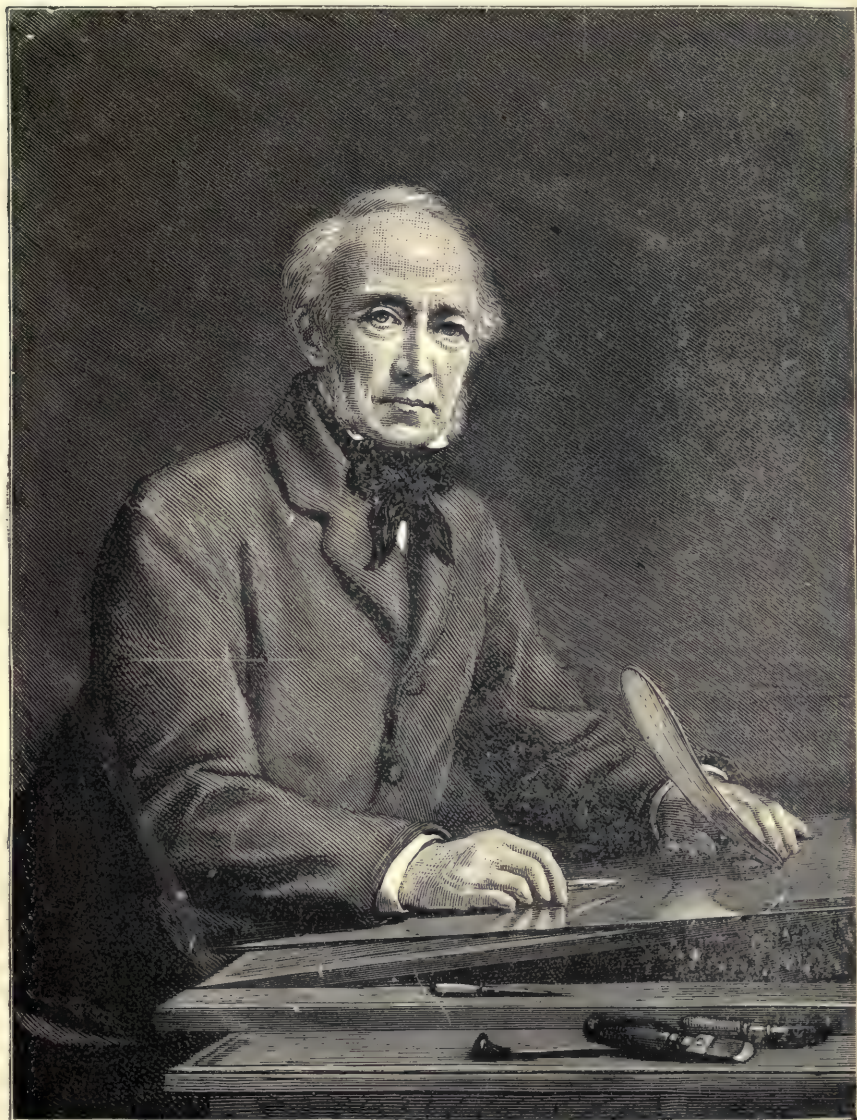
Number One raises his shaggy head, turns a mahogany face, and for a moment draws up the blinds from a pair of red-rimmed windows of the soul.

"Mar-nin, zur!" says he, in a voice which dies away like the drone of a bumble-bee. And he turns to sleep again. At almost the same moment a faint idea of something happening steals into the slumbering consciousness of Number Two.

"Mar-nin', zurr!" he murmurs. He only opens one eye—an optic of filmy blue; but the innate politeness of South Devon is there, though the greeting dies away into a soft pianissimo—"zur-r-r-r!" the one eye is veiled again; and Number Two sleeps. And in like manner the current runs through the other four, who all do exactly the same thing in exactly the same manner. These effigies, I learn afterwards, are all great-grandfathers, and mostly Pomeroyes, whose forebears, maybe, dwelt in Castle Pomeroy (now a glorious ruin) in the days when steel took the place of corduroy in the fashion of trouserings, and who were not quite so polite to strangers. I leave them to their slumbers, and pass down a lane cut deep into the red earth and gorgeous with the colour of spring flowers.

—Morning Leader.

• An Eminent Exonian. •



Samuel Cousins, R.A.

POSSIBLY the name of this Devonshire worthy may be strange to many of the readers of these pages; for although in his own profession—that of an engraver—he was pre-eminent, he led a quiet, nay, somewhat of a retired life, and his death, in May, 1887, brought his name and works in prominence, where heretofore they had been almost unknown. The following facts respecting this eminent man are culled from a memoir compiled by the late Mr. Geo. Pycroft, M.R.C.S.E., and printed for private circulation only, therefore they can hardly be said to be public property.

It is said of Mr. Cousins that "he was blessed with length of days; he lived to reach the first place in his profession, to be honoured by his fellow-countrymen, to be rewarded by the highest title among artists, to amass sufficient wealth to enable him to establish a fund for the help of his poorer brethren, and to spend a few years in quiet retirement and rest. He passed peacefully away, mourned by many friends." Such is the testimony of one who knew him well; and such is a worthy memorial of a talented and remarkable man.

Samuel Cousins was born at Exeter on the 9th of May, 1801. He was educated in the Exeter Episcopal school, and while there, at an early age, evinced remarkable love for Art; for his habit was, as soon as the afternoon school was over, to run off to gaze in the shop windows of Mr. Tucker, in which were usually displayed some fine engravings, notably one of the King or Prince of Wales at a review on horseback, by Sir W. Beechey. This picture made a deep impression upon the young aspirant for Art, and he used often to refer to it in after life as having had a great influence upon his choice of a profession and his subsequent career. His father was a tradesman, and Cousins first used his talents and his pencil in portraying the heads of his father's customers and friends. He executed these so admirably that in a short time his little efforts became famous in the neighbourhood, and, boy as he was, he received commissions to execute portraits (for which he only charged five shillings) of many of his neighbours, and by visitors at the Globe Inn, a famous Exeter hostelry. He also, at this time, copied engravings with his pencil, which were exhibited in Mr. Tucker's window and elsewhere.

In the winter of 1811, or thereabouts, there occurred an extraordinary flood, which carried away Cowley Bridge. The boy made his way thither and sketched the ruins, producing a most remarkable and highly-effective picture. Some of his early works are still in existence, and are highly prized by their possessors.

One day it chanced that a certain Captain Bagnall, a London gentleman, was passing through Exeter, and his attention was directed towards some pencil-drawings of young Cousins in the shop window of Mr. Upham, a book-seller. He entered the shop, made enquiries, and bought several of the drawings, which he found, to his surprise, were executed by a boy of eleven years of age, and the untaught son of an Exeter tradesman. The accident brought the boy into notice; for Captain Bagnall sent the drawings to the Society of Arts, who awarded the young artist several prizes, including the silver medal of the Society. Mr. T. W. Reynolds, the leading mezzotint engraver of that time, saw these drawings, and was much struck with their fidelity, and the touch of genius which characterised them. He took the boy in hand, and agreed to accept him as an apprentice without premium—the usual premium amounting to £300.

One of his earliest patrons was Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, who soon recognised his talent, and became, moreover, his life-long friend. While studying in his profession with Mr. Reynolds, his general education was not neglected, the lad being placed in the care of Dr. North by Sir T. D. Acland. Cousins' master (Reynolds) soon discovered the lad's remarkable talent. In 1815 he executed a portrait of Edmund Kean, which, at the time, was "the talk of the town," partly owing to its great fidelity as a likeness, and partly to the fact that it was executed at one sitting of a little more than half an hour. Mr. Reynolds having occasion to visit the Earl of Ashburnham, at his seat in Sussex, took young Cousins with him, and the young artist was honoured with sittings by every member of the family. These drawings were executed in pencil on cardboard, and photographs of these portraits, executed sixty-four years after the drawings were made, were exhibited at the Exhibition of the Fine Art Society's Rooms in 1882.

Cousins served seven years with Réynolds, to their mutual satisfaction, at the end of which time he wanted to start on his own account; but his master offering to take him on as an assistant for four years, at a salary of £250 per annum, which offer was supported by the influence of Sir T. D. Acland, Cousins consented, although he inwardly chafed at the restraint. About 1820 or 1821 Mr. Cousins came to Plymouth, where he remained some time, making copies of the Reynolds' pictures in the collections at Saltram and Kitley. He also made many sketches of picturesque bits in the neighbourhood.

In the year 1826 he visited Brussels and the field of Waterloo. In the same year he engraved his first plate on his own account, which was the portrait of Lady Acland and her children.

He was at times greatly disheartened, and talked of giving up engraving and taking to miniature painting, because of the monotony, intense labour, and solitude inseparable from the practice of engraving; but success in his line soon removed these thoughts from his mind. In November 1835 he was elected a member of the Royal Academy, a circumstance which gave him intense pride and pleasure. In 1838 he received a commission to engrave a portrait of Her Majesty, in her coronation robes, by Chalon. She gave him a sitting in Buckingham Palace in order that he might touch up his plate, and the result was highly satisfactory. He also executed other notable pictures, including "The Queen receiving the Sacrament at Her Coronation," which was published in 1842, and for which 2,500 guineas were paid. In the year 1854 he was employed by Napoleon III. to engrave a full-length portrait of himself, by Winterhalter, with which the Emperor was so much pleased that he sent the artist the Order of the Legion of Honour. The following year a still greater honour was conferred upon him, being elected a Royal Academician: the first English engraver who had obtained such a distinction. His greatest work after Sir E. Landseer's famous picture, "The Midsummer Night's Dream," was published in 1857. In the year 1872 Mr. Cousins presented to the nation, through the medium of the Print Department of the British Museum, a complete, or nearly complete, collection of his plates. He also presented a small set to the Albert Memorial Museum, at Exeter. In 1874, when he was 73 years of age, he determined to retire from the active practice of his profession, but the publishers would not hear of it, and he was induced by promises of high remuneration, to continue a few years longer. He was commissioned to engrave Gainsborough's famous picture of the Duchess of Devonshire, for which Messrs. Agnew agreed to give him the extraordinary price of 1,500 guineas; but the picture was stolen and the work was never carried out.

His last work was his own portrait from a painting by E. Long, R.A., the original of the portrait which accompanies this article. This was painted in 1883, and exhibited, being purchased by Lady Burdett-Coutts; and Cousins, in his 83rd year, set to work to engrave it. This portrait is declared to be a perfect resemblance of the old artist, and it is remarkable as the work of a man who for more than 70 years had worked hard in his profession. About the same time Mr. Cousins placed the sum of £15,000 at the disposal of the trustees of the Royal Academy, by deed of gift; the interest on this to be applied to furnish annuities, not exceeding £80 each, to artists of merit, who, from adverse circumstances, may have been unable to provide a competence for their declining years. This noble gift produces £750 per annum, or nine annuities of £80 each. In the early part of the year 1887 his health began to decline, and he died on the 7th of May last. Mr. Cousins, amongst other benefactions, left £5,000 to the Artists' Orphan Fund, and £1,000 to the Artists' Benevolent Fund. He was never married.

Devon Notes.

"CRANMERE POOL: being a true account of how we got there," is a very graphic and amusing story of an adventure on Dartmoor, which appears in the *Ladies' Field* for March 30th, 1907. It is signed "Jessie Pope," and recounts the setting out to find this mystic spot, the tramp across the moor from Postbridge, the Dartmoor fogs, the Dartmoor bogs, the artillery firing from the moors near Yes Tor, and the final discovery of Cranmere Pool, and the disappointment which ensued:—

Here we are! he (Mr. Sharp) shouted in triumph. In a few seconds we stood by his side, and our eyes rested on Cranmere Pool, and I, for one, was speechless with disappointment. It looked as if a speculating builder had made a shallow excavation in the peat for the foundations of a good-sized house and then abandoned his work. In the middle of the black hollow was a puddle of dark water a few feet across, and at the side of the puddle stood a small mound of peat with a short pole stuck unsteadily in the top. Surrounded on all sides by gloomy tors, forsaken by every living thing, the place was intolerably desolate and melancholy." And yet they found a visitors' book there, and forthwith inscribed their names and their experiences, while the booming of the big guns reverberated over the moor from the heights overlooking Okehampton.

* * *

A salmon weighing nearly sixteen pounds was caught in the Upexe water a week or two ago by the Rev. A. Hughes, and an eight-pounder on the day following.

* * *

In the interior of Africa, on the banks of the Zambesi river, hundreds of miles beyond the nearest post-town (Kalomo), dwells a Tivertonian, whose work it is to assist in the administration of Rhodesia. By way of recreation he has taken to dairy farming, among the products of his station being first-class Devonshire cream. Writing home to friends at Tiverton, he says: "A fellow from Yorkshire argued with me that clotted cream was made only in Devon and Cornwall, on account of the pasture there. I should like to give him some of my Zambesi speciality!"

* * *

In the *Tiverton Gazette* for January 15th last, there appeared an extract from a leaflet published by the Board of Agriculture on the subject of clotted cream and soft cheeses. My Rhodesian friend writes me that he read this with the greatest interest, it being the very thing he wanted to get hold of. I have sent the testimonial on to the Board of Agriculture for their encouragement in well-doing.

* * *

On the subject of "clouted" or "clotted cream" the Rev. Treasurer Hawker wrote in 1881 thus:—"It is altogether a mistake to suppose that any county is debarred by soil or otherwise from making clouted cream. It is merely a question of the way in which the richness of the milk is separated from it. I have eaten it frequently in Hampshire at a friend's house, whose cook understood the Devonshire fashion. There, however, it was served up with a becoming reverence, as sufficient for itself, in a side dish."

* * *

It is said, on good authority, that Devonshire cream has all the health-giving properties of cod-liver oil, with the difference of taste thrown in. A dear friend of mine (writes Treasurer Hawker) who came to Ilfracombe for his health, told me that his London doctor, in sending him there for the winter, said, "And fill up your tea or coffee-cup, whenever you can, with their thick cream, so that your spoon will stand upright in it."

* * *

In a back volume of the transactions of the Devonshire Association I find the following verses from the pen of a scientific gourmand:—

Talk not of "worlds" of chrysolite,
Talk not of "seas of sapphire" bright;
I don't desire on such to float,
The boat I seek is a butter boat;
In this let me launch on an ocean stream
A mighty sea of Devonshire cream.
It matters not, then, if I sink or swim;
It matters not what may be my whim;
Whether I float on the buoyant wave,
Or in its deeps my limbs do lave:
For oh! what a sensuous joy supreme
Would drowning be in this Devonshire cream.

* * *

THE Medical Officer of Health reports that there is a lack of marriageable men in Ilfracombe. At the last census the total number of females was 5,130, and of males 3,420. This large excess is still maintained, and is easily accounted for. On arriving at the age, say, of sixteen to eighteen, the boys drift away to larger towns and centres of trade, while the girls, as a rule, remain. The preponderance is greatest between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. The birth-rate for the district is only 15.3 per 1,000 population, as against 27.0 for England and Wales.

Devon Notes—continued.

Walking Tour: Dulverton to Ilfracombe.

SIR,—In the middle of this month a friend of mine and I are going to walk from Dulverton to Ilfracombe. Leaving Dulverton about two o'clock, we wish to reach Withypoole the same night; on the following day to reach Lynton; and on the third day to reach Ilfracombe in time to catch the last train to Bideford. Will you please advise me as to the best places to put up for the night at (or near) Withypoole and Lynton. We should prefer to stay at a farmhouse if you could recommend one. We should be glad if you would describe the best route to take for the journey, and state the probable cost of the walk. H.M.V.

[You have selected a very beautiful walk. Starting from Dulverton, you cross Winsford Hill to Upcott and Withypoole, and then you more or less follow the River Barle to Simonsbath, a beautiful village lying in a deep ravine, the sides of which are covered with pine and larch; it is about half-way from Dulverton to Lynton, and therefore we consider it a better place in which to spend the night. There is a road across Exmoor from Simonsbath to Brendon, but if you are a good walker you would be wise to make a detour from Simonsbath in order to see the celebrated Doone Valley, entering Lynton, via Malmsmead, Waterslide, Brendon, and Watersmeet. On the way to Ilfracombe you pass through the far-famed Valley of Rocks and the lovely village of Combe Martin. There are inns at Withypoole and Simonsbath, but we cannot recommend any farmhouses where guests would be taken for a night only. At Lynton you might stop at the Crown or the Globe Hotel, both of which are comfortable and inexpensive. Possibly Mr. Podder, Postmaster, Lynmouth, would accommodate you, or advise you as to a cheap and comfortable house in the vicinity. A great many tourists reckon that 15s. a day is a comfortable sum for expenses, but you could easily manage on 9s. or 10s. a day, or less if necessary. You should purchase a good map of North Devon, such as "Bacon's."—ED.]

—From *The Bazaar*.

* * *

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON is a charming and quiet little watering place, situated near the mouth of the River Otter, between Exmouth and Sidmouth, about four miles from the former. It lies in a sheltered valley beautified by myrtle and hydrangea blossoms and traversed by a little brook spanned by numerous bridges. The town consists of one main street running parallel with the coast; it has a fine promenade, and an excellent beach, covered with large, flat stones, which extends from the mouth of the Otter to West Down Beacon, an eminence commanding fine views of the estuary of the Exe. The bathing is good, and the accommodation admirable. To the west of the low rocky point between Salterton and Exmouth there are good sands. The River Otter affords good sport to the angler; in the lower tidal part of the river plenty of grey mullet are caught; and trout can be obtained by permission. Good sea-fishing can also be had, besides good boating. There are some new eighteen-hole golf links belonging to the East Devon Golf Club. Visitors may play for 2s. a day, 7s. 6d. a week; or £1 5s. a month. There are likewise cricket, tennis, croquet, and archery clubs. Lovely walks may be taken in every direction. The walk to Laderam Bay, with its curious arches and caves, is particularly attractive. Beacon Hill, East Ottery Hill, and Sidbury Hill should be visited, as well as Court Hall—where there is a chamber supposed to be haunted—and Bickton. The latter was the seat of the late Hon. Mark Rolle, and the park and gardens are open to visitors (on a small payment) on Tuesdays and Fridays. Woodbury "Castle," a clump of trees on the moor towards Exeter, also affords a good objective for a walk. Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes Farm, which is shown to visitors, about a mile from Budleigh Salterton. A visit should also be paid to Colyton Raleigh, where the Otter winds round a beautifully wooded hill, to Otterton, with its curious houses, and to the hills of Withycombe Raleigh.

* * *

Revival of Colyton Fair.

THE Fair at Colyton, which for years past has been limited to one or two sweet stalls, was revived on Tuesday last. Messrs. Wright and Johnson (the auctioneers) had over 300 entries of live stock, and met with great success. Good prices were realised, and the first cow and calf that were sold fetched over £17. There was a good attendance, both of buyers and sellers, and in view of this success it has been decided to make the stock fair a regular thing, the next one to be held in October. The whole scene was a very animated one, and the greatest interest was taken in the proceedings.

Illustrated Western Weekly News.

Correspondence.

THE Editor of the *Nottingham Daily Express* writes, "I am obliged to you for your letter of the 2nd instant, and should be glad to tell any of my friends who are visiting Devon of the willingness of your Association to facilitate their pleasure. As an Exonian, it is of special interest to me to call attention to the attractions of the fairest county in England."

“A Sea Dog of Devon.”

THE above is the title of a book recently published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., dealing with the stirring career of Sir John Hawkins, the friend and companion of Sir Francis Drake, and one of the chief actors in the Elizabethan drama which culminated in the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. The author of this book is Mr. R. A. J. Walling, the Editor of the *Western Daily Mercury*, Plymouth—a gentleman well known in the journalistic and literary world. The book has a brief introduction by Lord Brassey and Mr. John Leyland, but their remarks are compressed into less than four pages, whereas Mr. Walling gives nearly three hundred pages of interesting and often exciting matter, bristling with facts and records of stirring adventure. In this delightful book we are brought into close touch with the Hawkinses, an old Plymouth family, and we have the records of at least three generations of them, viz., Old Master William Hawkins, a friend of King Henry VIII.; his son, the great Sir John, of whom this book especially treats; and his son, Sir Richard Hawkins, who was made of the same stuff as his redoubtable forbears. Truly the Hawkinses were a fighting race. In the volume before us we are carried step by step through a long series of years and adventures ranging from 1568 to 1596, for in the latter year both Drake and Hawkins died, ingloriously and at sea, not in the rush of battle, but by a direful malady, against which their bravery and seamanship was alike powerless. It would be utterly futile to attempt to give a satisfactory review of this book in the short space that we can afford for that purpose. Suffice it to say that Mr. Walling has drawn from every available source information respecting his hero, and has made the most of it, even occasionally to the bedimming of the laurels of that other sea-dog of Devon, Sir Francis Drake. We have no quarrel with the author on that account. We reckon both men great as sea-captains and heroic adventurers; we know that they both served their country and their queen in the face of enormous odds, and we believe that they were both actuated by the most whole-hearted and patriotic motives. But this book deals with Hawkins, not with Drake, and we are glad to welcome it as the first and only reliable biography of this “sea-dog.” Plymouth may be proud of having given birth to such a man; Devon may be proud of the place he occupies amongst her “worthies”; and our twentieth century may be congratulated upon the fact that it was left to this year of grace 1907 to place before the world a full and faithful record of one of the greatest of all the great Elizabethan seamen, and the founder of our Navy. If we have any fault to find with the book it is not in connection with its literary merits, for they are unmistakable. Mr. Walling always invests his subjects and characters with life and surrounds his themes with intense dramatic interest, but we should have prized the book still more had it been embellished by a number of illustrations, for as it stands at present, a portrait of Hawkins is the only one. Such a book, to appeal to the budding youth of Britain, ought to be profusely illustrated and rank as a school reading book; but the publishers have missed their opportunity, and consequently the book will appeal mainly to the mature Englishman and not to the youth of our country, who are always fired by noble deeds, especially if aided by artistic sketches. Mr. Walling’s work is above praise, and we owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the labour and time he has bestowed upon it.



A Song of Devon.

Blue of the sea,
 Blue of the heaven,
 High-hedged lanes,
 And red roads of Devon;
 Silence of tor,
 And riot of streams,
 And call of the sea
 In the young men’s dreams.

Stag in the bracken,
 Trout in the waters,
 Mother Earth’s lure,
 In the hearts of her daughters;
 Blue of the sea,
 Blue of the heaven,
 High-hedged lanes,
 And red roads of Devon.

Devonian Societies.

Devonians in Rhodesia—Annual Dinner at Buluwayo.

DEVONIANS in Rhodesia are evidently a flourishing community, if one may judge from the proceedings at the annual dinner of the Devonian Society of Rhodesia, which took place a month ago at the Avenue Hotel. For the following report of the dinner, which was the fourth annual function of the kind, we are indebted to the *Buluwayo Chronicle*. The dinner, says our Rhodesian co-temporary, was even more popular and the members more enthusiastic than at those which had preceded it. The post-prandial proceedings were made the occasion of welcoming back the president after his holiday in England, and also of bidding farewell to the late secretary, Mr. W. H. Davey, who has since left Rhodesia to take up an appointment in the Cape Colony, and to whom was presented a pair of field glasses, suitably engraved. The members of the society present included Messrs. H. Marshall Hole (president), in the chair; C. Corner, F. W. Cary, W. Bridgman, J. W. Mayne, E. Basch, F. W. Yates, M. Hayward, S. G. Shapcott, F. E. Harris, C. G. Goldsmith, C. T. Osmond, H. White, C. Collins, A. Dolbear, E. L. Loosley, R. G. Hunt, W. H. Cullum, Wreford, Matthews, Dark, and H. R. H. Keen (hon. sec). The guests included the Mayor (Councillor E. F. Philip), Mr. R. H. Myburgh, the Ven. Archdeacon Beaven, Lieut.-Col. Ramsay, Major Hudson, Major Gordon, D.S.O., Inspector Murray, Dr. Clark, and Messrs. Keith, Gemmel, Wood, Bridal, Rodney, Landau, Goodridge, Krige, Lock, and McGibbony.

The room was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, and plants, and the menu consisted of several of the dishes so dear to the palate of Devonians. After the excellent dinner, which was catered for by Signor Tognoli, and after the company had duly honoured the loyal toast, the chairman, in eulogistic language, proposed the toast of "Devon, our county." Archdeacon Beaven, in his usual happy and effective manner, proposed with some humour the toast of "Devonians in Rhodesia."—Mr. C. Corner replied. Mr. Mayne, the chairman of committee, proposed the toast of "Our guests," which was responded to by the Mayor and Col. Ramsay. Musical selections by Messrs. Henderson and Mee during the dinner, and vocal music during the after proceedings by Messrs. Gemmel, A. E. Beaven, and A. Dolbear, assisted in making the evening one of enjoyment to all who attended. The menu of the dinner was of a decidedly "county" complexion, including, amongst other items, *consomme Devonian*, boiled salmon a la Dart, saddle lamb, Dartmoor; pigeon pie, Tiverton; roast Plymouth Rock and Eddystone sauce; sirloin of beef and Armada pudding; roast leg of mutton a la Exmoor; asparagus and Devonshire butter; apple tart and Devonshire cream; Devonshire junkets and cream.

* * *

THE members of the Devonian Society of Manchester and district held a Whist Drive on Wednesday, March 13th, at the Mosley Hotel, which was a great success. It concluded the winter session of this flourishing society. The hon. sec., Mr. W. L. Reed, writes that he has placed copies of *Devonia* at the rooms of the Y.M.C.A., where they are much appreciated, and hopes the supply will be continued. Mr. Reed's address is "Highfield Terrace, Cleveland Road, Crumpsall, Manchester," not Sackville Street, as given in *Devonia* Supplement.

* * *

THE Society of "Barumites in London" held their annual dinner about a month ago. The President is Mr. Francis Gribble—the author—son of the late Henry Gribble, the Old Bank Barnstaple. Mr. R. O. Hearson, the prospective secretary of Devonians in London, is a leading member of this society; he was President in 1905. Among other distinguished members are Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Mr. E. J. Soares, M.P., Dr. W. H. Cummings (President of the Guildhall School of Music), the Mayor of Barnstaple, the Recorder of Barnstaple (Sir George Sherston Baker), Mr. Fred W. Ashton, Mr. Fred Gabriel, hon. secretary.

* * *

THE annual general meeting of the Devonian Society in Calcutta was held in January last. A very satisfactory financial report was presented, one item being a subscription to the U.D.A. We wish all other Devonian societies would give us their support. The following appointments were made:—President, Sir F. R. Upcott, C.S.I., K.C., V.O.; Messrs. W. H. Norman and H. Elworthy, Vice-Presidents; Mr. R. W. Chubb, Secretary and Treasurer; and Messrs. Avery, Ball-Hill, Cottle, Dolton, Drs. Pearse and Pedler, Messrs. Prior, Weatherdon, Venn, and Captain Kingcombe. This far-away Society is well keeping up the spirit and traditions of the dear homeland.

O Devon! Fair Devon!

Tune: "The Land of my Fathers."

O Devon! Fair Devon! thou jewel of the West!
Of Britain's broad counties the brightest and best!
Thou homeland of heroes! thou cradle of Fame!
My harp shall resound to thy name.

Dear! Dear!

Thou land of the brave and the free!
The bard's sweetest song
Thy praise shall prolong;
For dear is thy beauty to me.

How often in youth have I rushed to explore
Thy witching wild wonders of torrent and shore;
Where sweetly the lay of the lark in the sky
Is blent with the sea-gull's weird cry.

Dear! Dear!

Thy mingling of moorland and sea!
The bard's sweetest song
Thy praise shall prolong;
For dear is thy beauty to me.

I love thy gay heather, tho' men may deride
The humble fair flower of thy rugged tors' side;
I love thy rath primrose, and fairy blue-bell,
That deck every hedgerow and dell.

Dear, dear

Are valley and hill-top and lea;
The bard's sweetest song
Thy praise shall prolong;
For dear is thy beauty to me.

O Devon! Fair Devon! what mem'ries awake,
And whisper of Grenville and Raleigh and Drake!
Their deeds in thy story our hearts still enthrall,
While Freedom leaps up at thy call.

Dear! Dear!

Thou land of the brave and the free!
The bard's sweetest song
Thy praise shall prolong;
For dear is thy beauty to me.

March 14th, 1907.

J. NEWTON HEARN.

Down in Devon.

So at last, thank heaven,
Here I am at rest
Down in dear old Devon,
And my life is blest;
With this fair fulfilling
Of a hope that smiled
On me in the thrilling
Of a love-dream wild.

All my past and present
Are together brought
In a marriage pleasant
By the might of thought;
Fast my love is shedding
Tears of gladness true,
For the glorious wedding
Of the old and new.

O ye fresh wild flowers,
O ye birds that sing
In new-blooming bowers
For my welcoming;
Oft I see and hear you
In the distant town,
Oft my life lies near you
Here in Devon down.

JOHN GREGORY.

With Rod and Line.

A glint of warm sunshine coming through the lattices of a Devonshire inn window, a blaze of yellow daffodils nodding outside in a March gale, an old red brick pathway leading down through yew trees to a glittering pond—what more charming surroundings could the fisher look for as he wakes on the first happy morning of a new season?

Out in the open meadow-land, where the growing grass is only as yet starred by yellow celandine, the streams runs wind-swept and cold; and trout, like mortals, shun these reaches. But among sheltering hills, where the ash coppices are already screening a carpet of primroses, he basks in the sunshine and is ready enough to change his meagre winter fare for anything suggestive of summer to his hungry palate. Our fisherman probably tries a cast or two in passing through the meadows, happy in the mere joy of handling his tackle again, and to take the winter coils out of gut and line. Then, over the rustling March grass, up the pleasant country pathway, noting as he goes by the budding hedges, the jerky song of the building wrens, and the green plovers whimpering over the corn lands, flushing with the sprouting wheat. A rustic moss-grown stile, initialised by generations of lovers, leads by a coppice path down to a well-remembered pool, where, at this time of the year, there are certain to be some fish. It is a charming hollow in the bright sunshine, the wind rattling the ebony points of the grey ash poles on the hill slope beyond, but not stirring a leaf in this shelter. There is a thrush singing gaily in the bronzed oak, and its nest below lies in the winter tangle of a bush overhanging the water with four azure-blue eggs in it. Our angler goes down the little silvery beach under the cliff, worn by December torrents, and noticing a slate-blue fly, which anglers have christened the March Dun, hovering over the stream, puts on his line the nearest imitation his fly book will provide. . . . So the angler casts lightly into the stream running round under the cliff, and at the second try there is a splash where his dropper fly ought to be, and a thrill passes along the rod. No need to strike; the line has suddenly become possessed of a vitality of its own, and draws down into the abyss of the race, bending the slender top point like a green willow twig. Then it steadily and slightly, but with great determination, bears away to the opposite side, where last year's rushes lie dead and withered on the shore. Gently and firmly the fish is steadied and turned back into mid-stream. . . . Then on again across the rushy meadow, where presently the kingcups will be ablaze in a veritable cloth of gold, picking up at the different reaches two or three trout of moderate size, until the grey walls of a deserted mill bar further progress. On top of these walls the ivy is heavy and has been in flower all through the winter, while underneath the stream runs black and still, and any insects that have been about in the cold weather have come to that ivy, and, drinking unwisely of its heavy juices, have fallen into the channel below, where local traditions say all the big fish of the stream lurk in wait for these revellers.

—From the *Globe* Newspaper.

Still Westward Ho!

THE newspapers of London town are increasingly appreciative of the charms of "Glorious Devon." Scarcely a week passes in which one fails to note some kindly article, some enthusiastic comment upon health-giving climate and beauty of landscape. An enthusiastic writer in the *Daily News*, in writing of the premier county, called it the "Shire of Sea Kings, Pretty Maids, and Cream."

"From just below Exeter, right away to the Teign River, the Great Western main line runs literally between land and sea. Indeed, from the carriage windows your express seems at times to have transformed itself into a steamer, and to be racing along the waves. So passing Dawlish, where the wooded Devonshire coast reminded the great Napoleon of Elba, and Teignmouth, a riverside, not only a seaside, town, one comes in due course through Newton Abbot to Torquay, the capital of Devon's Riviera, which Sir Walter Besant did not hesitate to call 'the most lovely town in England.'" Close at hand is Brixham, where the landing of William of Orange in 1688 is commemorated by a marble statue, and the stone upon which that restorer of English liberties placed his foot when landing is still carefully preserved. And, further south still, are Kingswear and Dartmouth, which offer a combination of sea, river, and landscapes probably unrivalled in England. And so on to Plymouth with its famous Hoe—surely the finest marine parade in the world, and the uncrowned metropolis of Western England—and ideal spot for those who wish to add to the beauties of nature during the day the amusements obtainable in an English town of first-class importance in the evening. Ilfracombe, Lynton, and the North Devon coast, with Exmoor behind them, make admirable centres for a walking tour, and the Easter holiday, before the heat of summer, is probably the best time for such a tour that could be chosen. Those who have done the foot journey from Dulverton up the Lill, across the moor, and then down to Ilfracombe or Lynmouth, have stored up pleasant memories that will not easily be effaced.

Devonshire Novel by Eden Phillpotts.

IN his latest work of fiction, "The Whirlwind," our Devonshire novelist has given us a story which reminds us of his earlier Dartmoor stories, "Children of the Mist," and "Sons of the Morning." It is, however, in our opinion not equal in point of general interest to "The River," in which he excels in descriptive power. The setting of this new story is laid in and around Lydford, a romantic region, full of old-time legends and hoary traditions, and adjacent to some of the finest moorland scenes. The principal characters are Daniel Brendon, the farm-hand, Sarah Jane, his wife, and Hilary Woodrow, their master, all persons of unusual and rather complex temperaments, and between these three there arise in due course a tragic chain of circumstances which seems inevitable. We cannot here go into the details of the story; suffice it to say that it is of the old, old theme—"two men and a maid"—and all the complications which result therefrom, jealousy, dementia, contemplated murder all play their part; but these tragic situations are relieved by the serious talks of the village gossips assembled in the ale-house; and the allusions to Lydford Castle with its tragic associations; and the observance of some old superstitions as prevalent in country districts sixty or seventy years ago. Incidentally we have some slight pen pictures of places in the immediate neighbourhood, such as the Cairns, the Peat Works, Tavy Cleave, Dunnagoat Co., Great Links Tor, Kit's Steps, Ruddyford, etc., and in some cases illustrations, which lend interest to the descriptions. The publishers are Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

WE have before us a play founded on a portion of the life of this illustrious Devonian. The author is Mr. H. A. A. Cruso, and the publisher Mr. Fisher Unwin. The drama is in five acts, and the period covered the last two years of Raleigh's life, viz., from January, 1617, to the date of his execution in October, 1618. The writer follows the main course of history closely, and we have no fault to find with the trifling deviations which do occur, as they are given in the interests of dramatic effect. The closing years of Raleigh's life were full of deep dramatic incidents, and have, in addition, great historical significance. "His previous career had the breadth and the sweep of epic. This Ulysses of his days was in every respect outside even the current conventions. His standards of morality were as personal as his versatility and his unrivalled courage. Most of his career impresses the spectators like a gay, well-matched tournament; now one combatant is down, now another, but Raleigh is Antæus, and never long the undermost." In the various scenes of the drama, now at Whitehall, anon at Greenwich, then at Trinidad, and finally in the Tower, we find Raleigh fighting with untoward circumstances against treachery and duplicity, with which he cannot cope. He is fighting for England against Spain and Rome; monarchs and ambassadors are looking on and gloating over his misfortunes and death, and yet he himself bears up with a noble courage which does not fail him even on the scaffold. The writer calls Raleigh "the last of the Tudors," for the Tudors were thoroughly national; "and Raleigh, at home and on the seas, was an Englishman."

It was a bold attempt to write an Elizabethan play in Elizabethan style, but Mr. Cruso has acquitted himself well, and his effort adds one more to the many works with which the name of Raleigh is associated. His blank verse is of sterling quality, and his dialogue quite in the Elizabethan mode. Very affecting is the final scene between Lady Raleigh and Sir Walter, in which he heartens her with words of hope for her and England. We would fain quote, but space forbids; another opportunity may arise.

George Gissing's Tribute to Devon.

"THE early coming of spring in this happy Devon," says George Gissing, "gladdens my heart. I think with chill discomfort of those parts of England where the primrose shivers beneath a sky of threat rather than of solace. Honest winter, snow-clad and with frosted beard, I can welcome not uncordially. But that long deferment of the calendar's promise, that weeping gloom of March and April, that bitter blast outraging the honour of May, how often has it robbed me of heart and hope. Here, scarce have I assured myself that the last leaf has fallen, scarce have I watched the glistening of hoarfrost upon the evergreens, when a breath from the west thrills me with anticipation of bud and bloom." Many a late-winter sojourner in the West Countree can and will echo Gissing's praises of Devon, where flowers peer out well in advance of the blossoms of less favoured counties, and where the soft bland air induces a feeling of well-being and hopefulness as soon as the winter solstice is fairly passed, and the sun begins to ride high in the skies of blue which o'erarch emerald fields and purple and dun-coloured woodlands.

Our Devon Towns

UNDER this general heading we propose to give, from month to month, short and concise articles relating to the principal towns of Devon as holidays and health centres, with particulars of matters of interest of all kinds, including local scenery, accommodation, sport, fishing, golfing, shooting, motoring, cycling, cricket, etc. This is a first instalment of the returns sent in by some of our local hon. secretaries, supplemented by a few notes from other sources. In order to render this matter of practical and permanent value, we would solicit frequent communications from all persons interested. These notices will appear in the body of the monthly issue of *Devonia* as supplementing what appears in the *Devonia* Supplement.

EDITOR, *Devonia*.

Exeter—Capital of the West.

Here the tourist may spend a week in visiting historic scenes, inspecting buildings the glory of past and present ages, and making this a centre for seeing some of the beauty spots of England. Exeter to an Exonian is the most lovable city in the world. What Devonshire lad could forget the west front of the Cathedral, illumined by the flames from the roaring bonfire in the Close on the fifth of November, when "Young Exeter" reigned supreme, and in costume of gay cavalier and romancing courtier the young sparks processioned the city from St. Ann's Well to Exe Bridge, and then held high revel in the historic Cathedral Close? The Cathedral "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," with its twelve centuries of history, with its effigies of kings and prelates, with its Domesday Book in the old archives, with its monuments of kings and knights. It was at Exeter that the fierce fights took place over Frederick Temple's appointment as Bishop soon after the furore created by the publication of *Essays and Reviews*.

As a newspaper man I may be pardoned if I say that for me the most precious memorial in St. Peter's Cathedral is that of Latimer, who, as editor of the *Western Times*, fearlessly opposed what he considered tyrannical acts of Bishop Philpotts, the predecessor of Frederick Temple. The intrepid journalist fought his fight, was the subject of much ecclesiastical obloquy; but when he died and the man was seen as he really was, a memorial window was placed in the Cathedral to perpetuate the public service he had rendered to Exeter. In the Close stands an Elizabethan building, at one time known as Mol's Coffee-house. Not far away in the High Street stands the old Guildhall, where the ancient Corporation, boasting of charters from the time of King John, still holds its meetings, and from which weather-beaten pile the Mayor, with the Cap of Maintenance borne before him, goes forth for civic functions. In that Guildhall I have been present on Mayor-choosing days when the rival parties had their wordy conflicts and the excited citizens interrupted to express their approval of, or dissent from, statements made by the Civic Fathers, some of whom would be fresh from the polls. The Guildhall, too, has been the venue of many a famous trial, and its walls have echoed with eloquent periods of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and of the silver-tongued Lord Selborne, father of the present High Commissioner of South Africa.

Rougement Castle still has some Roman remains and is a place to be visited, and from its high walls an expansive view is obtained of the glorious country surrounding "Semper Fidelis." Since my last visit, electric trams run from St. David's Station through Queen Street and up High Street, with its old gabled houses, and one notices in the higher parts of the city that a new township has practically sprung up. With no industries of any magnitude, Exeter has not been asleep, and above St. Ann's Well and below Exe Bridge the city has shown great expansion. I noticed that from Queen Street the Great Western and London and South Western Railways were running rail motors, making easy stages to the outskirts of the city and going as far as Teignmouth and Honiton respectively, the latter a small town that glories in its Mayor and Corporation.

What memories were recalled walking and musing on the slopes of Northernhay! Here is the statue of Sir Stafford Northcote, the gentle and able statesman, once the political friend of Mr. Gladstone, and afterwards a pillar in the Administrations of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. Devonshire men will never forgive Lord Randolph Churchill for "kicking upstairs" Sir Stafford. All parties loved him, and had he possessed a little more of the "devil" he might have defied the meteoric Randolph and have maintained the position which was his due, that of the Leader of the House of Commons under the Salisbury régime. Another statue—that of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland—appeals to Devonshire men. Standing erect, the sculptor has delineated the manly character of the then owner of Killerton Park, the progenitor of Mr. Arthur Acland, for a few years Minister of Education, and of Mr. F. D. Acland (Mr. Arthur's son), who represents one of the Yorkshire divisions, and who is said to be a rising hope of Parliamentary Liberalism. There is one other monument with no political significance, but which every boy ought to gaze upon reverently—the statue of John Dinham, who, after failing in business, by industry and integrity recovered his position, repaid all his creditors—principal and interest—and left as a legacy to the poor the Dinham Almshouses, where many a worn-out veteran of industry has peacefully passed the eventide of life.

"DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING."

Our Devon Towns—continued.

South Brent.

Ample accommodation for visitors in private lodging houses. South Brent is on the Great Western Railway main line; the station is the junction for Kingsbridge. Cheap rail and coaching day tickets for seaside and moor drives are issued all the year round. A private reading society has been formed. Wyman's library is also at the Railway bookstall. The water supply is abundant and excellent. Clear and bracing air; far-famed for its health-giving properties. South Brent lying as it does on the southern fringe of Dartmoor and at an altitude of from 400 to 600 feet above sea level, is an ideal health resort. The far-famed pack of the West—the Dartmoor Foxhounds, with the South Devon—meet constantly in this district. The Modbury and Dart Vale Harriers also hunt this immediate locality, and in the summer season the Dartmoor Otter Hounds, kennelled at Tintley, South Brent, give continuous enjoyment to all lovers of such sport within a very large area.

FISHING.—The Avon flows within Brentmoor, the area circumscribed within the parish of South Brent, and continues its serpentine course down one of the most lovely valleys of Devon, passing Avonwick, Diptford, Curtisknowle, Hazlewood, Woodleigh Woods, Loddisswell, and Aveton Gifford; thence to the sea at Bantham, Bigbury Bay. Plenty of both rough and game shooting obtainable in the neighbourhood. A Rifle Club, under the National Rifle Association, thrives.

The Wrangaton Golf Links are situated at the base of the Eastern Beacon, some 800 feet or more above sea level, enjoying an unique position unmolested, and commanding extensive views of the far-famed South Hams. An excellent cricket club exists, and the fixtures are numerous for the present season. The Rugby Football Club has existed for some years, and is in joint occupation with the Cricket Club. At Avonwick there are hockey, croquet, and tennis clubs.

The roads within the district are well kept, and being main highways, afford excellent opportunities for the motorist and cyclist. A local map may be seen at, and any general information readily given by, Mr. R. H. Gill, Post Office, South Brent. Dartmoor ever affords matters of interest, and from this point, is so easily accessible to the pedestrian that the botanist, geologist, and antiquary may find ample fields of interest.

On April 30th (Tuesday) the Spring Fair is held, when the celebrated breed of Dartmoor pony is brought in from its wild home to find a purchaser to break it into domestic service; also a parade of stud horses.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. W. R. GAY, Moorland Park, South Brent.

Launceston

Is served by the Great Western and London and South Western Railways, and cheap facilities are given to tourists and others for visiting the town and neighbourhood. By means of coach and rail the coast of North Cornwall (Bude, Boscastle, Tintagel, Padstow, etc.) is soon reached. There is a public library and reading rooms in the town. The roads are well kept, and the visitor to Launceston can be assured of an excellently pure and plentiful water supply. The streets are well lighted, and the town possesses a splendid system of sanitation. Launceston is admirably adapted for educational purposes. Fox and Otter Hounds and Harriers hunt the district round. Excellent trout fishing can be obtained in the Tamar and its tributaries. The fishing spots are easily accessible from the town. Plenty of good shooting can be obtained in the neighbourhood. There are cricket and tennis clubs, also football and hockey clubs, but no golfing. In the year 1897 the Diamond Jubilee Baths were opened, and have been largely patronised. Special arrangements are made for visitors.

CYCLING.—There are many good roads for cycling, and by this means several places of interest in the neighbourhood can be visited.

For motorists several garages are established in the town, where the motorist can obtain all that is necessary. Large maps of the district are also to be seen.

For the botanist Launceston is a convenient centre, and many rare species of plants are found in the neighbourhood. The geologist will find interesting fossils in the quarries near, whilst the town teems with relics of bygone days. An inspection of the ruins of the Castle and Priory, and the South Gate with its museum will greatly interest the visitor.

Local Hon. Secretary, The Town Clerk, Mr. CLAUDE H. PETER, Craigmore, Launceston.

Paignton.

Accommodation for visitors excellent. Good hotels, plenty of boarding and lodging houses. Train service excellent, plenty of trains up and down, with through London, Midland, and North carriages. Coaching service in neighbourhood for the moors. One of the best water supplies in the county shortly to be opened. Lighting facilities good now that incandescent burners are used. Health statistics show low death rate and exceedingly low zymotic rate.

HUNTING, etc.—South Devon Hounds, Dart Vale Harriers, and Britannia Beagles. No polo; but water polo in summer.

FISHING.—Sea and river fishing in abundance. In Torbay flatfish, mackerel, etc.; salmon and peel in Dart, within easy distance.

Our Devon Towns—continued.

SHOOTING.—Plenty of private shooting in district, with always a chance of a day's sport.

GOLFING.—Churston Golf Links (18 holes), one of the best in the West of England. Five minutes' train ride from Paignton. Capital pavilion as well as course.

CRICKET, BOWLS, etc.—Cricket, Bowls, and Tennis are all played daily for six months of the year in Queen's Park. Cricket very plentiful; acknowledged best bowling green in the county; great deal of Tennis and Croquet on courts always at public disposal; Football and Hockey also; both Rugby and Association. Hockey Club plays many matches.

YACHTING, BOATING, SWIMMING, & CYCLING.—All that can be desired. Snug little harbour (which, however will have to be enlarged at some future date to meet rapidly growing requirements). Rowing boats, 9d. per hour; also sailing vessels on hire. Fortnightly yacht racing in bay off pier head; excellent facilities. Swimming of the very best, from the pier head early mornings (before 9 o'clock. Bathing from tent (mixed) and machine unsurpassed in the world!!! Also at Goodrington.

CYCLING.—Good roads and round green, very fine exercise ground, except when band performing. Plenty of motoring, with garages at various hotels, etc. Local map issued with guide books.

GENERAL NOTES.—Paignton and neighbourhood rich in matters of historical and scientific interest. The town has interesting history despite its modernity as far as the great bulk of place goes. Old Palace Tower, where Miles Coverdale is reported to have translated the Bible. Grand old parish church, with famed Kirkham Chantry.

During July, August, and September band performances are given three or four nights a week. Al fresco concerts on green daily; Pier Pavilion entertainments daily. In June new waterworks to be opened.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. H. D. HIGGS, *Observer* Office, Paignton.

Teignmouth.

There were a good number of visitors here for the Easter, some of the hotels and boarding-houses on the sea front being quite full. Apartments are very reasonable as regards charges, all through May, June, and July; it is only in August and the first half of September that the prices are raised, as during that brief period all the rooms facing the Den Promenade could generally be let twice over. May and June, in fact, in South Devon are probably the most delightful months in which to visit this charming coast, there need be no fear as to its being in the least relaxing before July, and the luxuriant foliage and flowers are seen at their best.

Good sport may be enjoyed with the South Devon, Tremlett, and Ashburton Foxhounds; also the Dartmoor Otter Hounds, and the Haldon Harriers. Hares are very numerous on the Shaldon side of the River Teign; and the Harriers also hunt over the Haldon hills just above the town. At one of their recent meets the Harriers hunted for a considerable distance two deer, which, however, finally eluded their pursuers in the dense growth which covers the slope of the hill.

Teignmouth is an excellent centre for fishing, both sea and fresh water being available. Splendid sport may be had with the rod and line in the river estuary; and in the upper reaches of the Teign trout and salmon are plentiful. Fishing in the Bay includes bass, whiting, pollack, plaice, dabs, mackerel, and conger; the boatman will supply the tackle and bait if required.

As regards shooting, there is a big war being waged just now in this part of the county against the wild pigeons, which have become so numerous as to be quite a pest to the farmers, and on one day recently no less than 1200 birds were accounted for by the various guns.

The Warren Golf Links have now been enlarged to an eighteen-hole course, and being sandy, play is possible in all weathers. The Links are distant ten minutes by rail motor—the Halt being situated on the Links.

The Tennis and Croquet grounds at Teignmouth are considered amongst the best in the county. Play has just commenced for the season. The Tennis Tournament takes place in August, and the Croquet Tournament in June.

Teignmouth has both Rugby and Association football teams; matches are played Thursdays and Saturdays. There are also a men's, as well as a ladies', hockey team, who play matches both at home and also at neighbouring towns.

Situated as Teignmouth is, having both sea and river available, sailing and rowing are always practicable in all weathers, for if the sea be too rough, the river would be smooth, and *vice versa*.

The bathing season commences here with May, although several residents enjoy a dip in the sea all the year round. There is no safer bathing to be had anywhere in England; free from currents, gently shelving beach, with no deep holes or pits, and no rocks or sharp pebbles; and the accommodation is excellent both as regards machines and tents.

CYCLING.—Teignmouth is a splendid centre for visiting the moorland towns and villages, Chudleigh, Bovey, Moreton, and Ashburton being within cycling distance.

For motorists who wish to visit Dartmoor, Teignmouth is also a good centre, as this mountainous region may be explored from here in every direction. There are good repair shops in the town with inspection pit and excellent accommodation for cars.

Our Devon Towns—continued.

The Meteorological Report shows that the last thirteen days of March were absolutely cloudless, with continuous sunshine throughout. The total for these days was 136 hours. There was only one day in the entire month without sunshine; the total rainfall was less than half an inch.

The steamboat trips have commenced. The new and enlarged pavilion on the Promenade Pier is expected to be ready for opening early in June. Some first-class companies of entertainers have been arranged for up to the end of September. The complete service of coaching trips over Dartmoor is also in full swing. The annual Cart Horse Parade took place on Whit-Monday, May 20th.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. HENRY C. YOUNG, Bank Street, Teignmouth.

A Growing Watering Place in the Devonshire Riviera.

SEATON is steadily growing, but has not yet become a fashionable watering-place. It is a small town with 1300 inhabitants situated on the South Devon coast near the mouth of the Axe. In July and August every available lodging-house is usually full, but at other times there is abundant accommodation for visitors. A certain number of persons frequent Seaton in the winter months, as the mildness of the climate gives it some claim as a winter resort. The air is not relaxing, and the place is considered very healthy. The altitude is about 45 feet, and the hills rising to a height of from 200 feet to 250 feet on either side protect the town from the east and west winds. The soil is gravel. The little town has many charms as a summer resort. The scenery is very beautiful. The bathing is good, although the beach is composed of a deep bed of pebbles. Sea-fishing is good from May to July for mackerel, whiting, pollack, and bass, whilst trout and salmon fishing can be had in the Axe by payment. There are several lawn tennis clubs, and some good nine-hole golf links. Seaton is chiefly visited, however, by those fond of walking and making excursions. Beer Head, with its brilliantly-coloured cliffs and the vast common on top, is the delight of artists, and is within a couple of miles of the town. The celebrated Landslip, as beautiful as it is wild, is only a short distance from Seaton on the way to Lyme Regis (7½ miles). Branscombe (4½ miles), Axmouth (1½ miles), and Sidmouth (9 miles) also form objectives for walks.

Angling in April.

You gaily spring from your easy chair,
For April's here and the land is fair,
And you take the good rod down.
The swallows are skimming the blue aloft,
The showers are light and the air is soft,
While the brook is a ruddy brown.
You feel that your creel will be full ere long
As you stride away with a snatch of song,
Out of the dusty town!

Over the meadows of lush young grass
With a heart as light as a lad's you pass,
Threading the winding lane.
The lane where violets white and blue,
From their mossy nests take a peep at you,
And whisper, "Spring's here again."
On your cheeks is the kiss of the scented breeze,
And a patter steals through the greening trees
Of silvery April rain!

And then your heart gives a joyous bound,
As you stand once more on enchanted ground,
While a thrush sings blythe and bold.
You glimpse the spray of the swirling stream,
Whose music ran through your happy dream,
When the nights were dark and cold!
Gay daffodils toss in each grassy nook,
An imperial iris guards the brook,
Flaunting its flag of gold!

The blue dun's up and adroitly drest,
Its semblance lights near a moorhen's nest,
Where cool green rushes grow.
A mighty splash! and a running reel,
That tells of a foeman worth your steel,
And a rod bent like a bow!
Over the marigolds gingerly—
His requiem sung by the thrush hard by,
'Tis a lusty trout I trow!



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

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[No. 1.

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Official Notices.

OUR readers will note that the Association has lost the valuable services of Mr. Alfred Wolfe, who has acted as Secretary for the past two years, having resigned as from the 24th June last, upon his taking up important work at Bournemouth. We cannot allow Mr. Wolfe to sever his connection without expressing to him the sincere appreciation of the Council of the great services which he has rendered to the Association, and of good wishes for his future in the work which he is now taking up. Mr. Wolfe will still continue to act as an Agent for Advertisements in *Devonia*.

Mr. E. A. Wills, who for nine years has acted as Office Clerk, has been appointed Assistant Secretary; and arrangements have been made with Mr. Frank Underhill, of 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth, to act as Honorary Advertisement Manager. All advertisements, unless sent through a recognised Advertising Agent, should be sent to him, or to the head office, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter, not later than the 10th of each month, for insertion in the following issue.

The Council of the Association have, at the instigation of the Tiverton Local Committee, taken up the question of the removal of boards formerly erected by the Cyclists' Touring Club to mark dangerous hills, and are proposing to call the attention of the County Council to the provisions of the Motor Car Act of 1903 with reference to the fixing of sign posts denoting dangerous corners, cross roads, and precipitous places where such sign posts appear to be necessary. The Council, through the General Purposes Committee, are in communication with the Royal Automobile Club, the South Devon Automobile Club, The Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Cyclists' Touring Club, and are receiving valuable information and assistance from these bodies. As the information is of a specially local nature, the Council will welcome the assistance of our readers who may place themselves in communication with the Hon. Secretary, so that they may assist the County Council in deciding upon positions where sign-posts are desirable. This will apply more particularly at the present day to motor cars, a large and increasing number of which are touring the county. The cyclist does not now perhaps take such serious notice of hills formerly marked, but he can afford much valuable information which will be welcomed at the head office.

THE Council of the Association have under consideration a suggestion for inviting a representative body of Journalists to visit the County during the summer of 1908, with a view to the attractions of the County being fully set before the public, and have appointed a special committee to deal with the matter. This will involve the cordial co-operation of all the local committees and principal towns, and we feel sure we may promise on their behalf a careful and favourable discussion of the scheme when the Committee are in a position to report.

British Medical Conference at Exeter.

THE following programme of the arrangements made for the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association, to be held at Exeter at the end of this and the commencement of next month, will be of interest to our readers.

PROVISIONAL PROGRAMME OF PROCEEDINGS.

SATURDAY, JULY 27th.

9-30 a.m.—Annual General Meeting, to be followed immediately by Representative Meeting.

MONDAY, JULY 29th.

9-30 a.m.—Adjourned Representative Meeting.

4 p.m.—Reception by the Right Worshipful The Mayor in the Guildhall.

TUESDAY, JULY 30th.

9-30 a.m.—Adjourned Representative Meeting.

12 noon.—Service at the Cathedral.

2-30 p.m.—Adjourned General and Representative Meetings.

4 p.m.—Garden Party by the Right Worshipful The Mayor on Northernhay.

8-30 p.m.—President's Address in Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31st.

10 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Sectional Meetings.

2-30 p.m.—Address on Medicine.

3-15 p.m.—Adjourned Representative Meeting.

4 p.m.—Garden Party by Dr. Deas (President, South-Western Branch), Wonford House.

8-30 p.m.—Reception by Branch in Theatre.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st.

8 a.m.—Temperance Breakfast.

10 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Sectional Meetings.

2-30 p.m.—Address on Surgery.

4 p.m.—Garden Party at Bishop's Palace.

7-30 p.m.—Annual Dinner.

8-30 p.m.—Ladies' Entertainment at Theatre.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2nd.

10 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Sectional Meetings.

8 p.m.—Popular Lecture.

8-30 p.m.—Reception by Civic Authorities in Royal Albert Memorial.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd.

Excursions.

Devonshire Rivers.—The Yealm.

FROM the precise spot on Dartmoor, "Mother of Rivers," where Yealm is born, to that exquisite bit of the South Devon coast, where its waters are lost in the sea, it is but twelve miles. The curves are endless; it is as though the brief waterway, knowing that it had not far to go in point of actual distance, had determined that at least it would see as much as possible by the way. As much of bare hillside and rocky scarp as its course on Dartmoor could show it, as much of mossy waterside and granite-strewn slope, of marshy, fern-haunted dingle and lone border farm. As much of woodlands and emerald meadow lands, as much of village and village life, for not a single town stands on its borders, unless we so describe pretty old-world Yealmpton.

Shavercombe, a bare and somewhat drear bit of open moorland, is where the Yealm (locally pronounced Yam) rises. Down through a rocky channel in a stony waste the river descends in a series of small cascades, with swelling undulations of heather and gorse and little ferny hollows all about its course. Then it reaches the end of the moor, and goes suddenly, and with much clatter in the doing, sheer downwards, hurrying along in the way of mountain streams, until it reaches the wooded and steeply sloping banks of the ravine



Photo by R. Gay, S. Brent.

known as Hawns and Dendles. What a delicious bit of river scenery is here! The deep glen, where oak and ash, sycamore and beech find a home upon the almost precipitous sides, and where the Yealm chatters and sings and foams along among flowers and ferns and the luxurious undergrowth of sylvan Devon. Great boulders jut out here and there; miniature cliffs rise above the stream;

moss, deep, soft, and incredibly, vividly green, clothes boulder and crag; and four or five cascades of gleaming water occur between the point where the river enters the green gloom of the woods to the spot where it leaves them to continue its wanderings. A tributary stream coming down from the moors makes a pretty waterfall as it leaps over ivy-grown banks and mossy boulders, and laves the ferns and all the water-loving plants that cluster here.

There is a deep gorge, crossed by a rustic stream, and indeed the two miles or so of river are rich in pictures of restful and exquisite scenery. Honey-suckle and wild rose run riot here, patches of heather, and banks of whortleberry crop up, and it is altogether a lovely bit of nature's handiwork. Presently Yealm emerges into the broad light of day, and leaves the green twilight and the multitudinous ferns, going on through Cornwood village, where the comfortable granite-built houses and the gay gardens of even the smallest householder lend an air of prosperity to the place.

The old church of Cornwood, with its transition Norman tower, is worth lingering awhile to see. It was restored by the late Lord Blatchford, and very well done. The ancient Sedilia are of Decorated Work, the altar rails are of marble and alabaster, unusually rich for a rural church.

At Lee Mills the river dips down below the road to Plymouth, and then meanders along for five miles or so through the well-cultivated lands of the South Hams until Yealmpton is reached.



Photo by R. Gay, S. Brent.

Lotherton Bridge, ancient, festooned with ivy, and picturesque, as are all the old Devon bridges, is a pretty feature; and now we come into the region of apple orchards and cherry gardens, exquisite with bloom in the springtime, and rich of colour in September, when the fruit is ripe and in process of being turned into cider, in some of the little green crofts herabouts. Lichen clothes the more ancient of the trees, and gleams in orange and crimson, and grev-green patches upon some of the old roofs. Yealmpton Church, restored by Mr. E. R. P. Bastard, of Kitley, has some noteworthy brasses. Over a monument to the Coplestones, date 1630, hang three brasses: the upper one, bearing date 1540, is in Latin; beneath it is another, which translates in Old English the Latin of the first, and sets forth the good qualities of a lady of the Coplestone family; the third is to John Coplestone, who died in the tenth year of Elizabeth's reign. The "Goreus" stone by the west door is one of the archæological features of Yealmpton. Tradition declares that a Saxon palace stood here at Yealmpton, before the Conquest, though no one knows where, for there are no traces of it. The caves, with remains of rhinoceros and other animals long extinct in Britain, have greatly interested antiquaries and naturalists, and the Kitley Cave, large enough to drive a carriage through, is still shown to visitors.

All along the Yealm estuary the scenery is charming; the tide comes far



Photo by R. Gay, S. Brent.



Photo by R. Gay, S. Brent.



Photo by R. Gay, S. Brent.



Photo by R. Gay, S. Brent.

up, and the lake-like expanse reflects many a fair picture; deeply indented, and boasting all the varied and indescribable charm of rural South Devon, it must be seen to be in even a faint degree appreciated. Creeks, with hamlets and villages clustering about them, make boating a delightful pastime. One can see a score or more of beautiful natural pictures in the course of a brief summer afternoon, always provided the tides are favourable. There is the Kitley Creek, and Coffleet Lake, both beautiful in the matter of scenery. As we sail or row up past Wembury House and Steer Point passage, we meet glorious views of Dartmoor, and enjoy a vista of woodlands running down to the river bank in all directions. The Puslinch Creek is just where river meets sea; and, hidden away between green hills, lie the riverside villages of Newton and Noss. Only in the West of England can one see such quaint, unspoilt, irregular, lovable villages. The houses painted blue, green, or white, either face or are backed by the river, myrtles grow to a great height, often covering the walls and blossoming freely through the summer. On one side of the river is Newton Ferrers; on the other side is Noss. The men fish, and the women knit jerseys, garden, and supply teas to trippers who come down by steamer from Plymouth and Devonport. The beautiful church of St. Peter the Fisherman was built by Lord Revelstoke. Fine marble, alabaster, and wood carving, good masonry, and a beautiful site—all these the church has, and one hears that it cost the donor £30,000. This is on the Noss Mayo side; the Newton Ferrers church is old and interesting, and full of association for the fisherfolk, whose people have worshipped there for generations. The chancel, the oldest part of the building, has a good Early English window, with shafts between the lights. The marble reredos has panels depicting the expulsion from Eden and the Annunciation. The font is of local marbles and Somerset alabaster, and there are sedilia and double piscina, and parclose screens of carved oak.

All along the river bank below these two churches stretch the original twin villages, and a modern village upon the usual plan of villa residences is rapidly growing on the right side of the Yealm as you follow its course to the Sea. From the crest of the hill, where this new settlement is arising, there are superb views of the Kitley Creek with its beautiful fringe of woods; of the old-world villages which Mrs. Parr chose for the *locale* of her novel, "Loyalty George"; and of Yealm Pool, where are moored yachts, crabbing boats, and wherries for conveying passengers up-stream to join the railway at Steer Point, or to ferry visitors across to the Wembury side, where is open sea, with the Mewstone rock in the foreground. The Rame Head, crowned with the ruins of a votive chapel, looks very fine from here, especially when a south-east wind is beating the surge against its rocky base. Beyond, headland after headland, bay after bay opens out the Cornish coast, whilst upon the Devon side the south coast as far as Bolt Head is clearly visible upon a fine day.



Photo by R. Gay, S. Brent.

❧ ❧ The Village Club Day. ❧ ❧

THE season of Whitsun is past. Down along in dear old Devon it brought a round of festivities for those who remain to people our villages. It is Club-week, when bells ring, bands play, young and old trip it on the greensward, and, amid the apple blossom, young men and maidens make love! Club-week has been with us.

Yes, Club-week is a time of rural merrymaking, when one can find here and there still some evidences of that "Merrie England," which existed before all the romance was knocked out of country life by modern innovations.

We had just recovered from the excitement of beating the bounds of the parish. A good many of us little thought as we trudged through mire and slush, and waded the river, climbed the face of a quarry, and dragged ourselves through briar bushes in faithfully following the boundary, "as shown on the map," that we were perpetuating a custom which was initiated 700 years before the birth of Christ!

But it was so. The Ancient Romans had amongst them people who were a little blind as to what belonged to them and what belonged to their neighbours. Terminus, from his hill fortress on the Tarpeian Rock, was looked upon as the Divinity to preside over bounds and limits, and to punish all unlawful usurpation of land. He was not like some politicians of to-day, who have an idea that the landowner is a man to be robbed of his possessions. But that was probably because he was a "Divinity," and not of the same composition as these extravagant would-be law makers.

Numa Pompilius is responsible for placing Terminus on his pedestal. Possibly as a result of being born on the same day that Romulus laid the foundation of Rome, Numa grew up to be a great philosopher. At any rate he blossomed with the second King of Rome, and ruled over the people for forty-three years—quite a long time.

Now Numa was undoubtedly a man possessed of considerable perspicuity. In 20th century parlance he "took on" Terminus, and persuaded his subjects to worship him, telling them that the limits of their lands and estates were under the immediate inspection of heaven, of course, through the agency of his Divinity. Whether this was strictly correct or not, the people of the country assembled once a year with their families, crowned with garlands and flowers the stones which separated their different possessions, and made offerings to the God who presided over their boundaries.

So Numa Pompilius, whom we are told lived 700 years before the Christian era, is responsible for initiating the inspection of boundaries, and, indirectly, for the beating of the bounds of our parish.

He would have enjoyed himself if he had been with us. Perhaps he was, although we did not know it, and with the same simple faith we may realise his presence with us to-day at our Club-walk.

It is breaking day. The eastern sky is lighting up, and soon the elms which surround the old church standing on the Western knoll throw off their ghost-like appearance and stand boldly forth in the dawn in all their loveliness of tender green. In the orchard just beyond the blackbird is lifting up his voice in grateful thanks to Mother Nature for her continued goodness to mankind. The breeze slowly stirs the trees, from which fall—

A shower of pearl
Though blent with rosier hue—
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

And then out ring the bells from the grey old tower, waking those inhabitants of the sweet little village who have not been busy gathering boughs with which to decorate the streets, and causing them to bestir themselves—for it is Club-day! Even the rooks are disturbed from their nests, the jackdaw from his perch in the ivy-mantled abbey ruins, early riser as he is, must think the bells are gone mad, and the sun pops his red shining face above the hill at the back of the church as if to enquire what all the hub-bub is about.

It is Club-day! Clash! Bang! The bells send their cheery message across hill and dale. Work has to be quickly done to-day, for everybody who can be spared—master, mistress, man, and maid—must hie their way to the village to take part in the festivities. The village inn is the point from which radiates all the bustle, all the noise, all the jollity of the day. Its portals are hid amid a forest of greenery, taken from the Squire's plantation, with all good wishes of the worthy owner. The flagstaff on the tower of the church is surmounted with a posy; there are flowers everywhere. The members of the club wear gorgeous buttonholes. Garlands of flowers are carried in the procession. At the dinner the chairman is liberally enshrined in a mass of bloom and foliage, for there are few village clubs which would consider they had done honour to their president had they not seated him under a floral canopy sufficient to excite the envy of the goddess herself.

And the flowers bloom in the village gardens in profusion—bloom, as they seem only to do, around the dwellings of the poor. Here are such gardens as would have provided Milton with just the flowers to “strew the laureat hearse, where Lycid lies”:—

. . . the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears

The band is heard approaching. Away fly the youngsters from the hands of their mothers, who have been for the past hour polishing their faces as well as their boots. And father, too, must be off to the headquarters of the club. Shouldering his club pole, surmounted with a shining brass top, bearing a royal crown, he joins his friends. All of them are proud; all feel it to be their day. During long years many of them have known what a struggle it has been to “keep up their club.” But they have succeeded. That spirit of independence, which has stood the working men in such good stead in the past, has enabled them to pay their contributions, and they realise to-day that they are bound together to help one another in times of sickness and distress.

The picture on the club banner is a constant lesson of the story of the bundle of sticks. They understand the illustration, and they are proud—and rightly so—because they feel they are carrying out the Divine command in realising “who is my neighbour?”

They form into procession, and the day's proceedings are commenced, as they should be, by attending the parish church. The service is a simple one. The Rector chooses for his text, “Bear ye one another's burdens.” He indulges in no flights of oratory; there is no pedantry in his discourse. He gives his congregation some plain truths, and dismisses them with his blessing.

Then visits are paid to the principal residents, and everywhere generous hospitality is dispensed. Huge jugs of cider, from which rise the scent of luscious fruit, are handed round, emptied, and speedily refilled. Under the trees laden with apple blossom a dance takes place, and one imagines it must be in honour of Pomona.

Then a return to the neighbourhood of the inn for dinner. The tables groan beneath the weight of steaming hot dishes, and the club men scramble into their places like a lot of hearty school boys at their annual treat. What

a clatter of knives, forks, and spoons! And associated with it is a concert by thrushes and blackbirds, whilst the cuckoo punctuates the performances of the other feathered songsters, and Dame Nature plays a very prominent part in making Club-day a time of real pleasure.

Dinner over, a short toast list is gone through, and the remainder of the day is spent in continuing the merry-making. Everybody is jolly, everybody is happy; Jack is as good as his master, and master and Jack join together to make the day a real success.

And what a time the children have to be sure. They have feasted their eyes on the "Home of Mirth and Mystery," which has risen on the village green; they carry home treasures from the "standing," presided over by a dear old dame who invites them to "Pick 'em out, my little dears; they're all a penny; a penny buys any article!"

Then with the shades of evening Boniface becomes busier than ever. Whilst the bandsmen are blowing their cheeks into miniature hemispheres, from the inside of the inn comes the tootling of the flute, the twanging of the banjo, and the scrape of the fiddle. An old gentleman in breeches and gaiters is stepping a measure on his own account. So the time passes merrily along.

The sick poor are not forgotten on this day. The dear old Rector and his wife are careful about that. Into this and that cottage they pop on their way home, carrying "something from the club." Words of comfort are spoken by the good old man, and disappointments are forgotten.

Then the bells get tired of ringing, and the belfry is left to the care of the jackdaws and rooks; glowworms glisten in the hedgerows, and here and there lights from cottage windows glimmer in the night like fireflies; one by one they disappear. The village sleeps.

W. G. WILLIS WATSON.

Ugbrooke Park.

(IN MAY).

Oh, the glory of the beeches
 In their fresh translucent green!
 Or in brightly burnished copper,
 How they beautify the scene.
 Oh, the splendour of the uplands
 In the densely wooded park,
 Where the cuckoo gives you welcome
 From daylight unto dark!

Verdant lawns stretch into distance,
 Bathed in sunshine, far away,
 Where the fallow deer are roaming,
 And the lights and shadows play;
 The yellowing oaks admire
 Their beauties in the wave,
 Where sleep the quiet waters
 In the silence of the grave.

And glowing sheets of azure
 Each dusky hollow fill,
 Where the lovely bluebells cluster
 And the wild bee sips his fill!
 Matchless scene of wood and water
 In a Devonshire domain,
 That will live with me for ever
 As the seasons wax and wane!



The Game of Bowls on Plymouth Hoe, 1588; from the original picture by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

—❧— The Dragon's Drum.* —❧—

A Comedy in One Act.

By Major W. P. DRURY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

FRANCIS DRAKE, *The Dragon*.

SIEUR DE MARCHAUMONT, *An Envoy*.

FRANCIS PRETTY, *A Gentleman Adventurer*.

THOMAS MOONE, *Carpenter of the "Golden Hind."*

JAN BREWER, *Drake's Trumpeter*.

ELIZABETH WYNTER

JOAN PRETTY,

THE QUEEN.

} *Maids of Honour.*

SCENE—*The deck of the Elizabethan galleon "Golden Hind" off Deptford, 4th April, 1581. On the one hand are the towering poop and poop-royal, on the other the drooping folds of sails with their cordage. Between two demi-cannons or culverins on the far side of the deck is the gangway port for entering and quitting the ship, and, slung round the base of the mainmast near the poop, is the ship's drum.*

Distant joy bells, violins, and hautboys playing morris dances, and the shouts of holiday-makers are heard without. Brewer and Moone discovered, the former wearing a tabard and carrying a trumpet-banner of Drake's colours, the latter adorned with a gold chain and silver whistle.

Moone (*blowing his whistle*). Gunners, attend your ordnance! Soldiers, scour your pieces! Swabbers, make clean the ship! Cooks——!

Voice (*without*). Done, done, all done this hour past!

Moone (*sharply*). Marry, then do 't again, till another hour be past! Boy, holla!

Boy (*without*). Master, holla?

Moone. Be thy kettle boiled?

Boy (*without*). Yea, yea!

Moone. Then—why, then, boil me another, and, when that be done, a third, a fourth, a fifth! (*With emphasis*). Look to it, all of ye, that I find no abatement of work till the afternoon watch be called!

*Republished from "Men at Arms," by permission of the Author, and Publishers Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.

Brewer (laughing). "All of ye," quotha, "all of ye"—yet mark you that! (*They listen to distant burst of merriment from the town.*) Soldier, mariner, gentleman-adventurer—why, e'en at this distance 'tis easy to pick their briny voices from the greasy murmur of the citizens! To catch their ears now, Master Carpenter-turned-Bo's'n, methinks thou need'st a rival tongue to my trumpet's or one of these demi-cannon's!

Moone (gloomily). All the ship's company are not a-junketing in Deptford.

Brewer. At least the Bo's'n is, or *thou* wouldst not be here, blowing his whistle! Nay, nay, 'tis unkind of me to push home so personal a privation. But, setting thee aside, and me, and (*lowering his voice and glancing towards the poop*) the Dragon in his cave yonder, I'll warrant you the *Golden Hind* containeth at this present no more than two idle seamen and a boy!

Moone. Idle! Why, there's the rub, look you. For, be they boys or men, since when, pri'thee, hath it become possible for any three mariners to foregather in idleness without a mischief?

Brewer (laughing). Certes, on board the *Hind* not even the opportunity hath been possible since the Moone rose!

Moone. The moon?

Brewer. Yea, (*poking him with his forefinger*) Thomas of that ilk, in all his golden splendour! (*Touche chain round Moone's neck.*) 'Tis the same, is't not, of which you eased the Spanish don that was fleeing out of the town of Guatulco?

Moone (stiffly). I took it for the saving of his soul, since he did plainly set too great a store upon the bauble. Also, for the glory of Queen Elizabeth.

Brewer. From whom God avert all evil, including Spanish husbands!

Moone (in alarm). Softly, softly, Master Brewer, I pri'thee! If thou art minded to lose thy head for talking treason, I have no stomach to part with mine for listening to it!

Brewer. Nay, 'tis no treason to-day—though I'll confess 'twould have been so yesternoon, and may be again to-morrow. (*Impressively.*) Last night the Queen's Majesty refused audience to Mendoza!

Moone (joyfully). The Spanish Ambassador! Then hath the Queen's Majesty forsworn the Devil himself!

Brewer (laughing). Wherein, methinks, Master Moone, thou speakest more arrant treason than ever I did! Yet, on my life, I agree with thee.

Moone. How come'ee by the news?

Brewer (swaggering across the deck). Marry, by virtue of mine office of confidential trumpeter to the Captain, and such poor scholarship as I attained in Plymouth Grammar School.

Moone. Go to. I was ever dull at riddles.

Brewer (returning). To be plain, then, I can decipher a clerkly letter as easily as you can read the weather, and a very clerkly letter lay on the cabin table at dawn.

Moone. Ay, 'twas brought by a courier from London in the middle watch, though I know not who sent him.

Brewer. I'll tell thee. (*looks round cautiously, and lowers his voice.*) 'Twas no less an one than Master Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State, who, 'tis whispered, was deep in our late enterprise to the Spanish main.

Moone (grinning). And who, it now comes in my mind, hath ever maintained most stoutly that a certain other Master Francis, to wit, the Dragon yonder—is not the pirate Mendoza holds him to be.

Brewer. As the Queen's Majesty herself held him to be, so late as yesternoon.

Moone. Yea, but the wind hath veered in the night from Spain to France. 'Tis a comfortable thing, methinks, for Francis Drake to have so tall a weather-vane at Court as Francis Walsingham.

Brewer (behind his hand). And—with twelve tons of Spanish gold and silver in the ship—no less comfortable, perchance, for Francis Drake his officers and men! I do confess that of late I have dreamed continually of gibbets and of yardarms, awaking with a most damnable twitching of the neck.

Moone. Nay, out upon thee, with thy skull-and-crossbone fancies; I love them as little as my own nightmare of the Holy Inquisition! But touching these namesakes. Hast noticed, Master Brewer, how 'tis ever a Francis this or a Francis that when perilous enterprises are afoot?

(Enter Pretty, with MS. book, quill, and ink-horn, unperceived by Moone and Brewer.)

Brewer. Marry, that have I. And there comes in my mind yet a third, to wit, Master Francis Pretty yonder (*indicating Deptford*) who hath sailed this late adventure with us to singe the King of Spain's beard.

Moone (uneasily). "To plough a furrow round the earth" is a phrase that likes me better. As to Master Pretty, I'll wager thee a golden angel that long ere this he hath been lodged in Deptford Roundhouse by the watch.

Pretty (laughing). Why, then, good Master Moone, I fear thine angel much resembleth Lucifer, in that it is a lost one!

Moone (in confusion). I crave your worship's pardon—I knew not——

Pretty. Nay, nay, had I landed with yon roisterers I own 'tis like enough ere set of sun Master Trumpeter would have been the poorer by a golden angel! But (*sighing*) Heaven saw fit to afflict me this morning with that mysterious disorder yclept by physicians "*cacoethes scribendi*."

(Moone and Brewer spring aloof from him.)



The Armada leaving the Tagus; from a picture by SIR OSWALD W. BRIERLY.

Moone (from behind the mast). I would thou hadst gone ashore with the others—the thing is doubtless catching!

Brewer (from the gangway). Belike 'tis a calenture or fever your worship hath ta'en in the Indies.

Moone. Yea, from the negroes. I pray you give me leave to fetch the barber to your cabin, that he may let you blood.

Pretty (tragically). Nay, 'tis not blood he'd let, but ink—the interpretation of the Greek and Latin being "*ink fever*."

Moone. Heaven save us! 'Tis the black sickness he hath! Said I not it came from the negroes?

Pretty. I know not whence it came, but yet another symptom is a grievous itching of the fingers, which nought but a goose-quill can allay. (*Burs's out laughing.*) There, there, good comrades, be not dismayed; though the disorder hath a terrifying name, it signifieth no more than—a passing madness to write!

(Moone and Brewer approach him again with studied unconcern.)

Brewer. I crave your worship's pardon, but is this romance of thine, that hath cost so many sea hours in the making, near ended yet?

Pretty. Why, yes, good Jan, 'tis "done, done, all done!" to speak in rude sea fashion; the ink is scarce dry upon the final "Plymouth."

Moone. Plymouth? Then 'tis some brave conceit of the west countrie—a masque, belike, with pixies junketing by moonlight upon Dartmoor?

Pretty. Alack, there are no gentle pixies in my romance, which tells, for the most part, of sea devils vanquished by a Dragon! But Master Scholar here (*hands book to Brewer*) shall read us the title as set forth upon the foremost page.

Brewer (patronisingly). Ay, 'tis praiseworthily done—not, perchance, as clerkly a hand as Master Walsingham's, yet evidencing a tolerable scholarship. How runs it? Hem! (*Follows the words with his forefinger and reads laboriously.*) "Narrative of the Famous Voyage of Master Francis Drake into the South Sea, and there hence roundabout the whole Globe of the Earth. By Francis Pretty, one of Drake's gentlemen-at-arms."

Moone. A simple and seaman-like title like that sticketh easily in my memory.

Pretty (taking book from Brewer, and turning the pages). Why, then, here is that I'll warrant you, will stick e'en more easily! (*Reads.*) "The Spaniards, thinking us to be have been friends, welcomed us with a drum, and made ready a jar of wine to drink with us. But, as soon as we were entered into their ship, one of our company, called Thomas Moone, began to lay about him, and struck one of the Spaniards, saying, 'Abaxo, perro!' that is in English, 'Go down, dog!'" (*Returns book to Brewer.*)

Moone (uneasily). Nay, sir, I would you had not deemed the matter worthy of record.

Pretty (laughing). Why, look you, man, 'twould have gone against my conscience to have forgot so lusty a blow struck for the Queen's Majesty and the Protestant faith!

Moone. Yea, but should the—the accident chance to reach her Majesty's ears at a season when the wind is blowing towards Spain——

Brewer. Why, then, on my soul, Master Carpenter, I do think 'twould go hardly with thee! But what say you to this? (*Reads.*) "And here one, Thomas Moone, took a Spanish gentleman as he was fleeing out of the town; and, searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, which he took, and so let him go."

Pretty (with mock gravity). Certes, now that I come to consider of it, 'tis sufficient evidence of piracy to hang him ten times o'er!

Moone (hastily divesting himself of the chain). Sith Providence alone knows how long the wind is like to sit in the present quarter, methinks this gewgaw were better on the Thames mud. (*Walks over to gangway.*) A boat with a passenger cometh aboard us—yea, and in some haste, too!

Brewer. In haste? Why, then, I'll warrant 'tis one of our masqueraders, fleeing.

Moone. A masquerader, perchance; yet, I think, no less than the Evil One.

Brewer (in alarm). The Evil One? Then Heaven stay him where he is, till I have said a prayer backwards!

Pretty (uneasily). Nay, a truce, I pri'thee, to this child's talk.

Moone (indignantly, facing Pretty). "Child's talk," quotha!—when Master Drake himself hath constantly affirmed it!

Pretty. Affirmed what, sirrah?

Moone. Why, that for the undoing of poor mariners the Devil loveth, five times out of six, to masquerade in farthingale and petticoat.

Brewer. Petticoat? (*Rushes to gangway, and peers down at boat over Moone's shoulder.*)

Pretty. Yea, but the sixth time (which I doubt not this is) the poor mariners may haply entertain an angel unawares.

Brewer (still peering at boat). Devil or angel, 'tis very certain she's a woman.

Pretty. What? In farthingale and petticoat? They taught thee thy genders, then, at Plymouth Grammar School!

Brewer. Yea, and to classify them. For I can tell you a gentlewoman from a fishwife, a young woman from an old one, a beautiful woman from a

homely; and may I be burnt in a fool's coat at Seville if this be either a fishwife, an old woman, or——

Eliz. Wynter (without: hurriedly to Moone). I pray you, good mariner, is one Master Francis Pretty, gentleman adventurer, within?

Pretty (aside). Elizabeth?

Moone. Yea—that is to say, I mean, I know not, mistress. An you will tarry in the boat, I'll go make inquiry. *In a whisper to Pretty, whom he draws aside.* Outwardly, a most excellently fashioned and seaworthy wench. Yet do I beseech your worship to have in mind Master Drake's warning against Beelzebub.

Eliz. (appearing at gangway). Time presses—'tis a matter of life and death! Ah—Francis! *(Rushes to Pretty, with outstretched hands.)*

Pretty (stooping to kiss them as he meets her). Why, Bess, I looked not for this happiness at Deptford—methought you were in attendance with my sister at the Court! *(To Moone, who is watching them open-mouthed.)* Nay, have no fear for my soul, good Master Moone; 'tis the angel unawares, whom I foretold.

Moone (with a sea bow). I crave the lady's pardon—and your worship's. It is not I, but the Captain, who hath a prejudice to petticoats on shipboard.

Pretty (to Eliz.). Like many another mariner, sweetheart, he loveth them the better ashore.

Eliz. Yet surely Mistress Drake visited the *Golden Hind* in Plymouth?

Pretty. 'Tis true she was on board—as, methinks, I told thee, when I rode thence to London on our home-coming. But e'en the redoubtable Francis Drake must sing small before his wife—and one other woman.

Eliz. And that other?

Pretty. Thine own illustrious godmother and namesake.

Eliz. The Queen? Ah *(stamping her foot and breaking from him)*, fool that I am to stand here babbling while this madness is upon her! *(Wheeling round.)* Francis, I must have speech of him, and that without delay!

Pretty. Him? Whom, an it please you, Madam?

Eliz. Nay, be not jealous; 'tis thy Captain, Francis Drake, I would have instant audience of.

Pretty (ruefully). Why, then, sweet Bess, I greatly fear me 'tis impossible.

Eliz. (haughtily) Impossible? When 'tis a lady who desires it?

Pretty. Yea, even though she be as fair a lady as thou. For, look you, Bess. The Dragon, being engaged upon State business, hath issued strict commands that none disturb him. Wherefore, not e'en for thy sake dare I——

Eliz. (turning impatiently from him to Brewer). By the love you bear your Captain I do beseech you either bring me to him, or fetch him hither to me. I care not which it be, so that I get instant speech of him.

Brewer. Madam, I'd liefer enter the magazine with a lighted match!

Eliz. (to Moone, with a gesture of despair). Surely thou hast more resolution than this poor popinjay! Tell thy Captain I come on no less than a hanging matter!

Moone (open-mouthed). Why, who is like to hang, Mistress?

Eliz. (vindictively, pointing to his chain). You, as like as not, with that Spanish plunder in your hands!

Moone. Ay, but look you, the wind veered yesternight from Spain to France.

Eliz. (wringing her hands). Gramercy! What care I how the wind blows, since it will not blow me a man hither?

Pretty. Why, Bess, methinks that the first English mariners to sail round the world are at least men enough to smile at such a taunt! But thou know'st not, dear heart, that, when the Dragon hath commanded privacy, he comes not for either man or woman. At such a time there is but one voice could lure him, and that voice, till we sail again, is dumb.

Eliz. And whose is this magic tongue, I prithee?

Pretty (pointing to the mast) The drum's yonder, that beateth the company to quarters on the advent of the enemy.

Eliz. Nay, then will I quickly heal its dumbness, for an enemy is at hand more dangerous, I warrant, than the Spaniard! *(She unhooks the drum, slings it from her shoulder, and beats a roll with the drumsticks. Then seized with sudden misgiving, she hurriedly rehanga it on the mast, and seeks shelter behind the three men, who have instinctively withdrawn as far from the poop as possible.)*

Moone. Never, I swear, hath crew been called by more soldierly tuck of drum! *Brewer.* I doubt I could have bettered it myself.

Pretty. Who taught thee the trick of it, Bess?

Eliz. The drummer of the Queen's guard, when I did masquerade in trunk hose at the last Court revels. *(Glances timorously towards the poop.)* Yet now I wish he had not!

Moone. Ay, 'tis a venturesome prank to tamper with the Dragon's drum.

Eliz. (nervously, to Pretty). What means he?

Pretty. 'Tis foolishly averred that Drake hears it when none else can—no drummer being visible, and that it hath foretold to him each coming peril of the voyage.

Eliz. Why, then at least I have not made the drum to lie. Ah, here he comes!

Pretty

Moone } *(sotto voce, as they uncover).* "The Dragon!"

Brewer

(Enter Drake from his cabin in the poop. For a moment he stands, chin in hand, contemplating the drum; then notes the silent group who are watching him.)

Drake. Which man of you—? *(observing Elizabeth, he doffs his cap and bows stiffly.)* Madam, I crave your pardon. I knew not that my poor ship was honoured by a lady's presence.

Eliz. (with a deep courtesy.) I'faith, sir, 'twas no fault of mine that you were kept in ignorance of the honour.

Pretty. Sir, your commands were that no one—

Drake. I thank thee, Master Pretty. I forget not my commands as readily as they upon whom I lay them. Which man of you did beat to quarters on yon drum? *(Omnes remain silent.)* Come, Francis Drake awaits an answer to his question!

Moone. Why, then—

Eliz. Sir, I marvel not that they should lose their tongues at so incomprehensible a riddle. For, by my hope of Heaven I swear that, within these past ten minutes at the least, no man hath touched thy drum!

Drake (aside). 'Tis passing strange! Yet I doubt not 'twas to guard me against Satan, who is ever most dangerous in feminine attire. *(To Elizabeth.)* Madam, I would not seem discourteous, yet I have ever thought that a woman and a ship are ill-assorted company.

Eliz. When the woman is Elizabeth Wynter and the ship Captain Drake's, I do confess I heartily agree with thee. Wherefore, I'll e'en return—

Pretty (interposing and taking her hand). Nay, Bess, tis the drum hath vexed him. *(To Drake.)* This lady, sir, is Mistress Elizabeth Wynter, god-daughter and maid of honour to the Queen's Majesty, and my affianced wife.

Drake (bowing). I knew it not. Again I crave the lady's pardon—and, this time, thine.

Pretty. Although she hath not deemed me worthy of her confidence, I gather she hath news of gravest import for your worship.

Drake (musingly). Ay, twice since midnight have I heard the drum!

Eliz. (hurriedly). Yea, news you should have had ten precious minutes past, had we not babbled them away! Whether it be true, as rumour hath it, that letters reached Mendoza late yesternight from the King of Spain, I know not. 'Tis beyond peradventure that betimes this morning he made bitter complaint at Court.

Drake. 'Twas at our English weather he doubtless railed?

(To be continued).

Devon Notes.

Hands across the Sea.

THE exchange of flags between Exeter, England, and other Exeters beyond the seas has created a considerable amount of interest. The idea originated in Exeter, New South Wales, and the Union Jack sent from that township was hoisted over the Guildhall when the school children of Exeter celebrated Empire Day. The following letter has been received with reference to the matter:—

Exeter, N.S. Wales, Australia.

19th April, 1907.

Dear Sir.—Under instructions from our local committee, I have forwarded to you a "Union Jack," also some photos of local scenes, which may prove of interest. We have been delighted with the readiness with which the Mayor of your City, as representing the citizens, has fallen in with the idea. An exchange of flags has been arranged between quite a number of towns and cities, but your reply was the first to reach the Secretary of the League in Sydney. This village of Exeter stands at an elevation of 2,330 feet above sea level, and is 93 miles from Sydney on the main railway from Sydney to Melbourne. As you already know, the Badgery family, hailing from your city, about a century ago, have testified their love and affection for the old home by giving the new the same name. Apart from dairying, which is the chief industry here, orchards and flower gardens employ a number of people. Cut flowers are sent to Sydney in very great numbers during the season. The whole of this district is a great health resort for Sydney people. The summer residence of the Governors of N.S. Wales is about two miles from Exeter, and our present Governor, Sir Harry Rawson—the most popular vice-regal representative N.S. Wales has ever had—spends the summer there. I trust that these few details will not prove wearisome to you.

With kindest regards, Yours faithfully,

JOHN B. SHERLOCK, Hon. Sec.

H. Lloyd Parry, Esq., Town Clerk, Exeter.

* * *

Fishing and Golfing.

To the north of Exeter the verdant Exe Valley (beloved of fishermen) stretches in almost a direct line to Dulverton and the uplands of Exmoor, the haunt of the red-deer and the home of those quaint specimens of humanity described in the novels of R. D. Blackmore. There are few places in England where the sportsman, be he golfer, oarsman, cricket, or football player, has greater opportunities than in Exeter, in the vicinity of which several packs of hounds meet during the hunting season. The angler will also rejoice to hear of the splendid opportunities which await him both on the Exe and the Culm. Within easy distance of the city, the river yields salmon and trout fishing, while the canal can boast of a fine stretch of coarse fishing, which is nominally free, as tickets for the whole season, from the 15th of June to the 15th of March, may be easily obtained at the Town Clerk's office. Carp, perch, roach, tench, and pike are all sufficiently numerous, and the angler-tourist may confidently look forward to some good sport during his holiday at Exeter. Although the greater part of Exmoor belongs to the sister county, it would be manifestly impossible to deal with Devonshire from the holiday-maker's point of view without giving some account of it, and it must, moreover, be remembered that R. D. Blackmore was, by birth, descent, and education, a man of Devon, and that many of the places mentioned in *Lorna Doone*, *Perlycross*, and the *Maid of Sker* have been clearly identified with the Shire of the Sea-Kings.

* * *

The Great War Prison.

WITH the murmur of Dart in our ears, it is easier to dream of Druidic oaks than of the prison of Princetown, only a few miles away. Built for French prisoners in the Napoleonic times, it can be seen from most high points. To-day the thunder is bellowing behind it like the crash of the broken commandments it stands for. The moormen like to see it, for it speaks of fortunes made by contracting to the prison in the good old times. Times, too, when not even contractors were free of the press-gang. A harrowing tale is told of one contractor, who bought his release by supplying £20 and a tailor—who wanted to escape from his wife. In those days more men escaped from Princetown than was ever guessed, for the numbers of empty coffins found lately in the prison churchyard of supposed French prisoners, prove either that the authorities connived at escape or that the bodies were sold for dissection—a very improbable suggestion, considering the inaccessible position of the prison. The boundary mark of the prisoners' walk was an ancient cross. Now, with its arms knocked off, it serves as a gatepost, for they don't bother "up to Dartmoor" about their neighbour's landmarks. Over there the prison:

All that we know who lie in gaol

Is that the wall is strong;

And that each day is like a year,

A year whose days are long.

Devon Notes—continued.

And at our feet the peat earth, sweet, as no other earth is sweet, an exquisite thing, yet worn from the hardest granite. For these everlasting hills change, and the tors are turning what was lake into marsh and from marsh will give land. And the human changes to gentler ways, for where the war prisoners were herded in hunger and misery, a warder's child, in his father's arms, the other day was told to "Kiss Tommy, too." Now Tommy wore the broad arrow, but the childish lips had no fear of the sullen face—which was not quite so sullen after all, when one came to look at it.

* * *

"FAIR DEVON" is a never-failing source of inspiration for writers in our periodical and newspaper literature. Here are a few titles gathered at random from a mass of cuttings which have lately reached us:—

"Dart Fishing,"—from the *Fishing Gazette*.

"The Sunny West: Plymouth, Torquay, Ilfracombe,"—from the *Standard*.

"Devon's Sunny Shores and Bracing Moorlands,"—from the *Daily Mirror*.

"The Devonshire Coast,"—from *Country Life*.

"The North Devon Coast: Pleasant Peeps at Pretty Places,"—from the *Crown*.

"Morte Hoe and its Methodism: the Story of a Quaint North Devon Village,"—from the *Methodist Recorder*.

"Clovelly,"—from the *Queen*.

"Seven Centuries of Devon,"—from the *Morning Leader*.

"A Holiday in North Devon,"—from the *Bristol & District Y.M.C.A. Record*.

"Devonshire Dumpling revisits Home of the Sea-Kings,"—*Notts Express*.

"Mother of Waters: the Ancient Forest of Dartmoor,"—from the *Morning Leader*.

"Personal Impressions of a Holiday in North Devonshire,"—from the *Sheffield Independent*.

"Exeter Cathedral,"—from the *Daily News*.

* * *

"DEVON, glorious Devon, the county of counties, beautified by moorland and mountain streams, woods, valleys, and fountains; and Cornwall, the county of pasties and cream, of pilchards and herrings that sparkle and gleam, and whose cliffs are rugged and bold. Such are a few of the characteristics of these two beautiful western counties." The above glowing exordium prefaced the account of the annual dinner of the Barry Docks Devon and Cornwall Society, referred to elsewhere.

* * *

THE chief reason, perhaps, why Northern Devonshire makes so irresistible an appeal both to the poet and also to the artist lies in the infinite variety of the scenery which is here provided. If Lynton is the Switzerland of England, then Clovelly is the Brittany; if Ilfracombe is wild and passionate, there is Bideford the quiet and restrained; whilst Barnstaple, with its old-world air, its cold and phlegmatic temperament, differs from them all. This latter town, the metropolis of North Devon, with its rich store of records dipping far, far down into the distant past, wears to-day on its face an unmistakable expression of antiquity. You feel an instinctive and keen desire to jog the old-fashioned pace along. Once upon a time, in the long ago, its claim to distinction lay in the sea trade in wool, which it then carried on. Situated on the north bank of the Taw, it had unique opportunities as a seaport, and it still maintains a considerable trade. The town is connected, too, with the naval history of England, for some of the vessels of the North Devon fleet, which aided in the repulsion of the Armada, came from Barnstaple. The making of the famous Barum pottery, for which the town is famous, may even now be seen in progress in one of its streets. Its thirteenth-century bridge, which was widened in 1834, and its fourteenth-century parish church are the two most prominent features. The scenery here has a charm which is all its own, being soft and pastoral, in contrast to the rugged grandeur of the coastline, whilst the landscape is rich and peaceful. Its praises have been sung in this wise:—

"Thou art more fair than people deem—

Bright town beside Taw's winding stream;

Seen through the soft autumnal haze,

On beauty all around I gaze."

* * *

Devon the Land of Good Cheer.

DEVON may fairly be described as the playground of the West. Michael Drayton and Thomas Fuller, who wrote both in verse and prose of Devonshire in the seventeenth century, justify the praises they lavished on the subject of their theme by the existence of a certain "self-containedness," which materially assisted the Devonians to get more enjoyment out of life than the majority of their less-favoured neighbours. The men of Devon wove their wool, made their cyder, reaped their rich harvests, and waxed merry over what Herrick, the poet-parson, of Dean Prior, terms their "nut-brown mirth and russet wit," which appears to have taken the congenial form of a perpetual round of wakes, quintells, morris dances, shearing feasts, wassail bowls, harvest-homes, mummeries, and Christmas revellings.

Devon Notes—continued.

MORTE HOE is a quaint, out-of-the-world place, which evidently prides itself on its old age, and seems to resent the encroachments of the modern spirit on the part of its near neighbour Woollacombe. There the long stretch of yellow sands is consecrated to babies and "dippers," and adorned with bathers' tents, and fringed by modern beauties of stone and stucco; and Punch and Judy, and nigger minstrels perform for the benefit of children of seven and seventy-seven. Morte Hoe disdains all this twentieth-century nonsense. The old substantial stone houses look askance at their few neighbours of staring red brick; and the inn objects to be called an hotel, and maintains its character by placing real old "settles" on its little lawn that patrons may drink and dream under the lee of queerly-carved figure-heads of defunct ships. The church protests against being modernised. Indeed, that would be a wrong done to the memory of the Sir William de Tracy, whose monument is here, and whom tradition tries to identify with one of the murderers of Thomas A'Becket. Morte Hoe is no place for weaklings; for the cliff walks are stiff, and over the heathery moors the winds are strong. What wonder? For local rhyme declares that—

"All the Tracys
Have the wind in their faces."

But the rambles well repay. Across runnels running to the sea, and up and down natural steps in bridle paths; past Bull Point Lighthouse to lovely little Lee, where surely even three old maids may be content to remain as they are, and live long and happily. Or, with brave heart, climb the Warren, where the owner permits the pilgrim, but expects him to contribute in return to a local charity, and from the top look down to the tumbling breakers on the Morte Hoe or Death Rock, which is, they say, "the place which heaven made last, and the Devil will take first"; in either case the traveller will have a life-long memory of pleasures. The Beaches, too, have their own particular charms. Rockham, which Charles Kingsley calls "a chaos of rock ridges, where old starved Mother Earth's bare, worn ribs are peeping out"; and Barricane—charming hunting ground for variegated rocks, and with a floor composed almost entirely of shells, many very beautiful and curious. As for health—why one drinks it with every breath. A sturdy veteran of over ninety years, walking quite briskly, observed, "I don't know why folk should die here," and I could hardly suggest a reason.

* * *

Bath and West of England Agricultural Show at Newport, Mon. Devonshire Butter and Cream.

The scene in the Dairy at the moment of the arrival of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales was animated in the extreme. Mr. G. Gibbons, who received the Prince, conducted him to where the Devonshire Cream was exhibited, and Miss Skinner, of Ottery St. Mary, was questioned by the Prince. H.R.H. was then taken to the Butter making section, where Mrs. Charles Luke, of Plymouth, had been demonstrating, and after the butter making process had been explained, H.R.H. congratulated her on the splendid appearance of the butter she had made.

* * *

WHITSUNTIDE is the accepted British festival of Gooseberry Pie. Careful gardeners pluck the first crop of baby fruit with a certain amount of formality, and tell the cook that "the garden always keeps to the calendar." The first gooseberry pie, with its attendant Devonshire or Cornish cream, is a rare and dulcet delicacy, unobtainable in its full beauty outside the British Islands. Southey, it may be remembered did not disdain to write an ode in its praise.—

"Gooseberry pie is best;
Full of the theme, O Muse, begin the song!
What though the sunbeams of the West
Mature within the turtle's breast
Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue?
What though the deer bound sportingly along
O'er springy turf, the park's elastic vest?
Give them their honours due—
But gooseberry pie is best!"

From *The World*, May 21st, 1907.



Devonian Societies, at Home and Abroad.

THE Devonian Society of Johannesburg, South Africa, is evidently flourishing. On the 1st May they held a Smoking Concert, which was a great success. The programme contained West-country items, and the names of those who took part in the same revealed their West-country origin. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. Stanley Stokes, informs us that a similar Society has been started in Pretoria, the Secretary of which has promised to support *Devonia*. His address is Mr. Eadie (son of a well-known citizen of Exeter), care of Mr. Frank Rowe, Standard Bar, Pretoria.

Devonian Societies, at Home and Abroad—continued.

THE members of the Devon and Cornwall Association for the County of Surrey had arranged to have a picnic on Boxhill, but the weather was unpropitious, consequently about forty or fifty members met at the Oddfellows' Hall, Dorking, and there regaled themselves on genuine West-country delicacies, in which clotted cream and saffron cake played a prominent part. There was also a capital entertainment with a fair proportion of West-country items. Mr. H. T. Michell, the Hon. Secretary, announced that the Committee were arranging further picnics, and he hoped that all Devonians and Cornish people residing in the county would feel it incumbent upon themselves to attend. The success of the association could only be attained by the co-operation of all west-country people in the county, and he trusted that, at the next meeting, which would shortly be announced, they would have a much larger gathering of their friends.

* * *

THE recent annual dinner of the Barry Docks Devon and Cornwall Society was a most successful and enjoyable function. It was held at Culley's Hotel, and needless to say the banqueting hall of that well-known hostel was the venue of a most interesting gathering, held on St. George's Day. The *table d'hôte* was rich and appetising, and everyone was delighted with the sumptuous banquet, thanks in great measure to the very satisfactory manner in which the catering arrangements were carried out by Mrs. Brooks, the hostess, and her efficient staff. Councillor W. R. Lee, the President of the Society, occupied the chair, and submitted the toast of "The King." Other speakers were Mr. A. L. Goldsworthy, Mr. James Radley, Mr. Penrose Kernick, Councillor J. A. Manaton, Mr. W. J. Williams, Mr. G. Speke, Mr. R. N. Davies, Dr. W. Lloyd Edwards, Mr. Alfred Jackson, Councillor J. E. Levers, and others. A good musical programme followed, which was much enjoyed.

* * *

THE annual report for the year 1906, of the Devonian Society in Calcutta, is a most interesting little brochure. It contains a brief history of the Society since its commencement, in September, 1901. Mr. M. C. Turner was the first President, and Mr. H. Elworthy Hon. Secretary. The inaugural dinner was held in December, 1901, the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, P.C., M.P. (who at the time was touring in India), was the guest of the evening. The Society was consolidated in March, 1902, since which time its operations have been carried on with great spirit, dinners, dances, a tennis club, a relief fund, and other evidences of good work being noted in the historical summary. In May, 1904, the Committee decided "that the Devonian Society in Calcutta be affiliated to the United Devon Association. Appended to the report will be found the rules and regulations of the Society; also an alphabetical list of the members, past and present. All parts of the county are represented, but the preponderance appears to be in favour of South Devon; this is but natural, seeing that so many service men hail from the Three Towns. The motto of this Society is "Semper Fidelis"; and the object is stated to be that "of promoting a common county bond of friendship and social or personal acquaintance among Devonshire men in India, and to render aid to Devonians as may be necessary."

* * *

MR. R. O. HEARSON has been elected Hon. Secretary of Devonians in London in succession to Mr. J. H. Lile. This is a popular selection, and the new Secretary is in entire sympathy with the U.D.A., and we trust to receive his hearty co-operation.



The Coast of South Devon.

MR. HARPER presents his readers with a second volume of a series of books which differ much from his books on the road, and which he inaugurated with the "Dorset Coast." There must be something in South Devon which has captivated him, for he writes of it as if it were home to him, and, whilst he flashes out, on occasion, with Cobbett-like denunciation of things and people who displease him in his rambles, this "South Devon Coast" has revealed him in a new light—as a sentimentalist—which lies wrapped up in his distinctly outspoken criticisms. One can have too much of it, therefore we hail the little touches of tenderness which peep out here and there throughout these present pages. Is it the air, that subtle climate of South Devon, which has wrought this change? or is it some particularly hallowed spot along this romantic coast-line which has revived tender memories and forced the author to unbend? For our own part we deem both as responsible, and, so far as the hallowed spot is concerned, should shrewdly suspect it to be the old-world port of Teignmouth, redolent of tar and deals, and its comfortable drowsiness accentuated by the rhythmical creak of impatient vessels straining at their mooring-posts against the quay, and the musical sing-song of the sailor-men's "Yo-ho's," coming faintly over the harbour. Illustrated by the author with a plenteous supply of black-and-white drawings, the book makes a handsome volume.

Dart Fishing.

Reprinted by permission from the *Fishing Gazette*.

SEEING that most of the Dartmoor streams rise at heights varying from 1200 to 1000 feet above sea level, and that the lowest parts of the Moor proper are from 500 to 700 feet, it is plain that the trout cannot be in much condition until comparatively late in the spring. Trout fishing begins in the Dart and its tributaries on March 1st, but in all the strictly moorland reaches the fish are seldom worth much before April. Given water, the fishing is perhaps at its best in June, and although last year's dry summer ran the streams low and clear as gin, yet in ordinary summers there is usually no lack of spates. The Moor receives yearly the extraordinary rainfall of between 70 in. and 80 in., or about two and a half times that of the east of England; and, unlike the east, there is no prophesying as to when the rain will fall. Any month in the year may see 10 in., and sometimes over 20 in., fall within thirty days.

It is no use asserting that the moorland fishing is first-class. From the point of view of the man who owns a well-preserved length of a brimming chalk stream, or a portion of a first-class Scottish river, Dartmoor trout fishing is very small beer. The fish run small. A quarter-pounder is a prize, and large baskets are not the rule except when the water is exactly right. Yet it is a curious fact that the fisherman who comes to the Moor once invariably returns. The place has a charm about it which is quite unlike anything else. It may be the air which is without any doubt the finest south of Yorkshire; it may be the scenery, the magnificent rolling stretches of open moorland, bog, and tor, across which the great cloud shadows pour endlessly; or it may be the infinite variety of the rivers themselves. At any rate, the attraction exists, and Two Bridges, Postbridge, Hexworthy, and other centres where fishermen congregate, welcome the same faces year after year. An advantage of Dart fishing is its cheapness. The trout licence, including the trespass ticket, is only 12s. 6d. for the whole season, which lasts from March 1st to the end of September; and on and after May 1st a monthly trout licence is issued at 6s. 6d. If you wish to try for peal and salmon, you pay 30s. for the season, 10s. a week, or 3s. a day. A salmon licence includes permission to fish for trout or peal.

Salmon do not, as a rule, begin to run above Dartmeet, where the East and West Dart joins, before June, but in July, August, and September a fair number are taken, and peal, too, run up in considerable numbers. The salmon are not large, 11 lb. is about the average. I have seen a fish of 18 lb. taken, and believe the record is about 23 lb. There are no rules against natural bait on the Dart, and a good many salmon fall victims to the "Gardener's Fancy," or the well-boiled prawn. They are much stricter on the Tavy. There only artificial lures are allowed. The story goes that, some years back, an enterprising angler took up his quarters at Tavistock, and each morning received by post an immense tin of fresh maggots. Armed with these, he proceeded to the river, where he thoroughly ground-baited two or three pools. By these nefarious means he caught fifty dozen trout in ten days, and this was the reason why the Board issued an edict against the use of any natural bait whatsoever. The finest natural bait on the Moor is the so-called Fernweb, a beetle which resembles a large ladybird, and which appears on the grass and bracken in June. There is no May Fly on the Moor, so the Fernweb takes its place. It is used on a small hook and a light cast, and if the fisherman only keeps well out of sight, the trout will take the Fernweb in the very brightest weather, when the water is crystal clear. A basket of three dozen, running six to the pound, is no uncommon day's work with the Fernweb. The little beetle is particularly killing upon the upper waters of the streams. Another very deadly method of taking fish on the smaller waters is clear water worming. Let no one sneer at mention of the despised worm. To be successful at clear water worming the fisherman must work hard and know what he is about. He must use a long line and the finest tackle, never let so much as the top of his cap appear over the pool, and he must cast exactly in the stickle at the top of the pool each time. Make one false step and you may just as well move on. You will not get another fish in that pool.

I spoke of the infinite variety of the fishing water. Included in the Dart licence are the East and West Darts and all their tributaries. The total length of fishing water must amount to something like forty miles. The sources of all the various brooks which combine to form the Dart are far up in the peaty morasses of the high Moor, and for the first part of their courses the little runnels are all alike—very swift and pouring down gullies so narrow that in many places one can stand with a foot on either bank. But even here there are trout, though sometimes one wonders how on earth they got there. Floods have hollowed out cave-like pools under the high banks, and in these dark and hidden recesses lie fish of most respectable dimensions. There is a pool little bigger than an ordinary dining table near the head of the Cowsic, where not long ago a trout of a pound and a quarter was taken on a Fernweb. Further down, the streams widen, and their channels are strewn with gigantic blocks of primæval granite. In some places granite forms the bed of the river, and the water pours over a series of ledges of solid rock. In all cases the descent is very rapid, averaging as a rule a hundred feet or more to the mile. The West Dart, after it has received the Cowsic, Black Brook,

and Cherry Brook, becomes a very beautiful river. There are wide, flat pools, rapid runs and exquisite little waterfalls. Here bushes and trees first begin to make their appearance, but it is not until one has passed the mouth of the Swincombe that there is anything to interfere with even a tyro in the art of fly casting. Nine-tenths of all the Dart licence water is delightfully open.

The flies most used upon the Dart are the March Brown and Blue Upright. Some good fishermen never carry anything else. A Wickham Fancy is useful, however, in bright weather, and the Partridge Hackle and Half Stone go well at times. Winged flies are almost useless, and the more "stivery" the appearance of the fly the better the local man likes it. Hooks must be small and gut fine, but in spite of the small average run of the fish a landing-net should be carried. There are prizes, and often a "whopper" is hooked just when least expected. Plenty of trout up to and even over three pounds live in the Dart, but the majority of these big fellows are cannibals and refuse to look at a fly. Now and then one is hooked upon a spinning minnow.

Hotel accommodation is not particularly plentiful on Dartmoor. At Princetown there is the Duchy, and at Two Bridges Mr. Trinaman's excellent hotel. The latter is within a few yards of the West Dart, and less than five miles from Dartmeet. The road to Dartmeet runs parallel with the river all the way, and one can drive to Brownberry, Hexworthy, or any other point one desires and fish up. The Cherrybrook and Blackbrook are also within easy distance, and from every point of view Two Bridges is the most desirable centre for the fisherman who likes sport and comfort combined with moderate charges. There is a small inn at Hexworthy, and a temperance hotel at Postbridge on the East Dart. At Postbridge also good lodgings are obtainable in the village. Almost every farm on the Moor lets rooms during the summer. The usual rate is 10s. a room per week, or an inclusive charge of about £2 a week a head. But rates vary to some extent with the season, and are naturally highest in August and early September. Those who think of visiting the Moor during the summer holidays should write early in order to make sure of accommodation.

T. C. BRIDGES.

The Road to Moreton.

'Tis a mucksy rawd to Moreton een the lonely wintertime,

Whain the 'adges zeemth to shrink wi' vrawst an' snaw,
An' 'tis cruel wish vor anybody crossin' long the taps

Whain the winds vrom of old Dartymoor do blaw.
But 'tis comfortin' to think that whain you gets there arter all

You'll forget about the vreezin' and' the mire
As you vinds a 'earty wulcome an' they tulls 'e to draa vore
An' to yett yurself bevore a Moreton vire.

Oh! the mucksy rawd to Moreton might be wiss
If zo be as 'ow it did'n laid to this:

A chimbley corner waitin'

An' a vrawsy wantin' aitin',

Oh! the mucksy rawd to Moreton might be wiss.

'Tis a purty rawd to Moreton een the bustin' days o' spring,

An' there's company to cheer 'e all the way,
What wi' gookoo callin' "Gookoo" awver every other yeld,

An' the greybirds an' the blackbirds een the May.
There's primrosen, violets, blubells, snapjacks, graisydaies, too,

'Nough to maake a vitty posy vor a queen,
An' there's many maids to Moreton what'll taake the best you've picked
Wi'out ezacly axin' what you mean.

Oh! the purty rawd to Moreton can't be bait
Whain you knows that t'other aind there's maids who wait
Vor the vlowers what you taakes there,
An' the flickets what you maakes there.

Oh! the purty rawd to Moreton can't be bait.

'Tis a disty rawd to Moreton een the leary-zummer time,

When the zin 'e scorchth like vire awver-'aid,
An' if you'm luggin' 'ome along a middlin' 'eavy load
'Tis quite enough to maake 'e veel 'alf-daid.

But although the pillum chucks 'e an' you zweet'th jist like a bull
There's a zomethin' that'll always keep 'e up:

That there's thoughtvul volks at t'other aind who knowth jist what you wants
An' draas zome zider een the biggest cup.

Oh! the disty rawd to Moreton maakes 'e dry,
An' you'm vury glad to get there by an' bye,
Vor you knowth that though you'm zweetatin',
Therell be coolth an' zomethin' wettin',
'Cuz the disty rawd to Moreton maakes 'e dry.

Motoring in North Devon.

TO-DAY we made an expedition to Clovelly, that lovely little village on the coast of North Devon which I had so often seen in photographs, but never with my own eyes. Clovelly can be approached by two ways in a carriage, but, unfortunately for us, we found that motors were not allowed through the Hobby Drive, and we had to go along by the inland road. When one has heard a lot about the charms of a place or a person one is often disappointed at one's first sight of them; but, although I had always heard what a lovely spot this little cliff village was, I could not have imagined anything as lovely as what we actually came upon at the end of our drive. As the village is built on the edge of a hill, we could not come right up to it in the car, but got out and walked down the steep stony path that leads down to the street, for there is only one actual street in Clovelly, and that is only about fifteen feet wide. It also is paved with cobble stones, and nothing more businesslike than a donkey as means of conveyance can pass up and down it. Each little house seems prettier than the last, and each is different, and the green shutters and irregular, sloping roofs and sun-baked gardens remind one strongly of some picturesque Italian mountain village, only that no Italian habitation could be so sparkingly white and clean as these Devonshire cottages. The place has been too often described for me to go into at any length, and I can only note the vivid impression it made on me. We walked down the steep little street to a sort of "look-out," where we had a lovely view of the great blue bay stretching away beyond Hartland Point, and with Lundy Island looming on the horizon. With difficulty we turned our backs on the lovely view, and reascended the steep little cobble-stoned footpath, for one really cannot call Clovelly a "street." Lots of Americans visit the place, and a good many English visitors, too, and in summer it must indeed be an ideal spot. The quaint old church we visited next, almost adjoining Clovelly Court, the big place which stands in the woods above the village. The Court is owned by Mrs. Hamlyn, who is the literal fairy godmother of the village in that she interests herself enormously in the people on her estate, and is constantly up and down the steep bit which lies between the Court and the village. Mrs. Hamlyn is the daughter of the late Col. Hamlyn Fane, and her husband took the name of Hamlyn when he married her. A little over a year ago she had the misfortune to lose both her husband and her favourite niece, Miss Molly Manners, the eldest daughter of Lady Manners, Mrs. Hamlyn's sister. Since then she has been living rather quietly, and with only her relations to visit her; but now I hear that Lady Manners's surviving daughters, twins, are to come out this season, and Mrs. Hamlyn is making great preparations for their first "grown-up" visit to her. They have spent a great deal of their time at Clovelly with their aunt, and are great favourites there. She is making some alterations in the house, and is throwing out a hitherto rather unused wing, which is being converted into special apartments for her nieces' use when they come to stay. She is also laying out a small golf course in the grounds, so there will be a great deal to amuse the young people when they next go to Clovelly.

Another charming place we passed in our car was Watermouth Castle, near Ilfracombe, the seat of Capt. and Mrs. Penn Curzon. They are cousins of Lord Howe, and Miss Lorna Curzon, their only daughter, is an exceptionally good-looking girl, and was presented at one of His Majesty's Courts the other day. She is very popular in the county, and is a keen follower of hounds, having ridden all her life. Mrs. Penn Curzon is a very handsome woman, with splendid chestnut hair. Miss Mary Curzon, a first cousin of Miss Lorna Curzon, is also one of this season's *débütantes*, and it is really difficult to say which of the cousins is the prettier, as they are both so especially blessed with good looks.

—The Queen.



Our Devon Towns.

WE give herewith a further instalment of the official notes and notices received from honorary local secretaries and others, in response to our application for information on accommodation, local scenery, sport, fishing, golfing, shooting, motoring, cycling, etc. These notes are intended to supplement the descriptive paragraphs which appear from month to month in the *Devonia* Supplement; and we trust to receive frequent communications of a practical and useful character.

Bideford.

Good accommodation for visitors in Bideford, Northam, and Westward Ho! Hotels and private boarding houses.

TRAIN SERVICE (L. & S.W.R.). Frequent service to Westward Ho!

COACHING TO CLOVELLY worked in conjunction with L. & S.W.R. Co.

NEW READING ROOM AND FREE LIBRARY at end of bridge, with London and local papers.

WATER SUPPLY.—Northam and Bideford by reservoir, excellent. Gas lighting. Health Statistics, good.

ROADS in good state of repair.

HUNTING.—Fox, Otter, Beagles hunt the district. North Devon Polo Club held at Fremington, about six miles from Bideford.

FISHING.—Sea Fishing in the Bay; Salmon Fishing in the Taw and Torridge. Trout Fishing in the neighbourhood; by arrangement.

SHOOTING.—Good rough shooting available.

GOLFING.—North Devon Golf Links at Westward Ho! Cricket Club, Bowling Club, and Torridge Vale Tennis Club, all in or near the town. Association Football, Hockey Club. Good facilities for Yachting and Boating.

SWIMMING.—Bideford Swimming Club; and bathing in the Baths and open sea at Westward Ho!

MOTURING.—Motors on hire at Elliotts, Coachbuilders; also at Mills, Torridge Works. Garage at Elliott's, Mills, Royal Hotel, Giddie's Hotel.

COMING EVENTS.—July 25th, Fête at Winscott, near Torrington, seat of Col. Moore Stevens; August 21st, Bideford Regatta and Sports.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. W. B. JOHNS, North View, Bideford.

Dartmouth.

TRAIN SERVICE (G.W.R.)—Good coaches run daily to Torcross, Slapton and Kingsbridge. Excellent drives with splendid scenery. Roads now in good condition for driving, motoring, or walking. Water Supply adequate and pure. Town lighted by Electricity. Average death rate only 11 per 1000.

HUNTING, POLO, &c.—Britannia Beagles during season.

FISHING.—Excellent Sea and River Fishing in Start Bay and River Dart.

SHOOTING.—Many facilities in the neighbourhood for rabbits and game by arrangement. There is a Rifle Club in the Borough, which is well patronised.

GOLFING.—Golf Links at Churston, four miles from Dartmouth, with clubhouse, etc. The Links, which are in splendid order, are open daily, and are extensively patronised.

CRICKET AND BOWLS.—Cricket excellent—Kingswear Cricket Club. Fine Bowling Green at Ford Gardens—Dartmouth Bowling Club.

FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY.—There are both Football and Hockey Clubs in the Borough, with good grounds.

YACHTING AND BOATING.—Yachting and Boating on the River Dart greatly indulged in, the safe conditions rendering the pastime delightful. Steamers ply daily to Totnes, 11 miles up river, with hundreds of visitors.

SWIMMING.—The facilities for Swimming are very good, a capital Bathing Pavilion for ladies and gentlemen, with a Swimming Instructor, having been provided at the Castle Cove by the Dartmouth Amateur Swimming Club. Bathing is greatly indulged in, owing to the many facilities.

CYCLING.—The roads in the neighbourhood are rather hilly for cycling, but there is an enthusiastic Cycling Club in the Borough, who have capital runs every week.

MOTURING, &c.—There is good provision for Motors at Prout's Motor Garage, in Foss Street, Dartmouth. Local Maps of the district may be obtained either from Messrs. Crawford and Son, Stationers, of Fairfax Place, or Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, Stationers, of Spithead.

OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.—Owing to the luxurious vegetation in the district, it is of peculiar interest to the Botanist, the warm and equable climate enabling many delicate plants to be cultivated in the open. The historic associations of the Borough are unique, many interesting relics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries being preserved. The town is famous for its past, and possesses great interest for the Archæologist.

COMING EVENTS.—July, Bowling and Cricket Matches, Sailing Matches, etc. August, Annual Regatta, eagerly anticipated by yachtsmen, rowing clubs, and all interested in these sports. A very large number of visitors in Dartmouth during Regatta week. Swimming Matches, Life Saving Exhibitions, etc. Bowling and Cricket Matches weekly.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Mr. S. J. POPE, Town Clerk, Victoria Road, Dartmouth.



Correspondence.

"I am a native of Devonshire, coming from near Ilfracombe, and all that concerns Devonshire is, of course, most interesting to me, hence my desire to become a subscriber to *Devonia*. If without troubling you, you would please inform me where I need apply for subscription, price, etc., I would feel greatly obliged to you.

HORACE E. HARRIS, St. John, N.B."



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

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[No. 2.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.

The Forest of the Dartmoors.

THOU old, wild forest, many a dream
Of far-off glamoury,—
Of gentle knight and solemn sage,
Is resting still on thee;
Still floats the mists across the fells
As when those barons bold,
Sir Tristram and Sir Percival,
Sped o'er the weary wold.

Still wave the grasses o'er the hills,
And still the streams below,
Under the wild boughs thick with moss,
Sing gladly as they go;
Still over all the lonely land
The mountain elves are dwelling,
And oftentimes notes from fairy horns
On the free winds are swelling.

Then through the gleams of the folding hills,
And over the heath so brown,
King Arthur leads his belted knights
Homewards to Carlyoun;
A goodly band, with long bright spears
Upon their shoulders set,
And first of all that flower of kings
With his golden coronet.

And sometimes by the clear hill streams
A knight rides on alone;
He rideth ever beside the river,
Although the day be done;
For he looketh toward the western land,
Where watcheth his ladye,
On the shore of rocky Cornewayle,
In the castle by the sea.

And o'er the green paths of the moors,
When the burning sun is high,
Queen Guenever comes forth in state
Beneath her canopy.
Her squires, in robes of sendal bright,
Bear up the silken shade,
And the ringing of their bridal reins
Fills all the forest glade.

Thou old, wild forest! Through thy glens
Once rang the harts' bell free,
The mountain wolf led forth her cubs
Beneath the dark pine tree;
And where the broom and the birchen sprays
Hang o'er the sparkling rills,
The giant deer with branching horns
Passed upward to the hills.

And now thy rocks are silent all,
The kingly chase is o'er,
Yet none may take from thee, old land,
Thy memories of yore;
In many a green and solemn place,
Girt with the wild hills round,
The shadow of the holy Cross
Yet sleepeth on the ground.

In many a glen where the ash keys hang,
All golden midst their leaves,
The knight's dark strength is rising yet,
Clad in its wild-flower wreaths;
And yet, along the mountain paths
Rides forth that stately band,
A vision of the dim old days,
A dream of fairyland.

RICHARD JOHN KING.

Lydford as a _____
 _____ Health and _____
 _____ Pleasure Resort.



Written and Illustrated
 by
 T. VANSTONE.

WERE all that has been written concerning "Lydford Town" and its surroundings collected into a book, a ponderous but interesting volume would be the result. Writers of all classes of literature, special correspondents, and members of learned societies have each contributed largely of their knowledge and research for the benefit of those desirous of becoming acquainted with the known and traditional history of the place. Risdon says, "that in the Saxon Heptarchy the town was of some note that felt the furious rage of the merciless Danes," and in A.D. 997



LYDFORD MILL.

Photo by T. Vanstone, Tavistock.

the Danes did ravage it without a doubt. Later Sir Richard Strode said that Lydford prison in the 16th century was "one of the most detestablest, annoyous, and contagious prisons in this realm." In his survey of Devon in 1630, Thomas Westcote said: Certainly the first inhabitant (were he to be known) was no nice, effeminate fellow, but some robust, sturdy young Albionist" remarking further, "that at the Domesday survey Lydford was of the demesne of the

crown and had nine burgesses"; but in its latter days "it hath neither fair nor market to comfort itself withal and little fruitful land. It is only entrusted with the keeping of the prince's prisoners for stannary causes." . . . "Here are good walks to get a stomach, but small means to satisfy hunger." It is with this latter clause that we have to deal, and while readily accepting the statement as to "good walks," in these later days we entirely repudiate the idea that, having obtained the "stomach," there is but "small means to satisfy hunger." The hotels, inns, lodging-houses, and farm-houses are equal to any emergency in this respect, and no one need lack the good things required for sustenance, so long as he is provided with the necessary coin of the realm for the liquidation of his account. This can be depended upon in season and out of season. We recently heard of some visitors who dropped rather unexpectedly



LYDFORD GORGE.

Photo by T. Vanstone, Tavistock.

on an inn in a town further north of the county, and on enquiring what could be obtained for lunch, were informed that they could have ham and eggs; for dinner they were supplied with ham and eggs; for supper the same dish was set before them. On enquiring what they could have for breakfast, they were told that they could have ham and eggs, or ham alone, or eggs alone. This, however welcome to the average workman with an appetite for such good things, was too much for the visitors, and they decided to leave by an early train the following morning, and try the menu of the next and not far distant town. This would not occur at Lydford, as from its proximity to the railway stations and telephonic communication, every necessary is within easy reach. The "town," or village—as is the most correct description of the few houses which

form the main street—is situated about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the stations on the London and South Western main line to Plymouth, and the Great Western branch line from Plymouth to Launceston, and has become a popular resort for those seeking health and rest from the business rush of the large towns of the middle and north of England. Situated on the north-west borders of Dartmoor, it is within easy reach of the grand old tors, with their pure and invigorating breezes, while in every direction easy walks can be obtained in characteristic Devonshire lanes, which induces the “stomach” before referred to, at the same time becoming a joy to the memory in after years, if not for ever. Lodgings are fairly plentiful in the village and at the surrounding farm-houses, while quite near the railway stations there is a large hotel, where extensive and up-to-date accommodation is provided for man and beast. Fresh



KITT'S STEPS, LYDFORD.

Photo by T. Vanstone, Tavistock.

fields for exploration are ever open to the pedestrians, and to those who can take walks of a few miles. a rich return in health and pleasure is certain to result. Within easy reach is the village of Sourton, with its quaint little church, where, before the days of harmoniums, the hymns were accompanied by a small organ turned by a handle, which, of course, limited the range in the selection of the metres. Built in 1375, it was a chapelry attached to the parish of Bridestowe. In 1475 the congregation considered that they were neglected by the Rector of Bridestowe, and petitioned the Bishop, asking that the said Rector should provide them with a daily celebration of Mass. The prayer was granted, and the rector of four hundred years ago was forced to obey. To-day rectors are not so easily prevailed on to obey their Bishops. Bridestowe is an interesting little village, with a rich piece of architecture as an entrance to the

churchyard. In the church is preserved a relic of a barbarous age, to wit, the village "stocks," in which the leading inebriates were wont to be incarcerated when they had overstepped the bounds of moderation. A circular tour by road or rail can be taken from Lydford to Bridestowe, Coombe-bow, Lewtrenchard, and Coryton, thence by rail to Lydford. In the summer the walk through the roads from village to village, with the grand foliaged trees on either side of the way, requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to induce the belief that one is passing through a gentleman's park. At Lewtrenchard a short visit can be paid to the church and mansion of the well-known author, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, where visitors are ever welcomed to view the beautiful surroundings. The walk from this point to the Coryton Station is of the most charming description. The hills on either side of the valley rise abruptly, and are clothed with a variety of pines, rich in growth and colouring. At Coryton one entrains for Lydford. Lydford waterfall well repays a visit. Carrington, in his poem on Dartmoor, alluding to it, says:—



LYDFORD CASTLE KEEP.

Photo by T. Vanstone, Tavistock.

"Oft the traveller lists
The roar of that wild torrent, headlong dash'd
O'er the rude precipice; and hastes to gain
The strand below, where, rushing on his view
At once, the stream, all light and music springs,
From the bold bank, yet not in one broad sheet;
It leaps the dark majestic cliff—a rock
Divides it, and the bright and broken flood
Impetuous descends in graceful curves
To mingle with the foaming world below;
While, sparkling in the midday beam, a shower
Of spray for ever hovering, bathes the plants
That love the mountain and the stream."

Lydford Gorge commences at the foot of the falls and terminates at the old mill, near Kitt's Steps, a short distance from Lydford village. To ramble along the path by the Lyd requires a clear head and sure footing, as in many parts the paths are narrow and precipitous, but at the same time the sides are lined with ferns and vegetation in rich luxuriance.

Brentor Church—a structure in a high place—is a real landmark in the locality, about three miles from Lydford, and well repays a visit. On a clear day Launceston Castle and the Cornish hills, together with Mount Edgcumbe, and even Fowey can be traced in the distance. With regard to the church, it is said that St. Michael had a disputation with his Satanic Majesty as to its location. The former desired that the building should be erected on the lower land, while the latter preferred the higher ground. Satan, however, prevailed; hence the structure, which is observable for miles around, even in North Cornwall. Interesting walks may be had to Link's Tor, Tavy Cleave, Black Down, and Stannon Down, where are the remains of some hut circles, which have been puzzles to antiquarians for many generations. Then to many the artillery camp at Okehampton is an attraction, and is easily reached by rail. Altogether Lydford offers attractions to suit every variety of taste—the fishermen, the botanist, the geologist, and antiquary.

In Lydford churchyard there is a quaint granite monument to a watchmaker of the village, whereon his life is depicted to correspond with the workings of a watch.

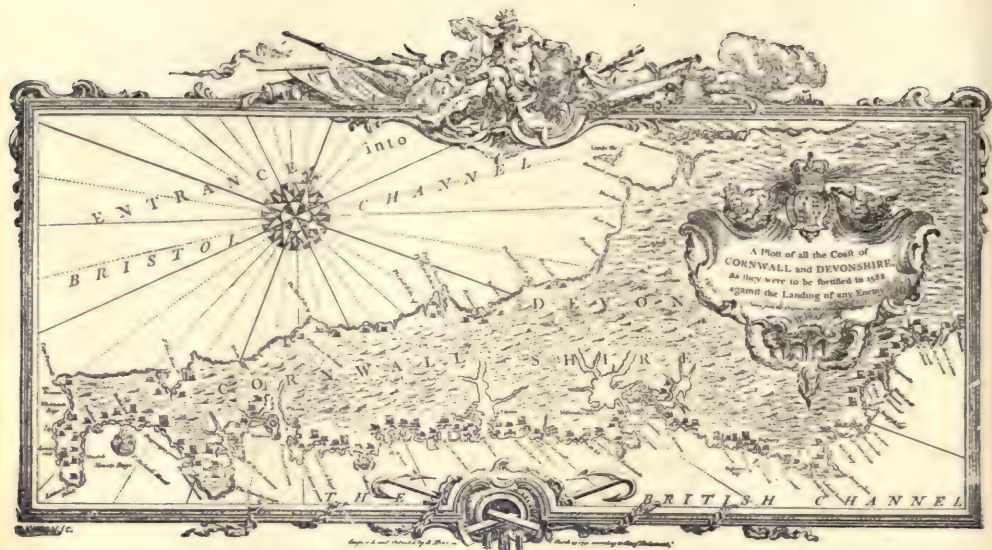
Unfortunately, what remains of this once celebrated minting town is a square block of building, known as the Castle Keep.

An American in England.

PLYMOUTH and Exeter come in for a large share of attention from Mr. W. D. Howells, the well-known American writer, whose charming book, "Certain Delightful English Towns," has just been issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Mr. Howells landed at Plymouth, taking up his quarters at the Grand Hotel, on the Hoe, from whence he peregrinated the neighbourhood, and during a stay of three or four days took in much of the local lore and historical associations, although this was not his first visit to "Mother Plymouth." Mr. Howells is a most picturesque and interesting writer, and has keen powers of observation. But this article, or rather the chapter of his book, which deals with Plymouth appeared originally in *Harper's Monthly*, and we commented on it in an early number of *Devonia*, so that it is not necessary here to do more than call attention to the book in which it now appears. From Plymouth he went on to Exeter, where he spent twenty-four hours revelling in the historic and other associations of the delightful old city. However, in that four and twenty hours our author managed to absorb ten centuries of history, and to get a fair idea of Exeter of to-day. The Cathedral especially impressed him, as did also the ruins of the old Castle. From Exeter Mr. Howells went to Bath, where he spent a fortnight, visiting many places of interest in the neighbourhood, spending some afternoons at Wells and Bristol; then, by way of Southampton, to London, Folkestone, Canterbury, Oxford, Chester, Malvern, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Hereford, and finally to Northampton and the Washington country. The book is beautifully illustrated.

The Nightingale in Devon.

AMONG the most welcome visitors to Tiverton this summer are a bevy of nightingales, whose tuneful melodies are attracting appreciative audiences to the vicinity of the Tumbling Fields evening after evening. The songsters begin to exercise their vocal powers between 10 and 11 o'clock, and do not cease their lay till morning light appears. Careful observers say that at least three birds take part in these midnight concerts. Additional interest is taken in these nocturnal warblers by reason of the fact that it has long been an accepted belief that nightingales never visit Devon. I have the authority of a well-known ornithologist for saying that they often stop on their way from the south to their proper breeding quarters at places they do not habitually frequent. This is probably the explanation of the present visit. In contrast to the nightingale's pre-eminent voice is the inconspicuous colouration of its plumage. This is alike in both sexes, and is of a reddish brown above and a dull greyish white beneath, the rufous tail showing the only bright tint. It is the male bird which does the singing. The nightingale's nest is of a rather uncommon kind. It is placed on or near the ground, and depends for lateral support so much on the stems of the plants among which it is generally built, that a slight touch disturbs its arrangement. In it four to six eggs of a deep olive colour are duly laid, and the young hatched. If the latter be taken when nearly fit to fly from the nest, they can with proper care be reared by hand, and if they survive their first moult, they may live some years in a cage.



Plymouth and the Historical Game of Bowls.

The Famous Armada Game on the Hoe.

By W. H. K. WRIGHT, F. R. HIST. SOC.,

(Reprinted by permission from the *Western Morning News*).

Now that Plymouth is within measurable distance of possessing that much longed-for luxury a Bowling Green and a Bowling Club, and upon that famous spot, the Hoe—redolent of historic memories and associations—it may not be without interest and profit to review the history of bowling in general, and the local aspect of it in particular.

Again and again during the past twenty or thirty years has the matter been mooted, but with lack of spirit, it is to be feared; but now the proposal has been put forward in practical manner by the promoters, and has been accepted by the Council in an equally practical manner. It is evidently seen that a bowling green would attract visitors, that it would bring a certain measure of profit to the town, and that it might by careful working be a remunerative object. This is the sordid side of the matter, with which we have but little sympathy; but as this is the side which appeals to the powers that be, we must e'en accept the matter at their valuation, and be thankful for the concession.

The game of bowls is one of the most ancient and one of the most popular of English pastimes, the origin of which can be traced back to the 12th century. William Fitzstephens in his "Survey of London," written during the last quarter of that century, states that in the summer holidays youths took exercise amongst other pastimes in *jactu lapidum*, "in throwing of stones." This might at first sight refer to throwing stones by slings or other artificial means, were it not that the next pastime mentioned is "slinging of missiles to be delivered beyond a certain mark." It appears from this that there were two distinct games, and also that in early days stone spheres were used in bowling, and the like thing and name were in vogue for the next two centuries; in fact, until 1409. There is little doubt therefore, that Fitzstephens referred to bowls as we understand it to-day.

Bowling was at various times in disfavour; at one time under the ban of the Church, chiefly on account of the licence, disorderly conduct, and debauchery which accompanied it, especially in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward III.; and later under the disfavour of the King, who was afraid that the practice of archery, which was all-important in those days, before firearms came into vogue, might suffer, because the people were so much engrossed in bowling, a more quiet and sedate, though absolutely useless pastime. Various enactments were passed with regard to bowling, and after various repressive measures had been adopted, the use of public bowling greens was absolutely forbidden, bowling being permitted only in private gardens or orchards. This enactment was in force in the reign of Henry VIII., when it was declared illegal for any one to "play at any bowle or bowles in open place out of his garden or orchard"; and still later we find Stephen Gosson remarking, in his "School of Abuse," that "common bowling alleys are privy moths that eat up the credit of

many idle citizens, whose gains at home are not able to weigh down their losses abroad; whose shops are so far from maintaining their play that their wives and children cry out for bread, and go to bed supperless often in the year." It is somewhat curious that with all these enactments against the principle of bowling, there was no punishment to be inflicted upon offenders; the law was thus broken with impunity. However, in the reign of George II. power was given to the magistrates to commit offenders to prison, and the bowling alleys were rigidly suppressed, whilst greens began to increase rapidly, and no country gentleman's mansion was considered complete without one. It is well known that Charles I. was a great enthusiast of the game, and was engaged in a game of bowls when he was arrested by Colonel Joyce.

We have an allusion to bowling in Shakspeare's *Richard II.*, where the Queen asks, in the Duke of York's garden at Langley:

"What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?"

"Madam," replies one of her ladies, "we'll play at bowls." To which the Queen rejoins:

"'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias."

After the suppression of bowling alleys the game of ninepins, or "Dutch rubbers," came into vogue, until nearly every inn in town and country had its bowling alley.

So far as can be ascertained, the first regular bowling club was established in Glasgow, at the commencement of the last century, and for a long time the sport was mainly confined to Scotland and the North of England; but now it has become general, and in Scotland at the present time there are between 700 and 800 bowling clubs in the country. The London County Council have set a good example to other governing bodies, in that they have established bowling greens in nearly all the principal parks and open spaces within their jurisdiction. The game has also spread to the Colonies—Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, Canada, India, China, and even Japan having their bowling clubs.

So much, then, for the general history and aspect of the question. Now let us look a little nearer home. Although there were several bowling clubs in existence in Devonshire prior to 1888, it was in that year that the sport was brought into special prominence, in connection with the Armada tercentenary celebrations, for the Organising Committee arranged to have a match played between two crack clubs as near as possible to the spot where Drake was supposed to have been playing on that memorable occasion when the Spanish Armada was sighted off our shores. That match, between the Bowling Clubs of Leeds and Torrington, attracted some ten thousand persons to the Citadel, where it was played, and aroused a considerable amount of interest in the game itself. Since that time clubs have been springing up in all directions, and Plymouth, which ought to have been first, is almost the last in the county to establish a bowling club.

Much has been written in respect to the historic game of bowls, which is supposed to have been played by Sir Francis Drake and other captains and officers of the English fleet on that summer's day of 1588, when whiling away the time waiting for the arrival of the Spanish Armada. But most people regard the matter as a pure fiction, an invention of Charles Kingsley in *Westward Ho!* But this is not so; and the present writer has discovered good evidence to prove the truth of the story. A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* a few years ago classed it as a "tale for the Marines," or in other words, an improbable story. But here is evidence which may bring the narrative out of the region of tradition into the realm of fact. In Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* is the following statement:—

"On the afternoon of the 19th July, 1588, a group of English captains was collected at the Bowling Green, on the Hoe, at Plymouth, whose equals have never before or since been brought together, even at that favourite mustering-place of the heroes of the British Navy. There was Sir Francis Drake, the first English circumnavigator of the globe. . . . Sir Martin Frobisher, one of the earliest explorers of the Arctic seas. . . . Lord Howard of Effingham, who had recently (though the Queen had sent him orders to do so) had the noble daring to refuse to dismantle part of the fleet, keeping the ships afloat at his own charge rather than that England should run the peril of losing their protection. Another of our Elizabethan sea kings, Sir Walter Raleigh, must have been there for consultation with the Lord Admiral, besides many other brave men and skilful mariners, enjoying, with true sailor-like merriment, their temporary relaxation from duty. A match at bowls was being played, in which Drake and other high officers of the fleet were engaged, when a small armed vessel was seen running before the wind into Plymouth Harbour. Her commander landed in haste, and eagerly sought the place where the English Lord Admiral and his captains were standing. His name was Fleming, master of a Scotch privateer; he told the English officers that he had that morning seen the Armada off the Cornish coast. At this exciting information the captains began to hurry down to the water, and there was a shouting for the ship's boats; but Drake coolly checked his comrades, and insisted that there was plenty of time both to win the game and beat the Spaniards. The best and bravest match that ever was scored was resumed accordingly. Drake and his friends aimed their last bowls with the same steady calculating coolness with which

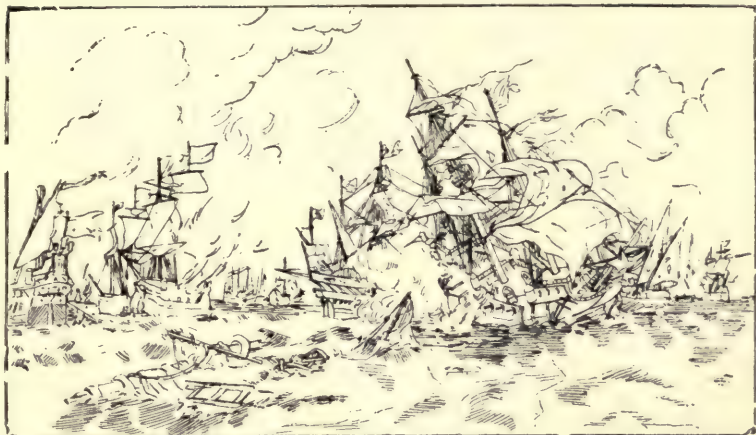
they were about to point their guns. The winning cast was made; and then they went on board and prepared for action, with their hearts as light and their nerves as firm as they had been on the Hoe Bowling Green."

Kingsley, in *Westward Ho!* locates his bowling green near the sea. "But if, again, he had been a student of men rather than of machinery, he would have found few nobler companies on whom to exercise his discernment than he might have seen in the little terrace bowling green behind the Pelican Inn on the afternoon of the nineteenth of July. Chatting in groups, or lounging over the low wall which commanded a view of the Sound and the shipping far below, were gathered almost every notable man of the Plymouth fleet, the whole *posse comitatus* of 'England's forgotten worthies.'"

Other authorities might be cited to prove the authenticity of this old story; but the following is sufficient for the purpose: In the year 1736 there appeared a "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh" prefixed to Raleigh's "History of the World," in which Oldys, the writer of the biography of the ill-fated courtier, mentions the fact, and refers to another work, entitled "Phoenix Britannicus," which appeared to carry the story back another hundred years. This work is "A miscellaneous Collection of Scarce and Curious Tracts, Historical, Political, Biographical, Satirical, Characteristical, etc., in Prose and Verse, only to be found in the Cabinets of the Curious, Interspersed with Choice Pieces from Original MSS., Collected by J. Morgan, Gent.," published in 1732. On pages 245-6 is the following statement, which occurs in a tract or pamphlet reprinted from the original printed in 1624:—"Did we not," says the Duke of Braganza, in a supposititious speech ascribed to that nobleman, "in '88 carry our business for England so cunningly and secretly, as well in that well-dissembled Treaty with the English, near Ostend . . . as in bringing our navy to their shoars, while their commanders and captains were at bowls upon the Hoe at Plymouth; and had my Lord Alonzo Guzman, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, had but the resolution (but, in truth, his commission was otherwise), he might have surprised them as they lay at anchor and the like." This appears to be good evidence, for if the statement made as to the date of this pamphlet is reliable, the story was currently known and believed less than forty years after the events were supposed to have taken place, and while many persons were living who would remember the incidents, and might have refuted them if incorrect. Then, again, this statement answers another point as to the precise locality of the Plymouth Bowling Green. Some authorities aver that the Bowling Green was on the site of the Royal Hotel, and not on the Hoe; but the evidence is inconclusive; others, that the Bowling Green was situated in Tavistock Road, close to Bedford Terrace, and that the house formerly occupied by Hele and Lanyon's School (now removed) was called Bowling Green House. There is no reason to doubt this, for without doubt every considerable inn in those days had its bowling green, as country inns have now their "skittle alley," and it is possible that there was an inn in this particular locality, sufficiently out of the town to be suburban, and yet sufficiently near to become a favourite resort of the young gallants of Plymouth on the main road leading from the town northwards.

But all the evidence points to the Hoe as the place where this game was carried on. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Hoe then extended from Lambhay to Millbay, that the huge Citadel was not then in existence, and that there were inns in the locality of Lambhay, either of which might answer to Kingsley's "Pelican," a name adopted doubtless because of its connection with one of Drake's ships. It is impossible now to locate the inn or the spot, and it would be equally futile to endeavour to prove that the bowls now preserved at Torquay were the identical bowls with which Drake played upon this memorable occasion.

Reference had already been made to the match played at Plymouth in 1888 between the Torrington Club and a club from Leeds. It is probable, therefore, that this North Devon club was the earliest formed in Devon. It is claimed that bowling has been in vogue at Torrington for several centuries, but unfortunately the records are lost. At Barnstaple the game was revived about twenty years ago, and it has now four flourishing clubs, viz., Barnstaple, Pilton, Victoria, and Newport. The Barnstaple Club is the senior club, and has a membership of about fifty. Bideford Club was started in 1892, and has a membership of fifty-two. Southmolton has a club of about thirty members, it was started about ten years since. Paignton Club has a membership of about sixty, and its popularity is rapidly increasing. The pastime was introduced into Torquay about fifteen years ago. The Torquay Club has a membership of seventy, the St. Marychurch and Babbacombe numbers fifty members, Dartmouth has thirty members, Exeter sixty, Totnes forty. Tiverton has also a large and flourishing club, while others are in course of formation at Cullompton, Newton Abbot, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Bishopsteignton, and other places. The addition of Plymouth to the list of bowling clubs in the West of England will doubtless give an additional impetus to this ancient game, for surely there can be no more appropriate spot than our historic Hoe for its revival. We trust that no time may be lost in preparing the ground and arranging the preliminaries in order that the club about to be constituted may play their opening match during the present summer. It would be but in keeping with the place and its associations if the players were dressed in sixteenth century costume (as were the contending teams in 1888), and that the opening proceedings should be fixed for July 19th, the date upon which the Spanish Armada appeared off our shores in 1588.



The destruction of the Armada; from a picture by SIR OSWALD W. BRIERLY.

—❧— The Dragon's Drum.* —❧—

(Continued from last No.)

A Comedy in One Act.

By Major W. P. DRURY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

FRANCIS DRAKE, *The Dragon*.

SIEUR DE MARCHAUMONT, *An Envoy*.

FRANCIS PRETTY, *A Gentleman Adventurer*.

THOMAS MOONE, *Carpenter of the "Golden Hind."*

JAN BREWER, *Drake's Trumpeter*.

ELIZABETH WYNTER

JOAN PRETTY,

THE QUEEN.

} *Maids of Honour.*

SCENE—*The deck of the Elizabethan galleon "Golden Hind" off Deptford, 4th April, 1581. On the one hand are the towering poop and poop-royal, on the other the drooping folds of sails with their cordage. Between two demi-cannons or culverins on the far side of the deck is the gangway port for entering and quitting the ship, and, slung round the base of the mainmast near the poop, is the ship's drum.*

Distant joy bells, violins, and hautboys playing morris dances, and the shouts of holiday-makers are heard without. Brewer and Moone discovered, the former wearing a tabard and carrying a trumpet-banner of Drake's colours, the latter adorned with a gold chain and silver whistle.

Eliz. Nay, twas at Captain Francis Drake, who, he did swear, hath again pillaged his Most Catholic Majesty's subjects on the seas. (*Moone drops his chain with a clatter on the deck.*)

Drake. The Ambassador, like the rest of the heathen, Madam, loveth vain repetitions.

Eliz. Wherein he differeth from the Queen's Majesty, who loves them so little that this last hath driven her to a frenzy.

Brewer. Heaven save us all! The wind hath changed again!

Eliz. There are many counts in the indictment——

Drake. I doubt it not!

Eliz. But the chiefest of them relateth to a certain rich galleon in the South Sea.

Brewer (to Moone). 'Twas she whose Captain you struck down.

Moone. I would I'd done no more than call him "Dog!"

Pretty (anxiously, to Elizabeth). Think you not that her Majesty's sudden anger will as speedily abate?

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Eliz. So little had it abated but twenty minutes since, I heard her swear, with one of her great oaths, that she would presently hang the "Master Thief" from his own yardarm!

Drake (ironically). "But twenty minutes since?" Why, then, methinks 'twas Pegasus himself that bore fair Mistress Wynter hither from London town!

Eliz. Gramercy! When said I that I heard the threat in London? *The Queen is here—at Deptford!*

Drake. The Queen?

Pretty. Here?

Brewer. At Deptford?

Moone (dabbing his forehead). And comes aboard?

Eliz. Yea, goaded to instant vengeance by Mendoza! Her Majesty together with the French Envoy and a round dozen of the Court, hath claimed an hour's hospitality of Master Mayor—who chafeth most disloyally at the costly honour! In the confusion of our arrival I contrived to slip unseen to the water-side, whence I took boat to warn thee.

Drake (thoughtfully). If she design to appease the Spanish Ambassador by hanging me, wherefore should she bring his rival, the French Envoy, in her train? A strange caprice, methinks, for the greatest sovereign in Christendom!

Eliz. The greatest sovereign in Christendom, Master Drake, is—a woman.

Moone (aside, hastily picking up his chain, and endeavouring—unsuccessfully to conceal it in his double.) Woman or not, an she see this I'll hang with the "Master Thief!"

Drake (overhearing him). Be not too uplifted, Master Moone; for verily I think thou'rt destined to hang alone! Mistress Wynter, I am much beholden to thee for thy timely warning—which I pray be not fraught with any peril to the fair monitor. My table is but newly set for dinner, and if, under Master Pretty's escort, you will so far honour me——?

Eliz. (hurriedly). I thank you, sir; but, though the peril you hint at is of no account so that Francis Drake be preserved to his country, I doubt not 'twould go ill with me should her Majesty, in her present temper, chance to discover my absence.

Drake (taking her hand, and leading her to the gangway). Why, then, fair lady, 'twould be but a poor return for all thy sweet compassion were I to stay thee longer. Master Pretty shall attend thee to the Mayor's——

Brewer (from the gangway). Nombre di Dios! His worship hath this moment handed the Queens Majesty into the royal barge!

Eliz. (in tears). Then Heaven help me! If I escape not from the ship ere she see me, I shall sleep to-night in the Tower!

Pretty. Quick, then! The boat in which you came is yet alongside—I'll go with thee.

Drake. Yea, and good fortune attend you both.

Brewer. 'Tis too late! The barge hath quit the stairs!

Moone (with a groan). Then I doubt not within the hour each one here will be a dead man!

Eliz. (smiling through her tears). Methinks not e'en her Majesty could make me that! Yet, so greatly is she angered, I do fear my head is none too safe upon my shoulders.

Pretty (his hand on his swordhilt). 'Od's death! I'll not be widowed by her ere I'm wed! I'll tell her we're betrothed, I'll dare her to her face——!

Drake. Nay, 'twould but anger her the more, our Virgin Queen (God bring her to a better mind!) having no stomach for the married state. Wherefore 'tis best that Mistress Wynter seek sanctuary within the cabin yonder, while we, with such sea artifice as we possess, give battle to the hurricane without!

Eliz. 'Twill prove a more pitiless, I doubt not, than any you encountered in the Indies. Oh, will you not flee in the cockboat ere the hurricane bursts?

Brewer (over his shoulder). Sir, the Queen's Majesty is near at hand!

Drake. Then sound a fanfare on thy trumpet, sirrah. (*To Elizabeth.*) The revellers yonder have the cockboat and her fellows. Nay, be not down-cast; I doubt not I shall yet live to dance at Mistress Pretty's wedding!

(*He leads her to the cabin door, bows low as she enters, and returns, as Brewer blows a fanfare.*)

Queen (*without, angrily to Joan Pretty*). Out upon thee for a white-faced craven! Get thee up into this pirate ship before me, jade!

Moone (*in difficulties with his chain, several links of which are ever peeping from his doublet.*) "Pirate ship!" Heard you that? Yea, now 'tis certain our wives will soon be widows!

Drake. Peace, babbler!

Queen (*without*). Up, I say! An they'll rid me of so timorous a fool, it shall atone for much!

Enter the Sieur de Marchaumont, leading by the hand Mistress Joan Pretty.)

Pretty (*aside*). How hast thou angered her, sister?

Joan (*sobbing*). Bess Wynter hath vanished—God knows whither, and the Queen threatens me with the Tower, swearing I am an accomplice!

Pretty. Nay, then, dry thy tears, Joan; for the present, Bess is safe enough.

Enter the Queen. She pauses in the gangway, as Brewer sounds another fanfare, and omnes makes obeisance.)

Queen (*over her shoulder.*) The rest of ye tarry in the barge till I have need of you. (*Confronting Drake.*) So, Master Thief of the unknown world, I marvel thou canst look me in the face!

Drake. And yet, Madam, to do the like is a daily necessity of navigation.

Queen. How mean you, sirrah?

Drake. To look on the glorious face of the meridian sun.

Queen. Yea, verily—wishing the while, I doubt not, that its mirrored gold upon the sea were ducats to be plundered from the Spaniard!

Drake. Nay, Madam, rather seeing therein Neptune's tribute money to—his Sovereign Lady.

Queen (*throwing up her hands*). Gramercy, what have we here? A hawk turned linnet? A corsair aping the gallant? Think you we have quitted our royal bed and journeyed these muddy miles betimes to discourse of sun-beams with a pirate?

Drake. Nay, Madam.

Queen. "Nay, Madam," I'll warrant thee; for, look you, Master Drake, thou art a most pestilent fellow, who, by bartering thy soul to the Devil, hast rendered thyself abhorrent to our devout and pious brother of Spain.

Drake (*aside*). Why, then, methinks I did barter it to some purpose.

Queen. Answer me not, sirrah! So great a terror art thou become to all his Majesty's subjects who pass on the sea or dwell within reach of it, the very mothers discipline their babes with menaces of Draco and his drum.

Drake. By which it would appear that I have lived to some purpose also.

Queen. Peace, and hear me out! This last affront hath so uproused all Spain that, except high justice be done upon the offender, Mendoza will quit London.

Drake. Whereby, methinks, London should gain some peace.

Queen. Ay, fool, and England war. The matter being pressing, we are come hither in our royal person to adjudge it; and, by the crown we wear, the evidence of but one Spanish ducat shall suffice to hang thee!

(*Moone's chain falls noisily on the deck.*)

Moone (*hurriedly stooping to recover it*). A murrain on it!

Queen. Nay, good Master Bo's'n, curse not a chain of office to which I doubt my Lord Mayor himself hath the fellow. We fain would examine so curiously wrought and noble an insignia.

Moone (*in abject terror*). Indeed, Majesty, 'tis not what your Madam conceiveth it to be, but rather a poor chain of brass appertaining to your Grace's nimble namesake, who—

Queen. My nimble namesake, fool?

Moone. Yea—Bess, or for short, Elizabeth—craving your Highness's pardon, whom Master Drake hath brought home out of Africa, and—

Queen. Who is this "Bess," sirrah?

Moone. Why, Madam, the bald-pated baboon, who—

Queen (to Drake). 'Odswoons! What is this mooncalf's name?

Moone. Nay, the "calf" is a superfluity, I being plain Master Moone.

Queen (mimicking his Devon accent). "Meune?" Then (*giving him a swinging box on the ear*) see stars! There's a touch of the sun for thee from which, I'll warrant, thou'lt not recover these ten minutes. (*To Marchaumont.*) Monsieur, a pleasant conceit hath taken us. *You* shall receive this plundered Spanish chain and restore it to Mendoza, thereby setting at rest the point at issue between you.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Marchaumont (bowing, hand on hilt). Which is to say, the sword-point. Madame, there is but one thing can set that point at rest—a favourable answer to my master's suit.

Queen. Marry come up! Am I a cook wench to be cajoled? Thy master, like other princes, must e'en wait.

Mar. (shrugging his shoulders). E'en as Mendoza must wait, ere he be enriched by me with this honest seaman's treasure. For, by my faith, Madame, now that I come to examine it, I do not find it at all of a *dessein espagnol*.

Elizabeth Wynter, *screened from the Queen's view by the intervening mast, appears, listening in the cabin doorway.*

Queen (angrily). It matters the less, Monsieur, since I find it so damnably of a design piratical that I am resolved to hang the master robber out of hand. To which end I pray you call up my officers of justice from the barge.

(The maid of honour, still screened by the mast, takes an involuntary step forward.)

Mar. Nay, I entreat your Majesty——

Queen. 'Od's death, Monsieur, I would have you know that Elizabeth of England neither asks nor commands twice!

Drake. One moment, Monsieur, I Pri'thee. *(To Queen.)* Madam, it would seem that I must be sacrificed to salve the wounded honour of Spain, and I stoop not to ask my life. But, because this late adventure, by bringing so great a renown to English arms and navigation, hath laid the foundation of your Majesty's sovereignty of the seas, I would crave a trifling boon.

Queen. Well, sirrah?

Drake (drawing his sword and presenting its hilt to the Queen, as he drops on one knee before her.) Rather than a pirate's end, which I deserve not, grant me that of a gentleman, which is my due.

Queen (taking the sword). Why, then, for the sake of that soft Devon speech of thine, which we have ever loved, so much grace we will grant thee. But *(drawing back the hilt and levelling the point at his breast)* as I am the daughter of King Harry, thou shalt die!

(Elizabeth Wynter in again starting forward, trips over a rope. To save herself from falling, she clutches at the drum, her fingers touching smartly on the parchment. Terrified, she draws herself up close to the mast, her face hidden in her hands.)

Drake (springing to his feet). The drum! Yea, 'tis surely mine evil genius!

Queen (craning her neck to look round the mast). Body of me! Then thine evil genius, like many a better man's, weareth a farthingale! *(She darts across to the mast, sword in hand, seizes Elizabeth by the wrists, and drags her—her hands still before her face—into view.)* So! As in the romance, this Dragon's cave imprisoneth a maiden—which of itself is reason enough why St. George should slay the monster.

Drake (wearily). Indeed, Madam, the Dragon careth so little, so that St. George continue to befriend a most innocent maiden.

Queen. Marry, we will first learn who is the maiden, and whether worthy of our royal favour. *(She endeavours to remove the girl's hands from her face.)*

Eliz. (struggling, to Pretty). Francis! Francis!

Queen (to Drake). "Francis," forsooth! A most innocent maiden, I doubt not! *(Forces Elizabeth's hands from her face, then drops them in sheer amazement.)* By the rood, this smelleth most vilely of treason!

Drake (sternly, as the girl clings tearfully to her lover). Nay, your Majesty hath not within the realm more loyal and loving subjects than those at this present about you. This lady, Madam, being sweetly solicitous that e'en so black a sinner as Francis Drake should have time for repentance, did hazard this stolen visit to advertise him of a strange portent.

Queen. A portent, knave?

Drake. That the Queen's Majesty and the hangman journeyed hither in company.

Queen. Then I trust she is now warning Master Gallant yonder that the hangman travels his way also. As for the trollop herself——

Pretty. Madam, you speak of my affianced wife!

Queen. Affianced bodikins! Sirrah, you speak of my late maid of honour that will presently be a prisoner within the Tower. With you I'll deal anon; meanwhile to rid the world of its most mischievous and dangerous peace-breaker! *(To Drake.)* Down on thy knees, villian!

Drake (obeying). My life is now, as it hath ever been, at your Majesty's disposal.

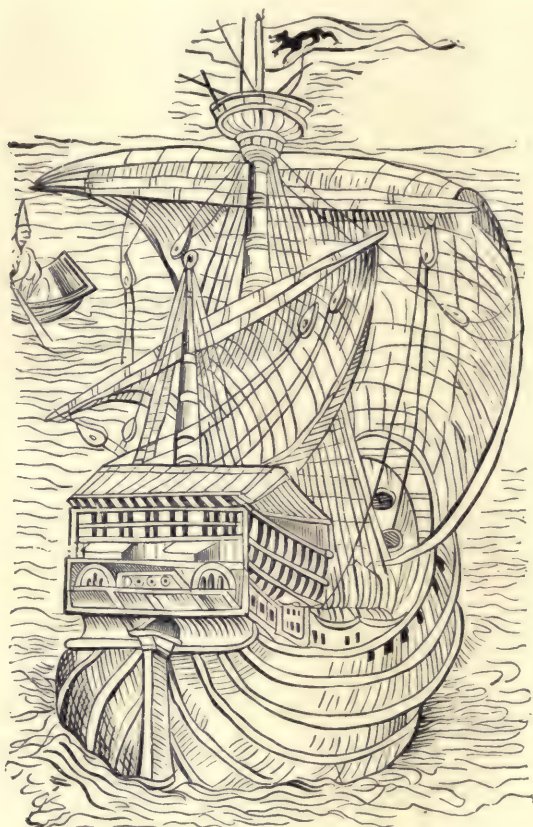
Queen. Stay! Methinks 'tis scarce a woman's work, e'en though that woman be a Tudor Queen of England. Monsieur de Marchaumont, rumour hath it that you are skilled alike in fence and in the science of anatomy. Thrust me this sword, I pray you, through yon pirate's heart.

Mar. Restore to him his weapon, Madame, and, though I have no quarrel with the gentleman, I will quickly show you where his heart did beat.

Drake. Yea, perchance—after I have laid thy head at her Grace's feet!

Queen. Peace, sirrah! Come, Monsieur, who knows? A well-directed thrust may prosper thy master's suit.

Mar. Your Majesty's memory is at fault. I am the Sieur de Marchaumont—not Mendoza!



Queen. Marry come up! Then it seemeth an English woman must do what a Frenchman dare not! By the rood, ye shall now see me make an end of this—*Master Drake! Omnes start forward with stifled cries as she raises the sword. But after pausing a moment she taps him lightly on the shoulder with the flat of the blade.*) Rise, Sir Francis!

Moone (after a moment's general silence). God save Queen Elizabeth!!

Omnes. God save the Queen!!

Queen. Yea, and see to it that ye help Providence to save her by being henceforth a safeguard, rather than a menace, to such as pass on the seas on their lawful occasions. But touching this misgotten treasure in thy hold, that Master Tremayne, the Plymouth justice, did register by our command for the information of Mendoza.

Drake (ruefully). Not a stray ducat escaped his worship's eye.

Queen. His head was answerable for his zeal, even as is the head of his worship of Deptford, whom we have enjoined to garner the plunder and give it safe conduct to the Tower.

Drake. Master Moone, with a dozen lusty mariners, shall aid his worship, Madam.

Queen. For which duty, and in compensation for his late sunstroke, it is our pleasure that Master Moone retain his "poor chain of brass!"

Moone (falling on his knees). I humbly thank your Majesty, and crave your Grace's pardon touching that invention of the bald-pated baboon. 'Twas a sudden prompting of the Devil——



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen. Who, it appeareth from many sources, hath an ever ready listener in Thomas Moone. Rise, fool, and mend thy ways. Sir Francis, upon later consideration we do think that thou art somewhat beholden to this absconding maid for her—how went the phrase?—yea, "sweet solicitude for so black a sinner."

Drake (laying his hand on Pretty's shoulder). So much beholden, that I do entreat your Majesty to commit her to a more natural guardian than the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Queen. Body of me, 'tis the block itself the wench deserveth, and yet we are minded to leave her punishment to Heaven! But since we would not have a maid of ours go dowerless e'en to so piratical and ill-named a husband as Master Pretty, we will enjoin his worship of Deptford to turn his broad back while our trusty and well-beloved Sir Francis Drake setteth aside a portion of ten thousand pounds' worth for himself and his men, together with a dowry meet for our god-daughter.

Pretty (taking Elizabeth Wynter's hand). Your Majesty——!

Queen (impatiently). Nay, nay, good people, this ride betimes hath hungered us past further endurance. Except Sir Francis stay us with sea victuals against our return journey to London, we are like to faint by the way.

Drake. Madam, my table is newly set for the noonday dinner of mine officers and myself. An your Majesty will so greatly honour us——?

Queen. Stay! Rumour hath it, Sir Pirate, that thy table silver came not out of London town.

Drake. Nay, Madam, nor yet out of Plymouth. Nevertheless I'll warrant you shall not see a Spanish piece amongst it.

Queen. Yea, doubtless—were we to sit at meat with fast-closed eyes!

Drake. Your Majesty's eyes shall neither be closed nor yet take cognizance of aught within the cabin—save one dazzling picture, which hangeth opposite the chair of honour.

Queen. A picture, say you?

Drake (with a profound bow). Within a mirror, Madam.

Queen. 'Odsbones and bodikins! I pray Heaven thou'lt make as good a knight as thou art pirate and courtier. But come (giving her hand to Drake), let us to dinner. So this is the drum, famed through all the world, which foretelleth great happenings to El Draco, and calleth his men in the day of battle!

Drake. Yea, Madam, and which I do verily believe would call them to England's succour e'en from their last sleep on the sea bed.

Queen. I' faith, Sir Francis, we believe it too. Wherefore, a goblet of Spanish wine with all despatch, I pray thee, wherein to pledge "The Dragon's Drum"!

(*Fanfare by Brewer. Exeunt Omnes.*)

At Dawlish.

I sat at rest on a lonely rock,

At Dawlish, by the sea;

'Twas about the hour of seven o'clock,

And a muse called after tea;

But I sat not alone on the gray gulls' throne,

For Satan sat with me.

And when do you leave this charming place,

Pray, when do you go? said he;

In a day or two at the farthest space,

I answered mournfully;

Then I shall depart with a heavy heart

Hence from this fair countree.

And why do you go to the ugly town,

And the life you left? said he;

If I were you, I would rather drown

Out in the sweet, salt sea,

Than ever hie back to the worry and rack

Of cares that wait for thee.

I thought of lives that were woven with mine,

And the life which is to be;

Said I, "In a page of the book Divine

I have read of one like thee,

Whose imps got into a herd of swine,

But you don't do the like with me."

When thus I spake of the holy book

I found we shouldn't agree,

For the Evil One gave me a greedy look,

And whither away went he.

I was sitting alone on the gray gulls' throne

At Dawlish, by the sea.



A WELL-KNOWN EXETER OFFICIAL OF A PAST GENERATION.

Health and Long Life in Devon.

MR. HARRY HEMS, the well-known sculptor, of Exeter, recently contributed a letter to the *Western Morning News*, commenting on the longevity of a certain Mr. F. P. Davies, a veteran member of the Exeter Sea Bathing Association. Mr. Davies, who, it appears, is eighty-three years of age, still takes his morning dip, with other swimmers, at Dawlish. He was in early life an engraver in London, and closely associated with the late Mr. Samuel Carter Hall (native of Topsham), founder and for many years editor of the *Art Journal*. Being "naturally of a somewhat delicate constitution," writes Mr. Hems, "Mr. Davies' all too close attention to the beautiful art to which he was wedded told upon him so seriously that he became apparently hopelessly consumptive, and a premature death appeared likely to cut off, all too soon, a brilliant artistic career. Failing strength forced him to give up his avocation. It was at this juncture he was recommended to try, as a forlorn hope, the air of Devon. Hence it was he came from London to Dawlish—came to die, but, thank God, stayed there to live, and still lives on. And long, we all trust, he may continue so to do. Probably the oldest resident in that pretty and popular seaside resort, he has certainly ever been one of the most useful of its many bright and progressive public spirits. Mr. Davies," continues Mr. Hems, "is not by any means the 'only Jones' who has become practically rejuvenated through residence in the balmy air of beautiful Devon. The late Mr. James Frederick Long, the well-known photographer, of Exeter (who, to the deep grief of all who knew him, passed away on October 7th, 1903, at the venerable age of eighty-four years) was another striking instance. He was born in Clerkenwell, London, on March 21st, 1819, and seven years later, and for many succeeding ones, was a chorister at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, London's grandest and most ancient parish church. When about thirty years of age his lungs became seriously affected, and his life was despaired of. Acting under advice, he left the City of London and came to reside in Exeter. He started business as a photographer, that art being then in its infancy. Within a year he quite recovered his health, which he retained all through life.

A Native and a Yankee in Old Plymouth.

IT is early evening when the Native and the Yankee arrive in the old town, and a stroll about the streets is suggested. The strangest impression, the most dreary feeling, is over me. Elsewhere in England I have been amused, interested, the most tireless of sightseers, knowing myself a stranger, and glorying in the novelty. We two have been such chums—such jolly chums, but this strange town in the very moment of our arrival has alienated us. To one of us the very stones cry “welcome,” and every house is a friendly face, and between the two a gulf has arisen that nothing can bridge.

So we walk to the Hoe, of which the Yankee has already a glowing idea, gathered from the frequent description by the Native. Here it is—a grassy height, its rough worn rock face turned to the Sound, its picturesque boldness thwarted and mocked by a promenade pier, which the Native tells the Yankee (and thank goodness!) was not there in his day. From it comes the music of a band concert, mingling not unpleasantly with the splash of water in the little rocky pools beneath us. Across the harbour lies the Breakwater, and away out, dimly seen in the distance, is the Eddystone Lighthouse.

What can a Yankee say of this beautiful bay, with the wooded heights of Mount Edgcumbe on the right, and the frowning bastions of Staddon Heights at the left? What can she do, but challenge comparison with that other harbour, 3,000 miles away, where the tide ebbs and flows between a dozen or more little islands, lying placidly asleep in the afternoon sunshine. The Native is years and years away from her. What thronging memories, what shadowy figures come and go across the green sward; men, women, and children, who, thirty years and more ago were wont to saunter here—all visible, real personalities to the Native; all unexplainable to the Yankee, who looks on things as a “rank outsider,” and feels a vague regret permeate the interest and novelty of the scene.

There is a shocking want of appreciation in the Native. He comes to his boyhood's home, and finds it progressive and up-to-date, and lo, he regrets the past disreputability. Looked at with Yankee eyes, this vanishing of street after street, house after house, is a distinct advancement, proving to her astonished mind that the English are not as slow as New Englanders are taught to believe. Very creditable indeed to replace a street of slums by the new Guildhall, but it is somewhat of a shock to the inhabitant of a city, which seems to have a quasi-reverence for the back streets. Yet, while the Yankee admires the Guildhall, she is fain to confess, and the Native reluctantly agrees, that the Prince of Wales in frock coat and high hat is a grotesque combination for stained glass. Even loyalty to the throne has its limits.

There is a small church, without much history, up a side street; and there is glorious old St. Andrew's in the Square. In one the Native went to Sunday School; in the other, how many monuments of the past are there of the great and good of Plymouth history? Yet the Native, curiously enough, lingered longer in Christ Church than in St. Andrew's, where the Yankee was fascinated by mural tablets and musty monuments, and was remembering the tale how a service was going on in the church some three hundred years ago, when the news came that Drake had just landed from his voyage round the world, and forth the congregation rushed pell-mell, leaving no one with the preacher.

To one bred in a country where the military in time of peace is conspicuously uninteresting, where the volunteer soldiers are about half-drilled and half-

disciplined, the sight of an English regiment is one never to be forgotten. The Yankee will cheerfully accord all praise to the gallantry of the American soldier in war, but a daughter of the Native could not but be proud of an English ancestry when the men who keep the Empire march past.

“Because on the bones of English the English flag is stayed.”

In the same way the great dockyards leave an indelible impression. These mighty ships, these munitions of war, these dapper, smart marines and handy, horny tars, how much they contribute, after all, to the peace of the world. Your arbitration is all very fine, but it does not make the heart beat and the pulses thrill, and the eyes glow, as the sudden rattle of drums or a bugle call can do. The Yankee is glad that her land has waked at last to the call of the fighting spirit in its blood, that vigour and force so far transcending the sordid money-getting instincts, so often attributed to the Yankee.

It would take long to tell how the Native and the Yankee went about Plymouth and its environs in that one short week, and how the ghosts followed them; how at every turn the notion that they must walk as in a holy place, was over even the flippant Yankee, who could not but feel her strangeness, nay, almost her intrusion in the personality attaching to the place, till—they came to the Barbican. And here the Yankee scores. For is not this tablet hers by right of kinship with the new land, of neighbourhood with the new Plymouth:

“On the 6th of September, 1620, in the mayoralty of Thomas Fownes, after being kindly entertained and courteously used by diverse friends there dwelling, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, in the Providence of God, to settle in New Plymouth, and to lay the foundation of the New England States. The ancient causeway whence they embarked was destroyed not many years afterwards, but the site of their embarkation is marked by a stone bearing the name “*Mayflower*” in the pavement of the adjacent pier. This tablet was erected in the mayoralty of J. T. Bond, 1891, to commemorate their departure and a visit to Plymouth of a number of their descendants and relatives.”

The Native thinks there must have been more of heart than head in the selection of Plymouth as a name for the peaceful strip of sandy shore of Massachusetts Bay, which has about as much in common with its godmother as a hardy mariner might have with a phlegmatic Dutch burgomaster. Plymouth the placid, and Plymouth the plodding! Both of you have held in your grasp the destinies of a race. Both of you have stood for the supremest ideals of human progress, and who so great as to say which of you was the greater in the day of your achievement? Certainly neither the Native or the Yankee, who as she trips warily over the slimy pier, where the Plymouth fishermen have their wares spread out for sale on the ground, cannot help wondering at the contrast of the busy Cattewater, with the sunny serenity of that other Plymouth bay. “It hath an ancient and a fish-like smell.” It hath a quaint and ancient look too to strangers’ eyes. These fishing luggers with the big P.Z. on their sides,—the Native has the most delightful memories of these and of days in Cornish coves when he was chief engineer (hyperbole for cook) of such another one, being then about twelve years old or so.

Another day the Native pointed out at the top of a steep street leading to the water front the site of the old palace. It was funny to think of a palace just there. “Here stood, when I was a boy,” said the Native, who dearly loves to play the showman, “the tumbledown remains of the palace where Katherine of Arragon lodged, on her landing in England to become the bride of Prince Arthur, the same unfortunate Katherine, who afterwards wedded Henry VIII. It was only an old rookery, as I remember it, but think of its centuries of history, and now——” a scornful gesture indicated the modern public school that had taken the place of the palace. To the Yankee of the new land, so proud of its schools, there came readily the argument of the glories of education, modern advancement, the age of progress, and the like, but the Native shook his head regretfully.

But there is one thing in Plymouth that brings no regret to the Native, nor calls for scorn on the part of the Yankee. It is the Armada memorial, and the Yankee has a thrill of pride when she thinks of it. Here stands Britannia, facing the sea, her trident in her hand, and the lion by her side—at first sight a suggestion of mighty power and lofty pride in the same. But look again. What words are these on the tablet beneath? "He blew with His winds and they were scattered." Not ours the glory, but the Lord's. Our glory only that the Almighty hand is over us. That is the story of the tercentenary monument of the Armada, and the great pride in a Higher Power is in the silent dignity of the figure. Read in this wise, this is the noblest statue in the world, for the nation that is proud enough to be humble is great enough to endure:

"Broad-based upon the people's will,
And 'compassed by the inviolate sea."

When their visit is over, and the Native and the Yankee prepare to return to the neighbourhood of the daughter Plymouth, strangely enough it is the Yankee who regrets and the Native who is silent. But when the time comes that we see the lights of Boston Harbour, it is the Yankee whose eyes are wet, and who has forgotten the mighty ships of war and the quaint fishing boats, in the sight of the ocean freighters, the screaming tug boats, and the schooners that swarm in this hustling, bustling, modern seaport.

[The writer of the above, now, alas, deceased, was for many years resident in Plymouth, Devon. After the absence of a quarter of a century he returned, with his daughter, to revisit the scenes of his early years; this little sketch resulted. The writer, Mr. George B. Perry, had made a name for himself in Boston, U.S.A., where he wrote and published many books. He was a personal friend of the Editor of *Devonia*.]



Notes from Towns.

WE give herewith a further instalment of the official notes and notices received from honorary local secretaries and others, in response to our application for information on accommodation, local scenery, sport, fishing, golfing, shooting, motoring, cycling, etc. These notes are intended to supplement the descriptive paragraphs which appear from month to month in the *Devonia* Supplement; and we trust to receive frequent communications of a practical and useful character. We regret that some of these were crowded out last month.

Dawlish.

The arrangements for visitors to Dawlish for the season are well ahead; and attractions provided far in advance of previous years. A series of Concert Parties will give daily concerts and entertainments on the Lawns. These will be under the control of the local Committee, and will be changed every fortnight, thus giving variety and change as well as ensuring first-class performances. The water supply of the town is practically unlimited, and, however dry the coming summer may be, no anxiety need be felt as to any shortage of water, as the Town Council are fully alive to the absolute necessity of a full and pure supply of water, and their arrangements in this respect are beyond question.

Dawlish as a centre for "doing" the County cannot very well be surpassed. Moderate cost of living; reasonable charges for apartments, combined with easy accessibility of all the places of interest either by rail, drives, or sea—all render it a charming and restful resort for visitors.

The Sea Bathing at Dawlish is as safe as it could possibly be anywhere. Family bathing is provided for as well as separate bathing place for gentlemen.

GOLFING.—The Golf Links are well situated on the Warren, about one mile from the town, and reached either by Rail, Motor, or pleasant walk along the Sea Wall.

Tennis Courts and New Bowling Green now laid out on the Public Lawns, open for the use of all visitors and residents. Cricket Club Fixtures. Tennis Tournament second week in August.

YACHTING & BOATING.—Dawlish Regatta and Sailing Matches, Thursday August 8th.

SWIMMING.—Swimming Matches will be held in August. Water Polo Matches at intervals during summer.

MOTORING, &c.—Motor Garage, for repairs and all accessories, in High Street. The principal hotels all provide garage accommodation.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. F. G. AVANT, 26 Strand, Dawlish.

Honiton.

THERE is ample accommodation for visitors both at hotels and other temperance houses. Trains run very frequently to and from London, and excursions every day during the summer months to the seaside places such as Sidmouth, Seaton, Exmouth, Lyme Regis, and Budleigh Salterton, all of which are within a short distance of Honiton. Reading rooms are attached to the various clubs. The roads are in good condition, and an excellent supply of pure water is obtained from the St. Cyres Waterworks, which have during the past few years been constructed at a large outlay. The town is well lighted by gas, and the health of the Borough is exceedingly good.

HUNTING, POLO, &c.—During the hunting season the hounds meet in and near Honiton. Central for East Devon Fox Hounds, Axe Vale Harriers, and Cotley Harriers.

FISHING.—A good deal of trout fishing in the River Otter can be done by obtaining permission of the owners of the fishing rights.

SHOOTING.—Shooting is also to be had in large quantities; there is a good Rifle Club.

GOLFING.—The golf links are about a mile from the town.

MOTORING, &c.—There is Garage accommodation for twenty cars at the Dolphin Hotel, with inspection pit, and no charge is made to visitors using the hotel.

OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.—There are some fine old Roman Camps near Honiton, and places of historical interest, such as Hembury Fort, etc., etc.

Situated amidst the beautiful pastoral scenery for which East Devon is so justly famed, Honiton world-renowned for its lace, is just the spot for the jaded dweller from a big city seeking a quiet spot to pass a quiet, restful holiday, wherein to gain fresh health and vigour. Situated on the main line, Honiton has kept abreast with the times, and intending visitors will find ample accommodation in the hotels in the town, while there are plenty of private apartments to be obtained at reasonable figures. As a residential district, it is hard to equal, and permanent resident or casual visitor will find their wants excellently catered for by the numerous fine and well stocked shops in the town. Visitors of diverse tastes will find opportunity to indulge in their favourite pastimes in the district. The hunting man will find plenty of hunting, no less than three packs of hounds meeting within easy distance, while but a mile or two away at Spence Cross is the ground of the well-known Otter Vale Polo Club. Fishermen will find excellent sport in the river Otter. In addition to the free stretches of water, fishing tickets are easily obtainable from farmers from 2s. 6d. upwards. Plenty of shooting is to be had in the season. Followers of Cricket, Football, Hockey, Lawn Tennis, will find ample scope for indulging in their favourite pastime, several clubs being in existence in the town. There is also a flourishing Rifle Club.

The hills in the neighbourhood with their gorse-clad commons, form veritable happy hunting grounds to naturalists, teeming as they do with all kinds of curious and rare flora and fauna, while the numerous tumuli and the remains of the Roman forts on Dumpton, Hembury Fort, and Dunscombe Castle on Gittisham Hill will prove of the greatest interest to the antiquarian. The geologist will find it a district that repays a search. The lovely panoramic succession of views, extending to the coast on one hand, to Dartmoor on another, and to the swelling uplands of Exmoor in another quarter, to be obtained from the hills around, charm and delight all. Both the artist and photographer will find many charming spots in the hills and dales of the neighbourhood.

The healthfulness of the vale of Honiton is proved by the low death rate and the absence of zymotic diseases. The new waterworks, recently constructed on St. Cyres Hill, ensure an ample supply of good, pure water. Honiton makes an excellent centre for excursions. During the summer daily excursions run to Seaton, Lyme Regis, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Exmouth, etc. With the advent of the rail motor came a much-improved service with Exeter, rendering it easy for the visitor to take daily trips to Dawlish, Teignmouth, and other South Coast watering places and parts of Dartmoor. There are also fast trains daily between Honiton and London. There are a number of beautiful drives in the neighbourhood, and excellent posting accommodation is to be had. Motor trips can also be indulged in. The roads have been greatly improved during the past few years, and both cyclists and motorists will find that they compare favourably with many districts. Local maps, guides, etc., can be readily obtained, rendering the discovery and exploration of the natural beauties of the neighbourhood easy. There are several places of historical interest in the district. Some distance down the Exeter road is the site of an ancient battlefield; St. Michael's Church, (dating from the 15th century) with its rood screen, stated to be the finest in the West; the numerous venerable village churches; the old Manor Houses in the district; the country hamlets with their wealth of legendary lore, all well repay the visit of the student of old-world places, customs, and habits. In Allhallows School the town possesses a fine public school. There is a Y.M.C.A. and Working Men's Club, to which membership can be easily obtained. The annual two days' Fair in July is interesting if only for its antiquity, dating back, as it does, to the days of King John, and for its quaint opening ceremony. The annual Agricultural Show in the autumn is an event of some importance and a great attraction in the district.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. H. BANFIELD, Honiton.

Okehampton.

COACHING TRIPS FROM OKEHAMPTON.—Heywood's Char-a-Bancs run from Railway Station at 11-15 a.m., as follows:—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, to Chagford and Fingle Bridge; Wednesdays and Fridays, to Berry Down and Kestor Rock; Mondays, to Meldon Viaduct and Lydford, permission being granted tourists to view Gorge and Waterfalls. Either trip affords excursionists a view of some of the choicest hill and dale scenery in the county.

FISHING.—Excellent Trout Fishing in East and West Okement Rivers. Licenses obtainable from White Hart Hotel. Leave from land owners.

CRICKET.—Town Club play home or away matches each Wednesday afternoon.

SWIMMING.—A capital swimming bath with easy reach of the town is open daily from 7 a.m.

CYCLING.—Club recently formed, with strong membership. Runs Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

MOTORING.—Cars are obtainable and ample garage provision given at either Messrs. S. Day and Sons or Messrs. J. Glass and Sons.

COMING EVENTS.—On the 8th of July, 1907, the Lord Mayor of London visited Okehampton and formally opened a new Park, which has been given to the town by Mr. Sidney Sommons, of London, who is a native of Okehampton.

GENERAL.—During the year extra targets and accommodation have been provided at the Volunteer Range. This enabled the annual meeting of the Devon County Rifle Association to be held at Okehampton this year instead of at Honiton as hitherto.

MUSIC.—The Volunteer and Excelsior Bands, under the conductorship of Mr. J. Holwill and Mr. James Ccombe respectively, frequently play in the evening during the summer months.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. J. D. PRICKMAN, Okehampton.

Paignton.

THE accommodation for visitors is ideal in quantity, some hundreds of private houses having apartments to let, hotels and boarding-houses in plenty. Nevertheless, the August demand for rooms is tremendous, so intending visitors should book early. Plenty of coaching and motoring, roads good; water supply now one of the best in the kingdom, with the Moorland supply on tap; lighting chiefly by good incandescent lamps; health good, town generally free from infectious disease, and few cases that at times occur below average for Devon.

HUNTING.—During winter South Devon Foxhounds, Dart Vale Harriers, Britannia Beagles.

FISHING.—Fine river and sea fishing in abundance.

SHOOTING.—Plenty in district. Rifle Club holds weekly shoots on capital range at Blagdon.

GOLFING.—Churston Links (18 holes), acknowledged to be one of the best in the West. Here some important competitions, with large entries, take place; five minutes' train journey from heart of Paignton.

CRICKET, BOWLS, AND TENNIS.—Abundance of all three in Queen's Park. The August Cricket "week" means a practical month. Bowling Green in good condition and now about the best in Devon, on testimony of all visiting teams. Tennis Courts always ready and well used in Queen's Park.

FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY.—Good Rugby and Soccer in winter, with Paignton Hockey Club in existence.

YACHTING AND BOATING.—Good. Many boats ply for hire from the Harbour.

SWIMMING.—The bathing is acknowledged to be the finest on the coast—mixed from tents, machines; Pier and free at Goodrington. Sands level, smooth, and firm. The Paignton Swimming Club going strong, plenty of members who bathe from Pier.

CYCLING.—Good roads; very pleasant cycle run round Green (over a mile).

MOTORING.—Garages at hotels and elsewhere. Good facilities generally.

OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.—Natural History Society, Literary Society, etc.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. H. D. HIGGS, *Observer* Office, Paignton.

Teignmouth.

THIS town, one of the principal seaside resorts in Devon, is situated in a deep bay facing the English Channel. It is built on the southern slopes of the Haldon Hills, part of Dartmoor range, and consequently sheltered on the north and east, whilst its south aspect, and the genial influence of the Gulf Stream, combine to make the town an ideal winter and spring resort. The amount of sunshine even in winter is exceptionally large, and the sheltered coombes and valleys, which abound near the town, enable walks and drives to be enjoyed during practically every month in the year.



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VII.]

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

[No. 3.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.

Devonshire in September.

THE holiday season is waning. But there are many people who are looking forward to a good time in September. There will not be the difficulty experienced during August in obtaining apartments at Ilfracombe, Seaton, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Lynton, and the numerous other watering places; nor will there be any rush for the inland health resorts which are to be found all over the county. But, given fine weather—and there is some due to us yet—September is a delightful time for a holiday in Devonshire. The hedgerows will be filled with blackberries, and the hazel bushes will be laden with nuts. The hum of the reaper will be heard, for the harvest is backward and some corn still remains to be garnered. Then will follow the thanksgiving services, when our dear old village churches will be decorated with choice specimens of the fruits of the earth; when from thousands of throats will arise songs of praise to the Giver of all good gifts.

September is one of the loveliest months of the year. This is the time when the Devonshire orchards put on their brightest colouring, when the apples shine and glisten in the sun. Apples are scarce this year. But here and there amber, and gold, and red, and green, will intermingle with the leaves which are now turning colour, and the ground underneath the trees will grow ruddy with the fallen fruit.

Away in the Exmoor district stag hunting will be in full swing. Otter hunting is about finished, and river fishing is approaching its end. The Dart salmon season for rods closes at the end of the month, but the Axe season continues until the 20th November. The golf links in the county will receive an influx of visitors. It has lately been a wee bit too warm for doing the big course at Westward Ho! or even the smaller but equally picturesque one at Seaton.

There will be a host of amusements for visitors during the month. The first week was formerly known as "the Devonshire week," and athletic sports then took place in several of the principal East Devon towns. Exeter opened the ball on the last day of August. On the 2nd September Exmouth will do its part in perpetuating the Devon Week, and on the 11th, there will be sports at Torrington. On the 5th, the Sidmouth agricultural show will take place. On the 11th, Axminster; followed by the Okehampton exhibition on the next day. On the 13th, Devonshire marksmen will try their skill against those of the other Western Counties on the Bedminster range; the following day the Y.M.C.A. at Exeter is holding a huge bazaar, with many attractions, in the beautiful grounds at Streatham Hall. Then on the 18th, there will be a grand cyclists' carnival at Exeter in aid of local charitable institutions. It promises to be fully up to the average of former years—in fact great efforts are being made to eclipse previous displays. On September 28th, there will be a civic reception at Exeter of the delegates attending the South Western Federation of Trades Councils, and the business of the Conference will take place during the following week.

Bell-ringing holds a high position in the county. On the 14th, the Exeter Ringing Cycling Club, a branch of the Devonshire Guild, commences its annual tour, and this year will visit the South Hams district. This is a part of the county where change ringing is not much practised, and the members hope to stimulate an interest in the newer methods of campanology. It is proposed to visit the towers of Kingsbridge, South Milton, Malborough, Thurlestone, West Alvington, Churston, Aveton Gifford, Bigbury, Modbury, and Ugborough. The bells at Aveton Gifford—eight in number—were recently restored at the expense of the Rev. W. D. Pitman.

Partridge shooting commences on the 1st of the month, and then soon after we shall be entering upon the season of autumn, when

Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

W. G. WILLIS WATSON.

The Rivers ———
——— of Devon.



.. THE TEIGN..

"Specially written for Devonia."

THE Teign, in common with most of our Devonshire rivers, rises upon the Dartmoor heights, and in common with them also, is cradled in a desolate lone spot far from the iron road, and not very easy of access. The river has two heads, the North Teign and the South Teign; the South Teign has its beginning just below the two ruined sacred circles called the Grey Wethers, and is considered a mere tributary of the North Teign, the longer and the larger of the two, which rises in the region of bogs and moorland morasses, behind Sittaford Tor. This birthplace of North Teign is not far from Cranmere Pool, and both streams in their infancy wander along shallow



FINGLE BRIDGE.

Photo by W. R. Gay, S. Brent.

channels cut through the granite, fed by the bogs, the natural reservoirs of the Devon waterways, which abound here. You may be walking along a ridge of one of the great hills upon firm ground, when there is a sudden glint of vivid green, a bit of bog myrtle, an exquisite cushion of emerald moss, and—if you be a tenderfoot wandering upon Dartmoor for the first time, ten to one but you will be taking toll of the black mire before you know where you are. These bogs are the very sources of such rivers as Tamar and Torridge, of Teign

and of Dart, and, little more than a mere trickle of water at first, they gain volume as they journey along, until, as they near the sea, they bear the ships of England's Navy and the great vessels of commerce upon their broad bosoms.

Teign is a swift, impetuous river, seemingly in great haste to achieve its destiny, and merge itself in the greater waters at Teignmouth. It receives little affluent rills and contributions from many sources as it goes, and soon after leaving Sittaford Tor behind, it is bridged by the slabs of granite laid upon granite piers in the primitive fashion one grows accustomed to upon the moors. Some of these bridges are older than history itself, and may have been placed where we see them to-day long before the Christian era; others are mushroom affairs only a few centuries old. This is a district of antiquities; and dolmen, stone avenues, stone circles, and archæological remains generally lure many antiquaries and learned folk hither every year, when sunshine and blue skies proclaim it once again high summer.



ASHTON BRIDGE.

Photo by W. R. Gay, S. Brent.

Before the coming of the Roman legions, these rugged slopes, this well-watered bit of land were the chosen home of the early Britons, our forbears, and these are their granite monuments. Looking away over the heather and the gorse, hearing the plaintive cry of the curlew, seeing nothing to suggest human habitations and humanity, one wonders who built that circle on Scorhill, and for what reason? Do those upright stones running in avenues along the sides of the Down lead to the grave of some great chief of old time? What like were the people who lived in these stone huts, who drove their cattle to the cattle pounds which we see in this Teign country? There is nothing to tell us; the aboriginals of these primitive villages, whose blood still runs in our veins, some of whose characteristics we still retain, since in nature nothing is lost, have long since returned to the dust, and they have left no other records than these.

Climbing to see the great rock basin on Kestor, one has a grand view of the moor. Teign comes down like a ribbon of silver from its source, four miles away. These are the cloudy hill-tops of Long Ridge and Sittaford Tor, the latter crowned with its logan stone, rising 1,764 feet above the level of the sea.

Across the valley, 'twixt the Teign and Wallabrook, are the oddly-massed rocks of Watern Tor. Northward the undulations rise like waves, higher and higher still to Cosdon. Eastward lies the beautiful country which encloses the moorland town of Chagford. Chagford is a charming moorland town in the summer; in winter it is apt to be dreary and forbidding, though sport-loving folk do choose to winter there for the sake of the hunting as well as for reasons of health. The "Three Crowns" is a famous hostelry, and it was in its quaint roomy porch that Sidney Godolphin was killed in a *melée* between Royalists and Roundheads in the Civil War. The "Spinster's Rock," a big cromlech on the top of a hill near Chagford, is one of the lions of the place; Holy Street Mill is another; and the name of Chagford will conjure up for many nature lovers excursions upon Dartmoor, and chats with Perrot the Guide, who, alas, has now passed to fields Elysian.

The South Teign flowing down by Fernworthy, and the North Teign hurrying along by way of Gidleigh Park and the Gorge, meet and merge in one at Leigh Bridge, a lovely resting place for the wayfarer who is footweary after



FINGLE BRIDGE.

Photo by W. R. Gay, S. Brent.

his miles of wandering along the course of the river. The air is full of sound, be the time of day what it will, and the summer never so dry. For the river makes a rapid descent, and the gorge with its boulders and rocky channel, against which the waters chafe and roar, echoes the music of the river everlastingly. Great masses of rock brought down from the high moors by sudden freshets, are laced by foaming spate of water, and one gets a vivid impression of the ways of God in the fastnesses of nature.

The Gorge of the Teign has been compared to one of the best examples of Scotch Highland scenery, and the rocks are of carboniferous strata, quite different to the granite through which Teign has journeyed hitherto. The finest river gorge of the county, it should be seen from the bottom, with the blue sky above, and framed between the hard masses through which the river has cut its way; and also from the heights of Prestonbury Castle. For the six miles or so to which the gorge extends, from its beginning at Hunt's Tor to Dunsford Bridge, with many windings and curves, it shows many an exquisite bit of

river scenery, and many a wonderful picture of rock wall and narrow rock channel. In places the wall of sheer culm rises over eight hundred feet above the bed of the river, and again the waters rush over the shallows, where the markings made by pebbles brought down-stream, clearly show how the great "pot holes," which an earlier age attributed to Druids, are formed without any human agency whatever.

The Fingle valley is lovely all the way along. At Fingle Bridge one looks at the wonderful purple hill rising behind it, clothed with heather from its base laved by Teign, to its crest, crowned by the ancient Roman earthworks, rising against the sky line. This was very possibly the scene of one of the sanguinary battles between the Romans and the Aborigines, and was certainly a fortress occupying the position of a watch tower, set among the folds of the hills and commanding the river and the moors. For a few miles farther there are boldly jutting headlands of rock and grey escarpments of granite cropping up among patches of heather, then we reach Dunsford village, and leave the river to look at the Fulford monument in the church, for the Fulfords are of the old aristocracy of Devon; and at the fine seat of Great Fulford, a few miles away, Charles I. slept when he was in the county with his army.



OLD CANONTEIGN.

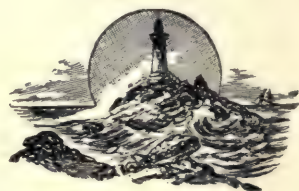
Photo by W. R. Gay, S. Brent.

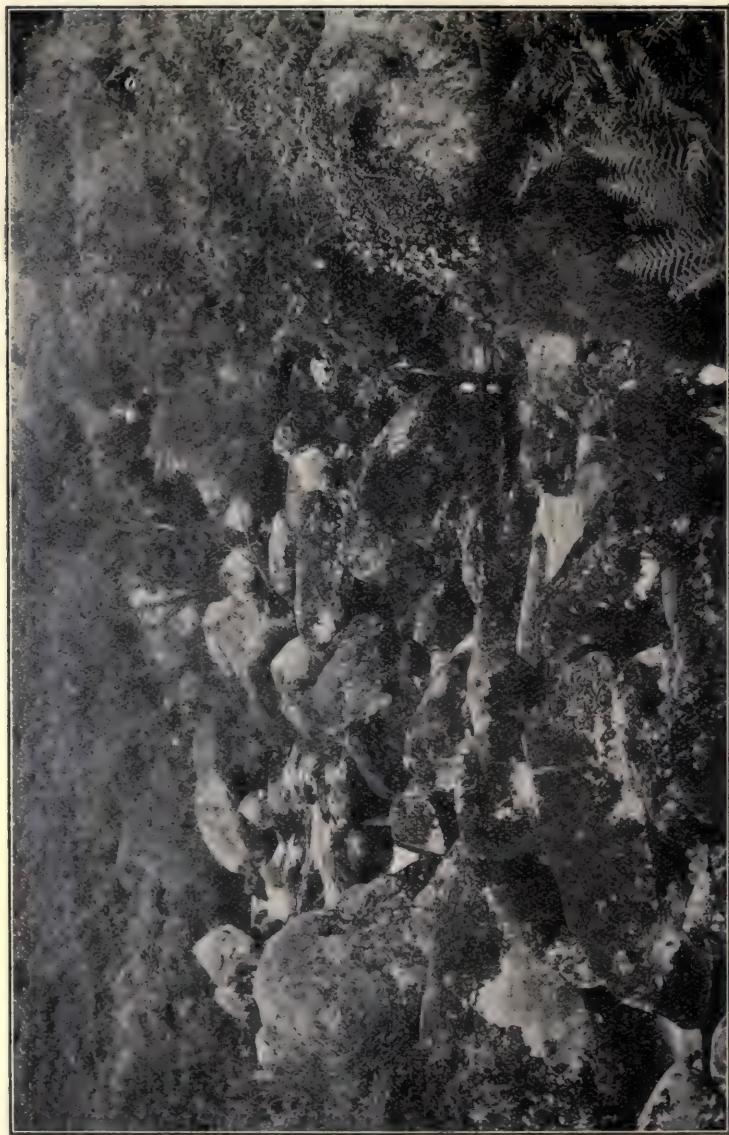
From Dunsford onward the scenery becomes more sylvan and of pastoral softness, green fields and a solitary farm or two appear; then we reach the sweet village of Christow, associated with Blackmore's romance, "Christowell." The church is worth visiting. It has carved bench ends, a Norman font, and two screens. There are interesting monuments to the Pellew's, notably one to Edward, Viscount Exmouth. A little distance farther on another church beguiles us to leave the valley of the Teign and climb the slope to Ashton. The fine building has a good screen reaching across the church, ornamented with figures of saints; a parclose screen separates the north aisle from the chancel, and here again we have quaintly conceived figures of saints. Going forward to Chudleigh, we make a brief detour to peep at Canonteign, a Tudor manor house of the days of Elizabeth. It withstood a siege during the Civil War, but eventually was stormed and taken by Fairfax. After passing Chudleigh

Bridge the land all about becomes pastoral. Chudleigh Rock, the great limestone mass, which attracts many visitors, is finely wooded, and from the top one can look out at the little town of Chudleigh, upon the rolling heights of Dartmoor, and across the glen to Lord Clifford's place, beautiful Ugbrooke. Here is a delightful spot, a fern-haunted gorge in the rocky Teign region which compares favourably with anything of its kind in the county. Giant boulders over which a stream races and laughs, joining the Teign lower down. Chudleigh Cavern adjoins the ruins of all that remains of the episcopal palace, built in the twelfth century, one of the summer residences of the early Bishops of Exeter. Chudleigh Church dates from the thirteenth century, and has a fine oak screen, and though Chudleigh is not interesting in itself, it is a good centre for seeing the beautiful scenery hereabouts. The valley through which runs the Wrey, one of Teign's chief tributaries, is lovely; Lustleigh, one of the prettiest of Devon villages; Lustleigh Cleave, a place beloved of artists; and quiet little Manaton, where the busy world seems far enough away. Teignrace is passed, then Kingsteignton; then Newton Abbot, with its great network of railway lines, and its links with the past claims attention, though not actually on the Teign. In Wolborough Street William of Orange made his declaration and was first proclaimed King of England. Ford House, where King Charles stayed (a famous old manor house of the Courtenays), and Bradley, a fortified manor house, with a fourteenth century chapel lying in a lovely glen, through which flows the Bradley Brook, another of Teign's "feeders," are interesting features of the town.

Below Newton the river soon becomes an estuary, and from now on it is tidal. The walk from Newton to where the river joins the sea, gives an opportunity for seeing some fine and varied scenery. The way by Milber Hill shows the lower portion of the Teign Valley and some of the Dartmoor tors silhouetted on the sky-line. The Combe-in-Teignhead schoolhouse, with carved oak mullions, the small red church of the hamlet, are passed, and then we see Combe Cellars; an inn famous for cockles; getting pleasant peeps at Hey Tor and Rippon Tor as we go, presently finding ourselves beside the Teign again.

Grown at a bound from a moorland stream into an estuary, and bearing a multitude of craft upon its dancing waters, Bishopsteignton comes into view, and then, on turning a corner, all at once we espy Teignmouth and the open sea; Shaldon, connected with Teignmouth by a bridge of many openings, looks pretty in the sunshine of a warm evening following a day of soft showers. The red sandstone cliffs, with grass and flowers all about them, make a vivid splash of colour against the deep blue of the sea. The Ness stands out grandly, its foliage and the red of its walls being reflected in the water below. This is the mouth of our river, and beyond are red rocks and the sea wall, built by Brunel, to guard his iron road from the waves. A pleasant, picturesque little town is Teignmouth; pretty villas and prettily planned terraces rise upon the hillside, and from its crest we can follow the convolutions of the coast, bays, headlands, and creeks for many a mile, the Bill of Portland being visible upon a fine, clear day.





"THE ONLY SOUND IS RUNNING WATER,"
Illustration from "My Devonshire Book," see page 154.



"THE HEART AND SOUL OF DEVON IS THE MOOR."
Illustration from "My Devonshire Book," see page 154.

“My Devonshire Book.”

MR. J. HENRY HARRIS, the author of the book with the above alluring title, is well known to Devonshire people; in fact, his “Cornish Saints and Sinners” is one of the most delightful books ever written about the “Delectable Duchy,” of which he is a worthy son.

The book before us differs somewhat from its Cornish forerunner in that it deals more with the history and traditions of Devonshire than with the glamour and romance incident to the most westerly county. Cornwall stands alone as a land of saints and sinners, and there is nothing in history or literature that can compare with it; but Devon, Fair Devon, the “land of junket and cream,” has charms all its own, and can very well afford to be taken in a different category to her sister county—the land of giants and saints—Cornwall.

The volume before us is not a history, it is not a guide book, it is not a topographical description; in fact, it is nothing, as defined by the canons of criticism; but for all that, it is a most delightful *omnium gatherum* of odds and ends about Devonshire; its lore and legends; its history and tradition; its quaint customs and noteworthy characters; until we are compelled to declare it a veritable mine of information concerning the dear land we love; its hills and dales, its rugged tors and rushing rivers, its glorious moorland and delightful health resorts; its grand old heroes and old-time associations, making up a delightful story told in the most happy and attractive manner.

Mr. Harris prefaces his book with the following brief but appropriate introduction:—

“To the Reader.—I have tried to give you samples of a great county, rich in many things; and of a people, brave, courteous, and hospitable. Mine are samples only; the stock is large and varied, and, as everyone knows, ‘in the piece’ the goods are better than the sample. When you close the book, I hope to hear you say: ‘This is Devon, the land of junket and cream, the very place for a holiday’; and that is the point of view from which we would like to discuss this book—a book to read when planning a holiday in the western land, or a book to be our companion when sojourning amongst the natives of “Down along.”

The story of Devon opens at the old historic port of Dartmouth, with reminiscences of Gilbert, Davis, and Raleigh; then by an easy transition we are transported to the still more famous port of Plymouth, the Metropolis of the West, redolent of the fame of Drake, Hawkins, and other Elizabethan heroes. From Plymouth to Tavistock, from Tavistock to Princetown and Ashburton, then a look at Totnes and Newton, Teignmouth and Dawlish, a long and loving halt at Exeter, then on to Tiverton and mid-Devon, Seaton, Axminster, and East Devon, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Lynton and Lynmouth and North Devon; so do we go on from point to point throughout this delightful land, picking up trifles rich and rare, traditions, historical facts, poems and legends, all interesting, all readable, all making the mouth water and the eyes twinkle, and the mind wish for more. Such is this charming book which Mr. Harris entitles, “My Devonshire Book”—verily an appropriate title, for we do not remember any book like it, any book filled with such a rich store of fact and fiction, and we do not know of any man living who could have put so much life into it, therefore the writer may well claim ownership thereof.

Good as the letterpress is, the illustrations are equally attractive, including a capital portrait of the author himself. Nearly all the pictures, and they are produced from excellent photographs, have a fancy title which fits the scene, but does not exactly indicate where the places are. There is, of course, method in this, for you are bound to read the book to identify the scenes: but we would that in the list of illustrations the real names of the scenes depicted might have been given as well as the poetical titles. But the pictures are well selected: they represent the whole county and they lend an additional charm to a book which will amply repay perusal.

The book is published by the Western Morning News Co., Ltd., who have kindly allowed us the use of the blocks given herewith.



KEHAMPTON.

Written specially for "Devonia."

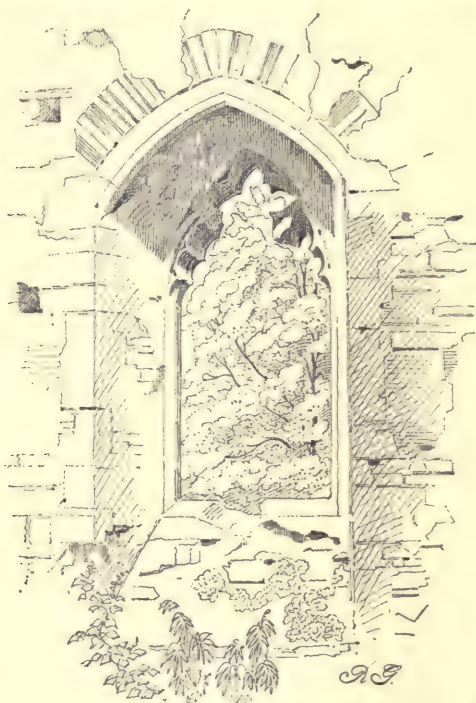
JUPITER PLUVIUS was in the sulks on the occasion of the opening of the Okehampton Park by the Lord Mayor of London on the 8th July, one of the wettest and least summerlike days of this gloomy and disappointing summer. It was, however, a great day for Okehampton, in spite of rain and cool zephyrs. There was a luncheon at the Market Hall, with more or less witty speeches from the Lord Mayor and the Sheriff of London (Sir William Treloar and Sir W. H. Dunn), and a procession to the new park. The dignity and impressiveness of this processional was a good deal marred by the elements, for mackintoshes and umbrellas are not decorative details; moreover, everybody seemed in good humour, and the Reception in the Council Chamber was as smart and as spirited a little function as could be imagined upon so disappointing a day. Sir William Treloar and Mr. Sydney Simmons (the donor of the park) both received the freedom of the Borough, and there was a public tea, and much private entertaining by residents.

In the brief intervals, during which there were promises of better things as regarded the weather, we saw what a quaint and lovable old town it is. How good the climate must be is evidenced by the flowers; roses grow and blossom luxuriantly, valerian, wallflowers, and other rock-loving plants brighten the place everywhere, and every gay little garden is packed with bloom. No! Okehampton is *not* ugly, notwithstanding Charles Kingsley's assertion to the contrary. It nestles in a fertile valley, an old-world country town, with not a few quaint buildings to give character to the long straggling streets.

The Church of All Saints, lying nearly half a mile west of the town, is a spot to which the steps of many visitors gravitate. In itself it is not particularly interesting or beautiful, but a finer view than that from the churchyard it would be difficult to find, and a more exquisite God's Acre I have rarely seen. It is beautifully kept, and the quantities of flowers, chiefly roses, blossoming there are sufficient of themselves to make it a lovely spot. The Castle ruins, however, are the special glory and pride of Okehampton. Built upon a mound, overlooking the River Okement, its situation is eminently picturesque, and one needs only to be gifted with a very moderate share of imagination to conjure up pictures of the great past when Okehampton Castle held an important position in the county. From the earliest authentic records it appears that the Castle was built by Baron de Brionys, a kinsman and ally of William the Conqueror. Passing through many vicissitudes, changing ownership many and many a time, being the property of the de Rivers, the de Redvers, and the Courtenay family successively, it is now a romantic pile of picturesque ruins—all that remains to us of what was once a fine Norman stronghold.

Nowadays one sees these links with bygone times in this England of ours—sometimes laid out in trim gardens, modern, spick and span, and out of harmony with mouldering walls and ivied battlements. Not so is it at Okehampton; excepting on holidays and days especially chosen by excursionists, there is a brooding silence over this old home of the great Courtenays, broken only by the song of the river down in its rocky bed, the cry of the curlew going homeward, or the scream of the engine just going into the station. Wild flowers and nodding grasses have it all their own way; we hold aside draping festoons of ivy to look for architectural details, and the daisy blossoms on the sunny sward.

The keep and the chapel are perhaps in the best state of preservation, the masonry of the former from its great thickness remaining upright and seeming to defy the defacing finger of old Time. Nothing now remains of the watch-tower, save a tumble-down bit of wall, with here and there a few steps

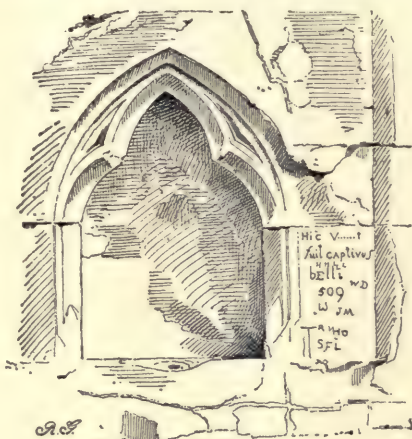


OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

jutting out, sole relics of the old spiral staircase, which must have resounded to the tread of martial feet in the long ago, when the Courtenays lived here in state, and kinsmen, men-at-arms, and a big retinue made the place populous. In the chapel the tracery of a beautiful arched window still remains, its outlines almost perfect. Here ivy beautifies the old masonry, and from the gray walls without and within, countless tiny ferns fill up the crevices in the masonry and beautify the romantic old place. A well-cut niche in the chapel wall still remains, to show where the *piscina* was; on a stone beside it is an inscription in Latin, which is supposed to record the incarceration of a prisoner of war. This lettering is a moot question for antiquaries, some declaring the characters to be of a date later than that engraved upon the stone.

Of the neighbourhood of Okehampton, one cannot write without enthusiasm. The scenery is so charmingly varied. Here it is charmingly sylvan, where high knolls are crowned with woods, and where the river sings through spinney and meadow. There it is wild and rugged, where the tor-crowned heights stretch

away and away, outlined in bold relief against the sky. The walk from the town to the top of Yes Tor gives one a grand idea of the vast expanse of the Moor; to a lover of nature it is full of charm. One leaves the dusty roadway to press flowering wild thyme and beautiful mosses in the moorland walk in which some new beauty unfolds continually. Little moor-born rills ripple along in the



OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

sunshine, many tiny unfamiliar flowers peep out amongst heather, bracken, and gorse. The air is odorous of bog myrtle, of thyme, of furze blossom, and of all the little blooms that attract the wild bees; it is bracing and rejuvenating too, and one swings along for miles without feeling the least fatigue. Here and there, as we cross the undulating downs, we come upon deep hollows, where the moorland streams have cut a way, and are going downhill with impetuous speed. Sparkling brown torrents, smelling of peat, are these hurrying waterways, to which the abnormally wet summer has lent an unaccustomed importance. The sun as it glints fitfully out lights up into rare beauty the mosses and lichens which are unusually fine this year. In their season wild orchids grow in profusion in the morasses, and in late summer and early autumn whortleberries grow plentifully on the drier portions of the moor, where the grey granite crops out and favours their growth. Among the mossy boulders lying heaped in picturesque confusion about the base of the old tor one can



OKEHAMPTON.

luxuriate in the good purple fruit, delicious if eaten with clotted cream and bread and butter. The view which greets us from the crest of Yes Tor is superb, and well repays one for the healthful effort of climbing. Far away on either side rise group after group of hills, now shrouded in filmy haze, now sharply defined against an intensely blue sky, many a granite crown resembling in the far distance some lofty citadel or old castle keep.

Then there are many pleasant excursions from Okehampton in various directions. I have roseate memories of a certain coaching day, when, with a congenial friend or two, I rode behind four good gees to Drewsteignton, lunched at the little inn by the church, walked down to Fingle Bridge and along the glorious gorge of the Teign for a while, picking up the coach again, and bowling along at a spanking pace to Chagford, passing through pretty little hamlets and great solitary stretches of country and getting a rare appetite for the country dainties served up for tea at the hotel, where poor Sydney Godolphin met his death in a skirmish between Cavaliers and Roundheads in the Civil War. Then the route to Lydford is a very interesting one, crossing the picturesque ravine of the Okement and getting a view of the circe of rocks known as the Nine Maidens; also of a curious old cross beside Fitz's Well, and that



OKEHAMPTON.

portion of the moor known as Okehampton Park. At Lydford itself the first thing to see is usually the Gorge, a deep natural ravine of great beauty, where the river Lyd, winding and curving among ferns and boulders, makes merry music. The Fall, a series of cascades, is also a fine bit of scenery and should not be missed. Kits' Steps, the ruined Castle, and the Church will repay one for a long walk over the heathery moorland upon a fair summer's day. The coaches take one to many a little-known village and hamlet of the sweet Shire of Devon—Hatherleigh, Sticklepath, Belstone, South Zeal, and I know not how many interesting centres beside—where one may revel in folk-lore and olden tradition; pure air, running water, Devonshire cider, clotted cream, junket, and the fair fruits of the earth in due season.

Three Towns of the West.

Three towns that cluster round the shore,
 grey as their own grey rocks,
 Draped in a haze of purple mist,
 that all description mocks;
 Wooed by the sun, kissed by the sea,
 blessed by the fruitful rain,
 Three towns as one they cluster round
 the vessel-bearing main.
 God grant that long in friendship strong,
 through England's woe or weal,
 Three towns may rise 'neath changing skies,
 in union strong as steel.

Three towns that queen it o'er the sea,
 and send forth gallant sons—
 Men fit to fight for home and right
 behind our British guns;
 Washed by the sea, girt round with rocks,
 and blessed with beauty rare,
 Three towns as one they greet the sun,
 caressed by sea and air.
 God grant that long in union strong,
 through England's woe or weal,
 Three towns may stand, on sea-girt land,
 in friendship true and leal.

Devonshire Canal Schemes.

Specially written for "Devonia."

REFERENCES in recent issues of *Devonia* to the Weir Head on the Tamar dealt only with one comparatively small item in an ambitious scheme—or it might be more correct to say a series of ambitious schemes—for the construction of canals between various centres in Devonshire and in connection with waterways beyond its boundaries. The Duke of Bridgwater's first great canal was opened in 1761, and soon after its value and usefulness had been demonstrated by experience, a movement was started in the West of England for carrying out similar schemes, arousing much enthusiasm in Devonshire in the final decade of the eighteenth century, though the practical outcome was insignificant enough. Altogether there were seven distinct proposals for making canals in Devonshire, as follows:—

Topsham to Taunton.	
Topsham to Barnstaple.	} Rival Schemes.
Exeter to Crediton.	
Ashburton to Totnes.	
Bude to Hatherleigh.	
Tavistock to the Tamar.	
Bideford to Southtawton.	

The survey for the first-mentioned was made under the direction of Mr. James Brindley (the Duke of Bridgwater's engineer) in 1769, but the project was not seriously taken up until 1792, in which year an influentially attended meeting was held at Cullompton on October 1st, when a series of nine resolutions for forwarding the proposal was passed. At the adjourned meeting, on the 29th of the same month, Sir George Yonge presided, and the proceedings were very business-like, an advertisement recording the doings which appeared in the succeeding issue of *Trewman's Exeter Flying Post* running to half a column of small type. No less than £73,000 was offered to be subscribed at the meeting. Engineers were engaged and much energy was displayed for a time, but in 1794 the ardour of the promoters waned under the difficulties that presented themselves, and in the end the "Grand Western Canal," as it was called, failed to materialise.

There was rivalry between proposals for making a canal between Topsham and Barnstaple, and between Exeter and Crediton. The latter undertaking was first set afoot privately towards the end of 1791, being supported by Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. James Buller, and Mr. John Quicke—the three principal landowners through whose properties the canal would pass—and at a meeting held at the London Inn, Exeter, on January 24th, 1792, under the chairmanship of Sir Stafford Northcote, it was decided to prosecute the scheme. Meanwhile, however, a movement of a more public nature had been commenced for a canal from Topsham, through Exeter, Crediton, Okehampton, Bow, and Northtawton, to Barnstaple, and at a meeting held at Crediton on February 5th, 1792, it was resolved to present an address to Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Quicke, inviting them to withdraw their support from the smaller Exeter to Crediton scheme, so as to leave the field clear for the more comprehensive plan, which was known as the Public Devonshire Canal. At this meeting 142 gentlemen subscribed £67,600 for the venture. A survey was made, and a meeting at Barnstaple promised the fullest support to the enterprise, while the Bideford people arranged to make a branch canal to Barnstaple, and Torrington resolved on a survey for a canal from the Torridge to Southtawton with a collateral branch to Great Torrington, Mr. Denys Rolle having the survey, estimate, and plan made at his own expense. In 1794, however, there were "unexpected differences" regarding the survey for the trunk route, and after some attempts to adjust matters the whole thing fell through.

A better fate befel the project for a canal from Bude to Hatherleigh. The first meeting in this connection was held at Holsworthy on April 16th, 1793, when it was resolved that levels should be taken. An advertisement of a later meeting on May 7th stated that the canal had "for its grand object an easy conveyance of manure, either of lime or sand, on a very level bottom, and a soil of such a quality as will secure the same from leakage—a proof of which may be seen beneath Dunsland House, where a bason of water is made about a quarter of a mile long, which never lost a drop of water through its banks since the same was first cut." A committee of twenty-five were elected at this meeting, and before it closed the sum of £10,450 had been subscribed by forty-two of those present. At a meeting, presided over by Earl Stanhope, at Holsworthy, on October 25th, a long and interesting report was read from the engineers engaged, who recommended three sections of railroad to connect four stretches of canal of different levels, the country to be traversed being very hilly. The total length of the canal was seventy-five miles, and the estimated cost was £32,404 10s., but the construction of the canal never got beyond the first (and easiest) section—from Bude to Stratton, a distance of two miles.

The Ashburton-Totnes canal was first considered at a meeting held at the ancient Chapel of St. Laurence, Ashburton, on November 10th, 1792, and at a meeting in the same place a month later a committee of twenty-one was appointed to promote the moderate expense.' A maximum subscription of £15,000 was resolved upon, but navigated by barges between sixteen and twenty tons burthen, is practicable at a moderate expense.' A maximum subscription of £15,000 was resolved upon, but although the proposal had influential backing, it never fructified, and Ashburton had to wait until the advent of the railway for communication with the outer world other than by the King's highway.

The last project to be reviewed is the one to which attention has been drawn by allusions in recent numbers of *Devonia* to the Tamar Weir Head. In its inception it was distinctly formidable, for the advertisement announcing the first meeting (at the Bedford Arms, Tavistock, on March 12th, 1793) stated that the proposal to be considered was for a canal from the Tamar by Tavistock to communicate with the Crediton-Okehampton canal, and also with Launceston, with a branch to Hatherleigh "and such other branches as may be thought expedient to be added." The chairman was Mr. Warwick Hele Tonkin, who "set forth the vast advantages that would arise by the line being carried to the North Sea." So much enthusiasm was aroused by the speeches that no less than £156,200 12s. 6d. was subscribed by 312 of those present, and on September 9th following notice was given of the intention to promote a Bill in Parliament for the construction of a canal from Morwellham Quay, on the Tamar, to Launceston. The undertaking, however, proved to be too much for the promoters to carry out in its entirety, and the only portion of it which was actually constructed was that between Tavistock and Morwellham Quay, a distance of about four miles, nearly half being through a tunnel, and even this was not completed until 1817. It is, though, interesting as being the longest of the two canals which came into existence as the result of the "boom" of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Had the original ideas been realised, Devonshire would have had as great a canal mileage as it now has railway mileage.

The Exeter Canal was, of course, quite unconnected with the movement which had brought about the schemes cursorily summarised in the foregoing. That waterway was begun in 1563, and possesses the honour of being the first ship canal in the world, so far as authentic history records.

A. E. RICHARDS.

EXETER.

Protection of Wild Plants.

THERE has come into our hands a booklet issued by the County Press, of 19 Ball Street, Kensington, entitled, "How to enjoy a Holiday in Devonshire," which we understand has been extensively circulated. We cordially appreciate and welcome the references to Devonshire as a place of "quiet holiday, where one can see nature at its fairest, roam into the country and feast on unaccustomed scenery, visit the places of interest, and spend a day or so among the ferns." But when, in calling attention to what doubtless is a charming book by Mr. Francis Geo. Heath, "The Fern Paradise" (as he terms Devonshire), lovers of ferns are told where to find them and *how to dig them up*, we must in defence of our beauty spots issue a word of warning to our visitors which may save them from unpleasantness.

The United Devon Association exists not only for making the attractions of Devon and its folk lore known far and wide, but for the protection of its natural beauties and the detection and punishment of offenders. Prosecutions have been successfully undertaken against wholesale destruction in private grounds, especially woods, and as a further protection, the County Council of Devon, at a meeting held on the 15th March, 1906, made the following byelaw applying to the whole County, with the exception of the Municipal boroughs therein:—

- "No person shall uproot or destroy any fern or other wild plants growing in any road, lane, roadside, waste, wayside, bank, or hedge, common, or other public place, in such a manner or in such quantities as to damage or disfigure such road, lane, or other place, provided that this bye-law shall not apply to persons collecting specimens in small quantities for private or scientific use.
- "Any person offending against this byelaw shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding five pounds."

We feel sure it needs but to appeal to our visitors and others to use and not abuse the natural beauties of Devon to secure that they shall obtain for themselves and preserve for others the quiet charm which the fairest county of all England offers to all who seek her loveliness.

Seaton in the Sunshine.

BY W. G. WILLIS WATSON.

THE beach is bathed in sunshine, and I lie on the shingle dreaming. I just realise the joyful cries of the children as they play around. Above, the seagulls are circling and uttering their plaintive note. In front of me a boat, painted a somewhat aggressive green, is barely moving, for the blue water seems as lazy as myself, and has scarcely sufficient energy to lave the pebbles at my feet.

It is a glorious day, for the sun is tempered by a refreshing breeze, which finds its way from the Somerset hills down the delightful Coly Valley, right on to the beach. It is a health-laden breeze, and, as one dreams, one can imagine its bringing with it the scent of the purple heather from the Quantocks, the perfume of honeysuckle from the Devon lanes, and that sweet wholesome odour which is associated with the lush grass which grows in the shady corners of the meadows, where the cows lie lazily beneath the shade of the trees. Now and then a boat puts off filled with merry children and their more sedate parents. I can hear the music of the pebbles as the keel of the little craft glides over the stones. Then comes the splash of oars. They are afloat, some of them, perhaps, for the first time.

The laughter of the youngsters comes across the water, and I know they are happy. I dream of my first voyage in a Seaton boat. It is years ago now. We were bound for Beer—about a mile off—then the dearest, quaintest old fishing village to be found in England; now it is becoming “fashionable,” and the picturesque thatched cottages are giving place to up-to-date stone and slated structures, which will drive the artist elsewhere if he is looking for the beautiful. Nature does not often make such violent changes. To-day the white cliffs of Beer are as I remember them then; the fishing fleet is lying in the lovely little bay, looking as trim as ever, each vessel a study, inviting the artist to bring his canvas and his brushes and paint a scene which in the sunlight is indeed fair to look upon. And as I dream I see the old kitchen at the Dolphin Inn, where I have sat spellbound and listened to the tales of those who knew Jack Rattenbury, the “Rob Roy of the West,” the Smuggler King of these parts. Old salts, long since gone to their rest, gave one some real idea of the work the Preventive Men had to do—aye, and some idea of the work which the smugglers of Beer did under their very eyes. But little remains of those times now, save the Smugglers’ Cave. Soon, I suppose, that will convey little meaning to those who are tempted to explore its recesses under the great White Cliff, of which Beer Head forms the prominent part. The lazy rhythm of the tiny wavelets washing on the beach lulls me to semi-consciousness. picture after picture passes before my mind as I lie here in the sunshine, drinking in all the constituents of health with which lovely little Seaton is favoured.

I hear a boatman’s voice. Surely it is not Tidbury! I rouse myself. It is the “Old Pilot,” now a good deal over ninety years of age. He cannot leave the sea he loves, and expresses a willingness to take me afloat for “a bit of fishing.” Ninety-four years of age! And he tells me a story of meeting an old friend whom he took into the bay over seventy years ago! Well it seems to me that if people want to die they must leave Seaton, for one can live as long as one likes here. Poor old fellow! He looks out to sea, and I think that it cannot be very long before he who has piloted others in life will soon be called upon to submit himself to the Great Pilot to take him safely into harbour. May his voyage be a smooth and happy one!

Then I fall to musing again, and the old regattas come back to mind—the one day in the year when Moridunum gives itself up to pure and unadulterated frivolity. Moridunum—what scenes have been enacted on your beach! There Anlaf and his warriors landed to do battle with Athelstan; and

did not the blood of the brave men stain the water of the Axe as it flowed into the sea after the great battle of Brunenburgh? I must not indulge in all these reveries. I look out to sea, and in fancy I make out the *Comet* racing against the *Telegraph*. Yes, it is years ago since Cap'n Dare and old Rowland and Lionel Patton, and—— I must desist. Many of the old faces have long since "passed over." But there are several left who love Seaton for its natural beauties, and are content to remain loyal to this flower of Devon.

What matters to them if in the days of bluff King Hal it was correct to describe Seaton as "a mene thing inhabited with fisschermen." No doubt Stuckeley was correct in publishing to the world, through his *Itinerarium Curiosum* that it was "a little village at the mouth of the Axe"; and so far as the present inhabitants are concerned, Risdon is not at all found fault with because he called it "a poor fishing village."

I wonder if many visitors to Seaton think of the bygone days, and that they are treading ground rich in history. I suppose not. But the sunshine induces dreaminess to the grown-ups as they lounge on the crescent strand, where

Surf-wash'd flints seem gems upon the beach,
And ocean smiles as far as eye can reach,

The sea is still laving the pebbles; little toddlers are playing all around; the elder people are seeking shelter from the sun by keeping close to the boats.

I must rouse myself, for the tiny waves are creeping dangerously near by feet, and I hear a voice calling me.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No!"

"The Master has hit 17 at skittles!"

To an outsider the information imparted does not sound particularly exciting. To me—to Seaton people—it means a record achieved by one of the most popular men in the place. Seventeen at skittles! The feat will be associated with Seaton for all time!

True, Seaton does not revel in many exciting incidents. It is just as well. It is the charming unconventionality of the place which appeals to its visitors. Now and then it pulls itself together and provides something to talk about.

Look! There is Jim Newton walking across the beach with a medal on his breast. That was earned by good old Jim because of his successful efforts to save life when a Norwegian barque was driven ashore during a stormy night.

Thank Heaven, no bathing accidents occur to cause sensations and to rob Seaton of its record of perfect immunity for many, many years from such disasters.

Seaton just pursues the even tenor of her way. And Nature still holds regal sway. She progresses, but with quiet, dignified steps, and one can note improvements from time to time. The Boat House—that unpretentious building which obstructed the view of the bay from the main street is gone. No one regrets it has been wiped out of existence.

Soon Seaton will be settling down after a busy season. Cricket and tennis will give place to golfing and hunting. Fishing is always to be had, if not trout and salmon, then blinn, conger, or mackerel, or some other of the finny tribe. Those who are in delicate health will keep well down under the West Cliff and enjoy the mild but bracing air which always circulates here. The more robust ones will inhale the life-giving breezes to be found on Haven Cliff, on White Cliff, or on Beer Head.

As for such as myself, I shall come here to dream of the days when I built stone castles on the beach; when I paddled amongst the tiny waves whilst a mother's loving care kept me from harm; and I shall dream of her who now sleeps until the angel calls. And whilst the golden sun is turning the placid sea into myriads of marvellous gems, which only Nature can produce, I shall repledge my affections for this the sweetest and most seductive natural watering place along Devon's lovely coast.



ON THE WAY TO BOLT HEAD, SALCOMBE.



GOODRINGTON, NEAR PAIGNTON.

Quarterly Meeting of U.D.A. Council.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Council of the Association was held at the Town Hall, Tiverton (by kind permission of the Mayor) on Monday, the 29th of July last, under the chairmanship of the Rev. G. Rogerson, V.P., in the absence in London of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford.

The report of the General Purposes Committee drew attention to the appointment as Assistant Secretary for a period of three months of the office clerk, Mr. E. A. Wills; and of Mr. Frank Underhill, as Honorary Advertisement Manager; and resolutions were passed confirming these appointments and the recommendation of the Committee as to future financial arrangements.

The Committee reported that much valuable information had been furnished by the Royal Automobile Club, the South Devon Automobile Club, the Motor Union, and the Cyclist Touring Club, with regard to the marking of dangerous hills and corners in the county; and that, after this had been scheduled into districts, a conference would be invited between the Committee and the representatives in Devon of Motoring and Cyclist Unions, so that it may be presented in complete and convincing form to the County Council.

In connection with a proposed invitation to representatives of the leading London and Provincial newspapers to visit the county in 1908, a special committee was appointed to arrange an itinerary, so that the towns proposed to be visited may be approached.

The issue of the *Devonia* Guide to Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton in co-operation with the Exmouth Tradesmen's Association, and the handsome "Book of the South-west" in conjunction with the South Western Branch of the British Medical Association were announced.

Feeling allusion was made to the death of Col. P. F. S. Amery, of Ashburton, through whose and his brother, Mr. John S. Amery's assistance a beautiful set of eight and a half dozen lantern slides of "The Rivers of the Moor" and other typical moorland scenes had been secured. This set it is intended to circulate throughout England in the coming Autumn.

The congratulations of the members were sent to Major R. Tucker and Mrs. Tucker, of Ashburton, on the celebration that day of their golden wedding.

The report on the financial position showed that the Association required more assistance from the several towns.

The improvement in the get-up and more prompt issue of *Devonia* were cordially recognised, and various suggestions made for increasing its already valuable work, notably one for inserting free of charge a detailed list of public engagements in the various districts.

The next Quarterly Meeting in October will be held at Torquay.

In the afternoon a public meeting was held, when the Mayor, Mr. H. Mudford, presided over a good attendance, graced by the Mayoress and many ladies. Testimony was borne to the value of the Association work, and a suggestion made by Mr. E. J. Snell, who had acted as cicerone to the members in viewing Old Blundell's, St. Peter's Church, and other objects of interest in the town, that the Association should be extended to Cornwall and Somerset under the name of the Western Counties Association. The General Purposes Committee will consider this suggestion.

At the close of the public meeting the members of the Association and friends were hospitably entertained by the Mayor at tea.



Great Western Railway.

THE Great Western Railway Company have issued their "Holiday Haunts" for 1907. It is a most comprehensive work, embracing as it does all the districts served by this important company. Cornwall and Devon come in for a large share of attention, a brief description being given of the principal towns and places of interest in each locality, and a list of hotels, boarding-houses, and lodging-houses available. No tourist should consider his holiday equipment complete without a copy of this most useful volume.

Bowling in Devon.

THE good old-fashioned game of bowling has at last reached Plymouth, which, according to history and old-time associations, ought to have taken the lead. The Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake) Bowling Club has now nearly a hundred members, many of whom are enthusiastic devotees of the game. The Club was only a few weeks old, when they played the St. Marychurch Club on their own ground, with the result that they were badly beaten. But nothing daunted, the Plymouth Club invited the Bideford Club (one of the most experienced in the county) to come down from the north to the south and try a fall with them. The result was a foregone conclusion, seeing that the Bideford men were old stageis and the Plymouth men were novices; but despite the disparity in experience, the home team gave a good account of themselves, and they have nothing to be ashamed of in having been beaten by so old and practised a team as that from Bideford. This is how the *Bideford Weekly Gazette* of August 20th, 1907, chronicles the event:—

“Our Bowlers at Plymouth (August 17th).—We were up betimes, writes an esteemed member of the Bideford Bowling Club, for our train started at 5.40 a.m. The time passed swiftly for us, as comfortably seated in a saloon carriage, we sped through the beautiful scenery of Devon, catching glimpses of orchard and meadow, river glen and tor, till Plymouth town was reached. There beside the ancient Citadel we rested on the Hoe, and watched the scene before us—the broad blue harbour, where the gray, grim iron-clads lay at anchor, stately ships, and the thousand lesser craft that constantly come and go. The sunlit scene was pleasing to our sight as we sat and mused and talked of other days when on that historic ground the men o’ Devon met and played at bowls ere setting forth to meet and crush that great Armada, sent to make our good Queen Bess and Britain’s sons do homage to the pride and power of Spain. And now to-day we “Men of Bideford in Devon” were come to play the first home match with Plymouth’s sons, whose club is named “Sir Francis Drake,” in memory of Devon’s hero. Right heartily they greeted us, and friendly was the match we played in sight of Plymouth Sound. Plymouth’s Mayor was present at the banquet spread in honour of our visit, and kindly words of welcome flowed from lips of men learned in the lore of Devon. And then, assured that one day Plymouth men will come to the ‘little white town’ and play with us again the fine old, English game of bowls, we parted, all bearing pleasant memories of a day well spent.”

Devonian Literature.

WE heartily congratulate our friend and colleague, Mr. H. Tapley-Soper, on his delightful handbook to Exeter, which has just been issued as the official guide by the Corporation of the city. Naturally we could have wished that it had been one of the U.D.A. official handbooks, or at least that it had the imprint of an Exeter printer; but the enterprise of Messrs. Mate and Sons, of Bournemouth, is proverbial, and the get-up of the work reflects great credit upon them. The author has rapidly assimilated the history, traditions, and associations of the “Ever Faithful City,” seeing that he is a comparatively new comer; but on every page of the book he demonstrates the fact that he has the grip of his subject, and he loses no opportunity of extolling the dignity and charms of the city. Coming on the eve of our going to press, we regret that we are unable to give the book a more extended notice; suffice it to say that it is a readable history, a reliable guide, and a pleasant companion for a holiday ramble. The illustrations are well selected and well printed, and the advertisements are not obtrusive. In addition to the City of Exeter, the book contains illustrations of Topsham, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exmouth, and other places of interest in the immediate neighbourhood.

ANOTHER acceptable volume of purely local interest has been added to the capital series of handbooks issued by the Homeland Association. It is entitled, “Torquay and its Surroundings,” its author being Mr. Percival H. W. Almy, who has already enriched Devonshire literature by several charming works. The volume before us has the further distinction of an Introduction by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose words always carry weight, and whose works on Devonshire are of world-wide repute.

Mr. Almy discourses most eloquently of what he describes as “the most beautiful town in England”; he traces its history, its interesting national and personal associations, and more especially its claims as a health and holiday resort. Interesting as Torquay is in itself, the author makes his book more interesting still by his pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood. Thus we are taken to Compton Castle, to Kingskerswell, to Marldon, Paignton, Goodrington, Churston, Brixham, Berry Head, Dartmouth, the River Dart, Totnes, Berry Pomeroy, Teignmouth, Newton Abbot, and many other places within a radius of twenty miles, brief descriptions being given of all these places of interest. We are also enlightened as to the flora and fauna of the district, we are told of the geology of the neighbourhood, and especially of the wonderful Kent’s Cavern and the Brixham Caves; and we are brought into touch with some of the remarkable personalities who have at one time or another made Torquay their place of residence. It is a charming volume, well illustrated, and with a good index.

Autumn in Devonshire.

ALTHOUGH it is perhaps more true of Devonshire than of any other county in the United Kingdom, that all seasons are delightful, and that each brings its own special attractions, yet from the point of view of the all-round sportsman at all events, the early Autumn is THE season for Devonshire. There can indeed be little doubt that Devon offers a greater variety of really good sport in September, October, and November, at a very moderate cost, than any other county or locality. This county can boast, with pardonable pride, of a sport which is almost unique, and which was in ancient times (if indeed it is not to-day) considered by kings and princes to be the finest on earth—that is, the chase of the wild red deer. This grand beast of the chase, once common all over England, has never been extinguished in the West, and is never likely to be until leopards change their spots or Westcountrymen cease to be sportsmen. Stag-hunting is in full swing in September, and Devon, together with the north-west corner of Somerset, has now four packs of stag-hounds. The number of deer is steadily increasing, and the range of its country is correspondingly widening, so much so that they have taken to revisiting their ancient haunts in the big woods on the southern slopes of Dartmoor, where, until some few years ago, none had been seen for many generations. Minehead, Porlock, and Dulverton, in Somerset, and Tiverton, Bampton, South Molton, Barnstaple, and Parracombe, in Devon, are amongst the places from which hunting with the various packs may be enjoyed.

The end of summer and the beginning of autumn is also THE season for yachting on the South Devon coast. Most of the finest yachts in England congregate at the regattas on this coast, especially those held about this time of the year at Torquay, Dartmouth, and Plymouth.

In September, again, fishing is still open, and this month is probably the best in the season for salmon fishing in the rivers of Devon. The best of these rivers are, in the South, the Tamar, Dart, Teign, and Exe; and in the north, the Taw and the Torridge; but besides these, some salmon and many peal may be killed in most of the lesser rivers.

In September and October the partridge shooting afforded by several districts in Devon is quite first class. By far the greater portion of the partridge shooting in Devon is done either "over dogs," or by "walking them up," the country for the most part being too hilly for "driving." It would be quite out of place in an article of this sort to discuss in detail the comparative merits of the systems; this, however, may safely be said, that "driving" is the rich man's sport, as it is only possible (except on a very small scale) on large estates and with great expense; whilst shooting "over dogs," or "walking the birds up," though not generally very expensive, is harder work (if more interesting), and the bag is very much smaller. It would be invidious to name any district as being the best for partridge shooting; but bearing in mind that these birds prefer light fertile arable land at a moderate elevation, it will be found that the greater part of the county is very suitable to this sporting little bird. In October the partridges afford even better sport than in September, as they are stronger and larger, but the bags are not so large as in September, where they are shot "over dogs," or "walked up," as the birds are much wilder and will not lie so well. In the beginning of October the pheasants are, for the most part, spared, as in other counties, but many are shot on small estates, in outlying places, and along the boundaries of the large preserves.

It is during this month that cub-hunting becomes more like real fox-hunting. In November fox-hunting begins in real earnest, and the pheasants in the large preserves are shot, except in a few cases, where they are kept sacred till December.

On the whole it may fairly be said that there is no one county in the United Kingdom, if in the whole world, that offers such a variety of good sport at a reasonable expense as does Devon, especially in the autumn. The stag-hunting is probably the best on earth; the salmon-fishing may be better in some of the Scotch and Irish rivers; the fox-hunting may be faster (scarcely better) in Leicestershire; the shooting may be better in Norfolk; but none of these places alone can show such a variety of good sport as can Devon, and unless an all-round sportsman can be moving continually to such places as offer the best sport of a particular kind for the time being, there can be no better county than Devon in which to reside for the enjoyment of the various field sports in their due seasons at a moderate cost.

P. C. CORNISH BOWDEN.



ILFRACOMBE.



NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH.

Medical Congress at Exeter.

THIS long-looked-for event is now a thing of the past. Bringing, as it did, several hundred visitors into Devonshire, it must have done good to the district as a whole, but, of course, to Exeter in particular. For more than a week did these learned medicos meet and discuss burning questions, interspersed with pleasant social gatherings, garden parties, and excursions, and there can be little doubt that the members of the British Medical Association and the ladies who accompanied them will long look back with pleasure and satisfaction to the summer of 1907 and their brief experience of "Fair Devon." All the arrangements worked admirably; the Reception Committee did their best to secure the greatest possible comfort and pleasure for the whole of the guests, who were lavish in their praises of the way they were received and entertained. Visits outside Exeter were made to Plymouth and Devonport, to Endsleigh, to Ilfracombe, to Bideford, and Clovelly, and even so far afield as Falmouth, where, in each case they were entertained by the Mayor or other leading townsman. We believe a very well compiled and excellently printed guide, entitled, "The Book of the South-West," was issued to the members, which will form a lasting and most useful addition to the literature of Devon, but as we have not been favoured with a copy, it is impossible for us to speak of it on its merits.

Devon Notes on places.

THE Colchester Touring Club had their annual excursion this year in Devon, "Glorious Devon," and a capital account of the visit appears in the *Essex County Standard* for August 17th, written by Mark Downe. North Devon was chosen for the pilgrimage, and very happily is the journey described. We note that it is "to be continued," so we look forward with interest to a second instalment of a most delightful narrative.

* * *

TORCROSS, near Dartmouth, is a delightful spot for a holiday. Torcross Ley is, without doubt, one of the finest waters in England for the coarse fisherman. It is within ten minutes' walk of the well-known Slapton Ley, and is open for angling all the year round. The water covers an area of thirty-five acres, and is literally alive with fish. Practically the whole of the fish are pike, perch, and rudd, of course, pike giving best sport in winter, and perch and rudd in summer. The Torcross Hotel is close to the Ley, and is 6½ miles from Kingsbridge Station, and 8½ from Dartmouth. Mr. W. Vickery, the proprietor, will be pleased to give any information to intending visitors.

* * *

"EXMOUTH, a suntrap; cheerful, but unspoiled by trippers." With this expressive phrase the *Daily Express* recently headed a long and delightful article respecting this charming Devonshire seaside resort. The writer enumerates the chief attractions of Exmouth—the picturesque Exe, the bathing, the golf links, cricket, tennis, bowls, delightful walks, places of historic interest, low death rate, rainfall, etc., etc. He winds up his description with this appreciative paragraph: "Indeed, I think I might fairly describe Exmouth as the Mentone of England, and I am the more persuaded to do so when I recollect that it was here that the beautiful magnolia was first introduced into England, and although this was a great many years ago, the original plant took so kindly to the soil of the valley of the Exe that it grew and multiplied exceedingly, and was still flourishing only a short time since."

* * *

The Inns of Devon.

UNDER the heading "Sub Rosa," a writer, who signs himself "H. T.," has some pleasant things to say of the inns of Devon, citing delightful recollections of good times he has spent at Bideford, which he describes as "the cheerfulest town in Devon"; at Okehampton, "quite an indifferent inn, as far as appointments go, but the gravy that your steak swims in—oh sirs! if you have sat down after a thirty-mile tramp across Dartmoor you will mingle your glad tears with mine at the bare mention of it. His lady's eyebrow isn't worth a sonnet half as much as is a well-gravied steak to a weary walking tourist. Then there are others at Bishop's Nympton, at Chagford, at Torcross, at Chudleigh, at Hatherleigh, and, above all that I have mentioned, there is one at Totnes. Inns of Devonshire, how they have loaded us poor holiday makers, escaped from the grind of the relentless city, with mercies beyond payment."

* * *

ILFRACOMBE comes in for a good deal of attention from a writer in the *Bristol Times and Mirror*. The many advantages of this pleasant seaside resort are cited, as well as a lengthy description of the excellent accommodation provided for visitors, the way to get there, the best time to go, and what to do when there. "As a winter resort Ilfracombe takes precedence for a mild climate over such places as Ventnor, Weymouth, and Falmouth, and many invalids have found what life-giving properties the air possesses for them." And much more in the same strain.



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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



THE TERRACE, TORQUAY.

TORQUAY.

Written specially for "Devonia."

TOVERS of the famous Torbay town enthusiastically describe it as the most beautiful town in England, and in truth it is very lovely, with its red rocks, its wealth of evergreen trees, and its great stretch of blue water. Charming villas nestling in gay gardens or amongst noble trees are to be seen occupying good vantage ground upon the hills. Fine hotels offer the hospitality of Torquay to the stranger and the visitor who comes annually for a stay. The shops are good, the administration of the town excellent, and a good service of trains from London and the Midlands helps the prosperity of the citizens. From the point of view of the lover of beauty, of quiet, and of natural charm. Autumn, Winter, and Spring are perhaps preferable to Summer in Torquay. She is in danger of becoming too popular, this town by the blue Devon seas, and if her beauty is a little



THE SANDS, TORQUAY.

less flamboyant as the days shorten and the nights gain in length, her shores, public gardens, and streets are seen to greater advantage when the holiday folk have gone homeward, and busy, breathless August is followed by mellow September and crisp October, with her pageant of glorious colouring in woodland and pasture. All about the town are corn land and orchards, meadows, and market gardens, and a varied coast line zoned with warm red sandstone. Old ocean has indented the shore here, there and everywhere, so that there are no hard lines, no harsh contours. Every red cliff has its bright green foliage and its little fringe of wild flowers; every bay, every rocky cove has some characteristic charm which makes one want to come again.

The town itself lies to the north of the great crescent-shaped bay, stretching from Berry Head to Hope's Nose. It faces south-west, and the lofty hills, which, after the sea itself, are the great pride and beauty of Torquay, shelter it from the cold winds from the east and the north. These natural shields make it an ideal winter place, for they shut in the sunshine and the warmth, and shut out rude winds, so that the mild Riviera-like climate of the South Devon coast is at its best here. One has only to note the vegetation to know so much, for in the Terrace Gardens and down in the Rock Walk, close to the sea, are palms and sub-tropical plants prospering out of doors as though in their native air. Walking and driving along Vane Hill, Warberry and Braddon Hills, Lincombe Hill, or in the sweet green vale of Ilsham one comes upon great trees of fuchsias, of cream-white oleanders, of mauve and white or of deep rich purple veronicas, tulip trees, and other habitants of warm climes, whilst roses are prodigal in their wealth of bloom, and tamarisk and flowering shrubs in bewildering variety make the wayside beautiful.



THE TERRACE WALK, TORQUAY.

Coming down from the Lincombe Drives by way of daintily kept terrace gardens, where the flowers seem particularly vivid of colour, one descends by a veritable pathway of blossom and bright green verdure to the rocks. Up on the hills of Waldon, Warberry, Braddon, and Lincombe, we have stolen peeps at pelargoniums, myrtle, camellia, ilex, and palms growing unsheltered in villa gardens. At lower levels we see jungles of passion flowers and roses, citron and fuchsia. From the heights we have looked away seaward through luxuriant leafage, and downward to a picturesquely placed town, seemingly nestling in sub-tropical verdure. Now, away to the right is Daddy Hole Plain, and to the left stretches the Ilsham Valley. A bend in the coastline shows us a view of historic little Brixham and the bold promontory of Berry Head, Paignton, and Churston, and the red rocks of Goodrington; and in another direction the grey Devon limestone throws a long arm outwards into the sea, where Hope's Nose is laved by waves crisped into white foam by a freshening breeze. Not far from the railway station, sheltered by tall elms and flowering limes, is Torre Abbey, the seat of the Cary's. The old place has been recently restored, and the façade is fresh from the hand of the mason; but the ancient Abbot's Tower and the venerable west front remain to show how the ancient

Abbey looked when the Cary's bought it after the close of the Civil War. The King's cause having been lost, the family fortunes of the Carys (staunch Royalists) suffered, so that Cockington Court was forfeit, and Sir George Cary bought the fine old monastic house of Torre. It was to a George Cary of Cockington, and Sir John Gilbert that the captured Spanish flagship *Capitana* was entrusted, when the Armada so ingloriously failed, and no fewer than four hundred Spanish prisoners were consigned to what is to this day known as the Spanish Barn.

It is impossible within the limits of a brief article to do anything like justice to a town possessing so many attractions as Torquay. Its climate is vouched for by its glorious vegetation and by the number of people who regularly winter here instead of going abroad to enrich the foreigner. Its climate, did I say? One should rather say "climates," for it has many; down near the edge of the sea there is a certain warmth peculiarly suitable to some constitutions; as one ascends the hills the air becomes more tonic; and when one has reached Marychurch and beautiful Babbacombe it is as bracing as the



LINCOMBE DRIVE, TORQUAY.

air of the moors. And what a lovely spot it is, with its downs laid out with flower beds, and its beach far below reached by winding paths, where vegetation is luxurious and wild flowers flourish in the most charming profusion. From the downs many miles of sweet Devon country are open to view, the massive red rocks of Oddicombe, the cliff scenery stretching away mile after mile past Teignmouth, on and on past Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton, away to the Bill of Portland; and what a grand stretch of open sea! On clear, still days all the colours one sees in an opal shine in the deep waters of the bay. They vary with the time of year and the time of day: amethyst, purple, paly green, deep glorious blue, shot with the red of the rocks, and the reflection of the sunset colours of the clouds. Then Cockington, with its adorable lanes, its Manor house, its old-world village of quaintly thatched houses, its forge, and ancient church, with memorials to the Mallocks and the Carys, and other families of distinction. Brixham is reached by steam launch or by rail, and well repays a visit. Paignton, with its bright streets and well-laid-out front, Goodrington, a little hamlet of quiet houses, white sands, and red rocks. Churston, of which

Lord Churston is, of course, the squire and territorial lord. Farther afield are quaint old Dartmouth, from which one journeys pleasantly up the famous Dart river to Totnes, another town of hoary antiquity, and boasting a splendid past; up by Greenway, the home of the Gilberts, and on by Dittisham, Stoke Gabriel, and Berry Pomeroy, the river, born up on those blue heights we get glimpses of here and there, threading its way through hills incredibly green, past mansions, straggling riverside hamlets, each dominated by its aged church, until Totnes, the old hill town of long ago, comes in sight. Compton Castle, with its memories of the Gilberts, Berry Pomeroy, a scene of grand desolation, the home of the proud Norman de Pomeroy and afterwards of the ducal family of Somerset, now a mouldering ruin, with ivy-grown battlements and casements, and a whole world of romance clinging to the time-worn place.

The steamers *Duke* and *Duchess of Devonshire*—twin ships—plying in summer time between all the south coast towns, and making voyages to Plymouth, Dartmouth, Teignmouth, Exmouth, Bridport, Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth,



THE HARBOUR, TORQUAY.

Lyme Regis, Weymouth, Salcombe, and Slapton Sands. Thus all these towns can be visited with the minimum of fatigue and at moderate cost. For indoor amusements there is a good theatre; high-class concerts at the Bath Saloons during the winter draw good audiences; the town has its musical association and its amateur operatic society, cycling and camera clubs, a chess club, the Royal Torbay Yacht Club, political clubs, and excellent libraries which help to make life pleasant. The coaching excursions carry visitors through some of the most notable scenery upon Dartmoor: to Haytor Rocks, via Saddle Tor; to Widecombe-in-the-Moor and Becky Falls; to Manaton, Bowerman's Nose, and Houndtor Rocks, the finest granite tor on Dartmoor; to Rippon Tor, Buckland Beacon, Buckland Woods, and Holre Chase; to the ancient British village of Grimspound, and Bovey Tracey, going through the heart of the Moor. The half-day coaching trips are also excellent for people whose physical powers are not equal to the long day in the open. Besides the Lincombe Drive, Ilsham, Babacombe, and Watcombe, etc., there are the drives to Millier Down and the Roman Camp. The run to Perry Pomeroy Castle and Village, to Stoke Gabriel on the Dart, to Kingskerswell (where are the famous Aller Vale Potteries), to Coombe Cellars on the Teign, and to many charming spots of interest. Of the churches, twenty-four in number, the parish church of Tormoham, is the Mother church, and is accredited to the early part of the

fourteenth century, and has memorials of the old local families; so has the Church of SS. George and Mary, standing in the grounds of Cockington Court. The Church of All Saints, at Babbacombe, is a very beautiful modern church, in Gothic style, with exquisite local marbles.

Sea fishing is one of the attractions of life at Torquay. Whiting, soles, plaice, bass, pollock, mackerel, and dabs, are all taken. Whiffing, in the bay, trawling with the Brixham boats, and fishing with rod and line from some promising nook along the coast may be enjoyed to the full here.

Bathing from the many little bays, and coves all about is amongst the pleasures of the summer and autumn. There are bathing coves close to the Bath Saloons, a ladies bathing place at Corbyn's Head, and on the pretty white beach of Oddicombe there is mixed bathing. A dip at Anstey's Cove, or at Meadfoot is pleasant, and one often sees a little party afloat going for a bathe in some unfrequented nook of rocky coast.

The eighteen-hole course at Churston, and the nine-hole course at Babbacombe, high up on the Downs and commanding glorious views of the curving coast line and of open sea gives splendid facilities to golfers; whilst there is good hunting with foxhounds, otter hounds, and harriers in season.



TORQUAY.

Glorious Devon.

In fury grand boils the majestic sea
 At foot of crowning craigs; and yet the air
 Takes that tremendous song and makes it fair
 To stray through mossy lane and leafy tree
 With gentle kiss, to set the dewdrops free
 To fall like showers of gems; and ev'rywhere
 The sound of babbling brooks, in music rare,
 Gives merry life to winds that sad might be.
 These sweep the richly-purpled moorland, crowned
 With sombre granite rocks, whose grey heights take
 Rich, gorgeous shades, when sunsets gleam around.
 They play on tree-bound silver streams, and wake
 Weird singing echoes in red caves, around
 A sapphire sea as placid as a lake.

“Pomorun Patrona.”

DAWNS and sunsets of red and gold shall now be seen where the fruits of the orchards, having reached ripeness, wait for man or the autumnal equinox to pluck them from their parent bough. Everywhere through the thinning foliage, above the trunks, amid the twisted knees and elbows of branch and bough, an apple-harvest flames. From orange to crimson, from amber to sea-green, the colour harmonies pass, and intermingle in streaks and splashes and mottled jewels of all ruddy and golden tints that the sun painted. Pomaceous scents steal over the dewy grasses; dim glades open along the avenue of the tree trunks, and shine out deeply blue against the brightness of fruit and foliage. Here and there glimmer little hills of light that twinkle through the orchard distances, and elsewhere ungathered apples dot the grass with topaz and ruby. Shadow there is none in the cones and mounds and scattered pyramids of fruit, for each globe of scarlet, or lemon, or golden green flings light on the round bosom of its neighbour; hence, viewed afar off, the whole mass of vivid colour and reflected radiance beams forth unfretted by any shade, and glimmers with the morning and evening sky-colours of summer.

Among the altars, now ablaze with feast-day splendours and sweet with incense proper to the goddess whose mellow hour they celebrate, I know a little temple of Pomona, a cloister of half a hundred pillars—trees that atone for the paucity of their ranks by the vigour of their lusty age and splendour of their bearing. Here, where the old-time place nestled and spread a jewelled heart to the sun, I, a little lad, had often frolicked with the fowls and calves and other young things. I had strutted happy under networks of naked branches in winter time; beneath the transparent verdure of new foliage and the snow and carmine of spring blossom; among the fruit on boughs and underfoot at the fall of the year. Here, by feats of infant arms, I climbed into the forks of the trees and plucked my first apple; here I wandered content to dream in all the gold and glory of a child's autumn; here I watched the shaky newborn lambs, found my earliest bird's nest, bore the first primrose with some ceremony to those who loved me, chased the butterflies, harried a procession of little pigs, and fled before the gaunt presence of their mother.

And here, but yesterday, I came again, to find that domain of blissful days, something shrunk as to its borders, but in all other respects as good and precious as in my childish eyes. Mystery haunted it aforetime; and mysteries, deeper far than those that young minds spin of shadows, still inhabited it. The orchard held new joys, new songs, new meanings. The cryptic writing of old gnarled boughs; the teeming branch and apple-lighted grass; the scent and sunshine; and the drone and glitter of winged insects—all these circumstances, so obvious to a child, now hinted mystery, held for me secrets whose solutions are hid down deep at the heartstrings of the mother.

I stood and pictured myself again through the avenues of many autumns; and the span seemed short enough, capable of compression to a mere link in time. I could understand the little child still, feel his heart beat faster at the sight of the boisterous, blue-eyed sheepdog, who stood as high as his shoulder, share his pride at withstanding the great beast's riotous greeting, sympathise with the small hand that reached for high-hung nut or blackberry in vain. I remembered the little thing's awe in presence of an ancient gaffer—the Ladon of that orchard; his increased comfort on such days as other work called old Ladon further afield and left him, the child, in sole company of that ripening fruit.

No Hesperides brightened this autumn evening under the apple trees, but

a woman there was—an ancient woman, clad in the colours of earth—who moved very slowly among them. Once she had been of good stature, but now was bent somewhat under pressure of much time; yet her passage was majestic if only by its great deliberation. She handled a rake, and with slow and thoughtful movements drew the fallen fruit together. She gazed upwards sometimes, and once touched a bending bough of massy fruit as though she would willingly ease the pain of such generous bearing. Presently I looked into an ancient face, whereon years had written more stories than one. The woman was very brown, her eyes grey as the autumn mist; a dignity of demeanour marked her actions; her old voice was sweet; and the vernacular chimed upon her tongue.

"Sure," thought I, "here is our Lady of the Apples—*Pomorum Patrona* herself! Here, musing alone at sunset time, and, goddess-like, forgetting not the least of her altars, she wanders in this sequestered nook. Here she walks amid her scented garner, and she knows that the magnificence of one happy tree—his payment for full share of sunshine and rain—is the magnificence of them all; and each to her is all, and all are no more than her united care and joy."

I gave the grey-eyed woman greeting, and fell to talk of harvest and the bountiful splendour of the year. Her eyes were lifted, and a smile made her beautiful. She picked red fruit and gave it to me.

"'Tis sweet apples this tree do bear. Ess—you'm right—a braave crop, an' gude cider come presently. Theer's boughs clean brauk I could show 'ee. Do sadden me think of. 'Tis like a mother that dies in childbirth. But I see you'm wanting apples. Us have a gude store as be prime for household uses. Try the yellow sort hanging yonder. Us call 'em lemons—a sweet apple, I assure 'ee!"

Thus she spoke, and I walked beside the guardian of the trees, and liked her well for the care she showed toward them. Each was very good to her; in each she found something to praise, some virtue to waken her gratitude.

"Wonnerful fruit—wonnerful fruit everywhere! They pay for tending wi' liberal thanks, as your eyes may tell 'ee wi'out word of mine. Eat! eat! They'll not harm 'ee. They was sent for man to eat, I reckon."

So spoke in all sincerity the Mother of the Apples. Truth seemed to live in her bright eyes. Sent for man—warmed into glowing colours for man—kissed into sweetness for him! What a far-reaching creed hid there; what a comforting creed. Could one take it and believe it so?

We conversed together, and before I went my way there came a gleam of real joy to the eyes of *Pomorum Patrona*, for I reminded her of a past, now vanished beyond recall, of quaint rites and customs long grown as obsolete as the Pagan ceremonials from which they dawned. She remembered how, on the eves of old christening days, the lads and lasses, and the aged men, with their bell-mouthed blunderbusses, were wont to christen the orchards, to sing venerable songs, to burn powder under the stars, to wassail each wrinkled patriarch with cider born from his own branches. Slowly and more slowly she moved, and, as I left her, I knew that her ancient spirit was roaming back through the twilight; was waking in the laughter of children; in songs from sturdy throats long since asleep; perchance in memories of one whose presence had been her light, her music, and her crown in the far-away morning of womanhood.

—By permission, from *My Devon Year*, by Eden Phillpotts.

London: Methuen.

Devonshire in October.

THE summer visitors have taken their departure. Torquay and Sidmouth particularly are preparing for those who seek warm and sheltered seaside resorts for the winter. The West Cliff at Seaton will afford shelter to those who are loathe to tear themselves away from this lovely spot, and all along the south coast there can be found veritable reproductions of Madeira or the Riviera. Why should people run away from the country because it is autumn.

When the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with:
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There are many reasons, no doubt, why we cannot have our visitors with us all the year round. But there is no season when Devonshire looks more lovely than when the face of nature is changing, when the trees put on their most charming dresses, and when the yellow leaves carpet the roads and lanes with gold. Then, as one writer so picturesquely puts it, through the openings autumn makes in the foliage many new beauties are revealed—bits of landscape which the long, close woven leaves had shut out, far-away spots that look like a new country, so strange do they appear when seen for the first time through the faded and torn curtains which have shaded summer; hill and valley, spire and thatched grange, winding highways and brown bends over the meadows, with stiles and hedges; fresh footpaths, which we have never walked along, and make us long to look at the unvisited places to which they lead.

It is impossible to exhaust the attractions which Nature provides for those who reside in the county in the autumn season. But when these tire for a time, then those in search of health, recreation, and pure enjoyment can seek it in hunting, fishing, shooting, and the numerous other out-of-door sports which are ever at one's hand.

There are well-nigh a dozen packs of foxhounds covering the county; then the harriers can show as fine sport as any obtainable in England; and there is the greatest attraction of all to sportsmen, the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, temptingly inviting one to explore the beauties of Exmoor. Pheasant shooting commenced on the first of the month. Rod fishing for salmon in the Exe closes on the 28th October, but Taw and Torridge can be whipped until the 31st, and the Axe and Avon even later. Polo is becoming increasingly popular in the county, and the North Devon, the Exeter, and the Otter Vale Clubs have given excellent accounts of themselves in competition this season. Football will be the order of a good many days in the week; both Association and the Rugby codes continue to claim many admirers, and, speaking generally, there is every indication of the county this season again taking a leading part in the national winter pastime.

Visitors and residents can always find something to while away a pleasant hour. Those who revel in out-door pursuits have them abundantly supplied; those who follow the classic arts may participate in them in the various towns in the county. The schools are now in full swing, and this reminds one of the exceptional educational facilities offered by the capital of the county to our boys and girls. At the Royal Albert Memorial College students may proceed to London degrees direct from its classes. It is affiliated as a centre of Local Lectures to the University of Cambridge, whereby a student who has passed certain examinations from the College can afterwards proceed to a degree at Cambridge after two years' residence there, instead of the three usually required. It is recognised by the Conjoint Board for Medical Studies as a place of instruction in chemistry, physics, and biology. There are schools of pharmacy and art, a junior engineering school and manual school, with a day training department for men, and a series of classes on theory of education suitable for secondary teachers.

Soon we shall be in the midst of indoor social amusements. Exeter, Torquay, and Plymouth will at intervals give their residents the opportunity of hearing and seeing the best musical and dramatic talent. The first County Ball is fixed to be held at Exeter on October 10th. Carnivals are to take place at Kenton on the 5th, and at Bampton on the 10th, whilst this popular form of raising money for charitable objects will be followed by many other towns in the county. At the end of the month—the 30th—Seaton Chrysanthemum Show will take place, and after that we shall be looking forward to the dark November days. But amidst these Devonshire is beautiful and full of attractions.

W. G. WILLIS WATSON.



THE ABBEY SANDS, TORQUAY.

Devon Notes and Gleanings.

SEVERAL excellent pictures of the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds appear in the current number of the *Graphic*. The place of honour, of course, is given to the animated scene on Cloutsham Ball, thronged, as usual, with equestrians, pedestrians, and carriages. Other pictures represent "Mr. Stanley, the new Master, watching the tufters at work"; "The Huntsman"; and "A well-known member of the Hunt, the Rev. Popham Hayne"—one of a pair of clerical brothers, who some years ago were sketched by Sir F. Carruthers Gould for Mr. F. J. Snell's book on Exmoor.

* * *

Sir F. C. Gould's pen-and-ink drawing, entitled, "Two Passuns," depicts a pair of long, gaunt men armed with riding-whips and mounted on diminutive ponies. It was in this guise that I saw the brothers at a meet at Cloutsham some three years ago. In the course of the afternoon, while little groups of pleasure-seekers were indulging in al-fresco meals among the heather, the reverend gentlemen rode up cracking their whips loudly; and having thus drawn attention to themselves they improved the occasion by distributing religious tracts. The one I received inculcated the duty of cheerful thankfulness at all times, and was written, I believe, by a Wesleyan minister.

* * *

Of the making of books on the West Country and its sport there is no end. The latest, just published by Mr. Horace Cox, is entitled "The Red Deer of Exmoor." It is very highly spoken of by the reviewers. The author (Mr. Archibald Hamilton, for twenty years a hunting correspondent of the *Field*), unfortunately, did not live to see his book in print. He was taken ill some months ago while travelling by rail from Paddington to Dulverton, and died at Taunton railway station, much to the sorrow of all privileged to know him.

* * *

On the green sward by the side of the road between Tiverton and Bampton a few afternoons ago a respectably-dressed man might have been seen taking his ease with a well-seasoned pipe between his lips. As I passed he put his hand to his hat in a deferential manner and wished me good day. On the principle that "the proper study of mankind is man," I paused for a chat.

* * *

Unlike George Canning's needy knife-grinder with his "Story, God bless you, I've none to tell, sir," my chance acquaintance was frankly communicative. He said that while in the prime of life he had a paralytic seizure which unfitted him for work. He had therefore turned pilgrim. The night before I met him he lodged at Tiverton at the expense of the ratepayers in the Workhouse. Pursuing his journey, it was his intention to stay as long as possible at Dulverton in the charming villa residence maintained by the Guardians for the benefit of the aged and peripatetic poor. His route thence will be through North Devon as long as the weather permits; and for winter quarters he will go into the Workhouse at Honiton.

* * *

If the health statistics for the Tiverton and Bampton districts continue so satisfactory as they have been of recent years, the local authorities might with propriety advertise the localities as health resorts. Since there are in the district plenty of attractions for those who like an outdoor life, such as hunting, shooting, and fishing, the result should be such as would soon set the builders busy getting houses ready for residents of a most desirable type.

* * *

In no other rural district in North Devon is the death rate of 11 per thousand so low as it is in the parishes incorporated in the Tiverton Rural District. So far as the urban areas are concerned, Bampton heads the list with 11.15, the borough of Tiverton being second with 12.4, and breezy Ilfracombe third with 13.5.

* * *

As a hunting centre, Tiverton occupies a position which is absolutely unique. In no other district are facilities offered for hunting all the year round, and I am pleased to hear that there is every likelihood of these advantages being enjoyed by an increasingly large number during the ensuing season.

* * *

More than one good hunting family is expected in our midst, and if rumour speaks correctly Sir John Amory's Stag-hounds will attract to the district some of the sporting men, who, during the life of the Quantock pack, made Dunster their headquarters.



SIR WALTER RALEGH.

Raleigh and Tobacco.

Who introduced tobacco into England? The exact date it is difficult to determine, and not easier to whom rightfully to ascribe the honour of its introduction. Popularly Raleigh is regarded as the patron saint of smoking in England, but there is little doubt that he did not introduce it, though he as certainly popularised the practise, and made it fashionable.

Taylor, the Water Poet, says that tobacco was first brought into England in 1565 by Sir John Hawkins, and quaintly adds: "It is a doubtful question whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, for both appeared about the same time.

Stow, in his "Annals," states that tobacco, "that stinking weed so much abused to God's dishonour," came into England about the twentieth year (1577) of Queen Elizabeth. Lobelius, in "*Novum Stirpium Adversaria*," published at Antwerp 1576, declared that "within these few years tobacco had become an inmate of England." Camden cautiously says that Drake and his companions were the first, as far as we know, who introduced the Indian plant called tobacco or nicotia into England, having been taught by the Indians to use it as a remedy for indigestion. Drake had been presented with bags of tobacco during his voyage round the world twelve years earlier. Dr. Cotton Mather, in the *Christian Philosopher*, says: "that in 1585 one Mr. Lane carried over some tobacco, which was the first seen in Europe."

There is thus a difference of twenty years as to the date of the introduction of tobacco into England.

Hume awards the distinction to Drake, and there is little doubt that during his voyages he and his crew smoked the Indian herb. They may have brought tobacco back with them to England, but there is little doubt that in quantity it was introduced by Ralph Lane, the Governor of Raleigh's colony of Virginia. He returned to England in 1586, and Hariot, his chronicler, concludes his description of the Indian practice of smoking, with the party's personal experience of tobacco: "We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to suck it after their manner, *as also since our return*, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the virtues thereof, of which the relation would require a volume by itself. The use of it by so many of late, men and women, of great calling as else, and some learned phipitions also, is sufficient witness. . . . Aubrey, writing in 1681, says that "Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion"; but the claim rests upon the last clause. He was undoubtedly the first noted smoker in England, and gave the practice a good standing in society and at court.

The sailors of Hawkins', Drake's and Grenville's expeditions—for each of whom the introduction is claimed—were probably the first people to smoke tobacco in England, but inferences, as well as direct assertions, point to Lane as being the one who actually brought tobacco into this country. The popular transference of the honour is easily explained. Virginia, whence the first tobacco was brought, was founded by Raleigh, Lane being his lieutenant or deputy. Thus indirectly Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, and he certainly made its use common and fashionable.

As Hariot more than hints, Englishmen first took tobacco to appease their hunger and relieve their privations during their expeditions to the New World. Thus, at first, the use of tobacco was confined to sailors and travellers, who resorted to it of necessity; they soon found that the practice was more palatable than those which the mother of invention usually imposes. From his deputies in the settlement of Virginia, Raleigh acquired the habit, and smoked not of necessity, but of freewill, for pleasure. Perhaps heeding the eulogies of physicians in their flush of enthusiasm over tobacco, he smoked as a preventive against the damp and fogs of Ireland, in which he was stationed as Governor of Kilcolman, with Edmund Spenser as companion, in 1586-7. He cultivated tobacco near Cork and Youghal. In the garden of Voughal Manor Mouse there still stand four yew trees, forming an arbour where Raleigh is said to have smoked his first pipe, and many subsequent ones. Apart from the delight he experienced in smoking tobacco, by making the practice known, Raleigh was creating a demand for the herb of Virginia, and thus, in some measure, working for the success of his ill-starred settlement. The story of Raleigh, when smoking, being drenched with ale by a servant who thought he was on fire, was a stock jest with Elizabethan and later dramatists, the anecdote being found in numerous guises. It is certain that Raleigh was intensely devoted to tobacco, and smoked it on every occasion. In Sir Robert Acton's park, he "tooke a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitte him till he had done." He also sought consolation in his pipe when witnessing the execution of his old friend Essex.

Before the Queen he also smoked. It is not on record that Elizabeth ever tried a whiff of the divine herb, but it is quite possible she did. Elizabeth was but little feminine; tobacco was then smoked by both men and women, and it is easy to imagine Henry's bold daughter indulging in a puff or two out of mere curiosity. The Queen, at all events, did not object to, much less condemn, the practice, for she permitted Raleigh his pipe in the royal presence. Doubtless, however, she had been twitting him on his devotion to it, when he replied:

"I can assure your Majesty that I have so well experienced the nature of it that I can tell even the weight of smoke in any quantity I consume.

"I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, holding it was impossible to weigh smoke, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt."

Gallantly accepting the bet, Raleigh filled his pipe with a weighed quantity of tobacco, smoked it out, and then, weighing the resultant ashes, announced the weight he had smoked away.

"Your Majesty cannot deny that the difference hath been evaporated in smoke."

"Truly, I cannot," answered the Queen.

Ordering the wager to be paid, she turned to the courtiers around her and said:

"Many alchemists have I heard of who turned gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

There is little doubt that Raleigh owed much of his persecution at the hands of James I. to his love of tobacco. In the British Solomon's famous "Counterblaste," after referring to the foolish and groundless first entry thereof into this kingdom, he says: "This present age can very well remember both the first author and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great nor learned doctor of physic It seems a miracle to me how a custom springing



HAYES BARTON, NEAR EXMOUTH.
(The Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh.)



BOYHOOD OF RALEGH.

from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed on so slender a warrant." This clearly refers to Raleigh. James appears in a far from regal, and still less divine, character in his attitude towards Raleigh and tobacco. But Raleigh's love for the divine herb was unaffected by James's petty hatred and persecution. As it had amused him during the sunny days of his favour with Elizabeth, and comforted him during his banishment in Ireland, so in it he found consolation and solace in the Tower. It soothed his griefs, and inspired him to write his famous "History." To tobacco he was faithful to the last. Old Aubrey records that Raleigh soothed his soul with a pipe a short time before his execution: "He tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some female persons were scandalized at; but I think it was well and properly done to settle his spirits." . . . Recall that most brilliant company to whom Raleigh introduced the virtues of the matchless herb, instructing them in the "forms for the assumption of it." Spenser learned from Raleigh how to take the divine tobacco, as he took the first opportunity of calling it. Did not tobacco inspire the "Faerie Queene?" Shakespeare never mentions or alludes to smoking, though the practice was pursued in his own theatre, the Globe. Not a single passage in his works can be construed into reference to tobacco. Still, we think of him as a great smoker, and imagine him meditating and maturing many a thought and fancy over a pipe of Virginia. Cannot you trace the broad-minded, generous, intuitive views of Shakespeare to tobacco? Much of Hamlet's melancholy and indecision would have been dissipated had he but smoked. Perchance Shakespeare abstained from the weed to appreciate his hero's despair and vacillation of mind, or draw upon the experiences of his pre-smoking days for example. Yes, Shakespeare was a smoker—decidedly a good smoker. What a rare trio that—Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Spenser, gravely puffing tobacco and delighting in the ever-novel and untiring virtues of the new herb! What would not we give for an authentic account of just one evening at the Mermaid?

—From "The Soverane Herbe; a History of Tobacco," by W. A. Penn.

"The West Country"

THE joys of the road are many, lad,
 And each thinks their road is best,
 But I'll show you a bit of mine, lad,
 Of a road that leads to the West.

You may talk of your bleak north wolds, lad,
 And your cruel and cold North Sea;
 But I reckon you'll think them naught, lad,
 When you've been to the West with me.

The grass is more green "down along," lad,
 Than any you'll leave behind,
 Ah! wait till you've stood on the moor, lad,
 And drank in the soft west wind.

And wait till you've walked in the lanes, lad,
 And fished in the noisy streams,
 Ah! then you will understand, lad,
 With the spell of the West in your dreams.

Once, not very long ago, lad,
 I wandered across the sea;
 A young man is seldom content, lad,
 T'was the same old tale with me.

But I left in the western land, lad,
 A face like a rose in bloom,
 Each morning I crossed the Exe, lad,
 And wandered along the combe.

In hopes just to see her once,
 Before I should seek the sea,
 And instead of my own heart, laddie,
 T'was another's I took with me.

But now come along to the West, lad,
 For the wandering time is o'er;
 Let us come to the Exe's banks, lad,
 And the days as they were before.

For a Devon maid's hair is gold, lad,
 And a Devon maid's eyes are blue,
 And a Devon maid's cheeks as the rose, lad,
 And a Devon maid's heart is true.

B.E.C.

Devonshire for Artists.

DEVONSHIRE is a capital school of colour, with its bright reds, vivid greens, clear blues, deep purples, and its amethyst shadows. I think it wakes up the dormant sense of colour in people, and I value it greatly for that as well as for its own sake. Nature is the best school of colour. Take the red earth of Devonshire (caused by the iron in the soil) the brilliancy of it after rain; the glow of it under the rays of the sun; the grey of the slate as it shows up between the layers of red soil; the shining of the mica as it sparkles in the sunshine; the variegated surface of the marble as pieces of it lie scattered on the ground (at Petit Tor for instance); the sober yet rich tints of the brown earth as it is turned up by the plough; the green of the homely turnip speckling the reddish-brown ground, and making by its combination a fresh effect of colour; the delicate pale green of the young corn as it grows sparsely up, showing the earth between its slender shafts in spring; the golden spears as they catch the gleams of light in early autumn, the yellow of the barley glinting in the sun as the wind wafts its shafts to and fro, the grey of the oats as they are swayed by the gentle breeze. Look at the brilliancy of colour into which Nature dips her brush to paint the scene which lies just in front of you—Babbicombe Bay; the bright red cliffs, crowned with vivid green, the soft blue of the sky over the wide expanse of the glorious sunny blue sea, with its ever-changing hues, from sapphire to amethyst, softening and deepening into an indescribable purple as the cloud shadows sweep over it, and are reflected with startling distinctness in the clear ocean, radiant sunshine heightening every colour into a glow of brilliancy. Someone in speaking of the colour in Devonshire, says: "What strikes me most is the strange richness of everything. The rocks blush into every variety of colour, the trees and fields are emeralds, and the cottages are rubies. A beetle I picked up at Torquay was as green and gold as the stone it lay upon; and a squirrel which ran up a tree just now was not the pale reddish brown to which I am accustomed, but a bright brown red. The scents are also extremely fine, so very delicate, yet so powerful; and the colours of the flowers as if they were all shot with white. The sweet peas especially have the complexion of a beautiful face; they trail up the walls mixed with myrtles and creepers. As to the sunsets, the Dartmoor heights look purple and the sky, close upon them, a clear orange. When I turn back south-west, and think of the Isle of Wight, they seem in contrast to be drawn in Indian ink or pencil. I marvel at what I see, and think of Virgil's description of the purple meads of Elysium."

The Maids of Devon.

I SING in praise of those dear maids,
Who make this lower sphere a heaven;
I sing the maids, the lovely maids,
The charming girls—the maids of Devon.

The Irish girls are frank and free,
And when with them the time quick passes;
But they are not compared to be
To those dear girls—the Devon lasses.

E'en Scottish maids, with all their wiles,
And all their dear, domestic duties,
Not they, though decked with roseate smiles,
They will not match the Devon beauties.

And the French girls, though full of glee,
With manners that each man bewitches,
These 'witching girls are sure to be
Outvied by the mair Devon witches.

From Heaven sent, to banish woe,
To cheer the heart wherever care is;
The fairest angel you can know
You'll find among the Devon fairies.

Then loudly raise a shout of joy
To praise these beauteous gifts of Heaven,
For they are pure without alloy,
The peerless lovely maids of Devon.

Song by THOMAS BALDOCK.



COMPTON CASTLE.

By Dart and Otter.

WHEN Sir John Millais painted his famous picture, "The Boyhood of Raleigh," on the beach at Budleigh Salterton, in 1870, it was not quite the same place as it appears to-day. The charm of that painting has since drawn many visitors to the district, and the picturesque farm of Hayes Barton is open to all who wish to acquaint themselves with the birthplace of the great Sir Walter. Salterton—as they term it in those parts, to distinguish it from the neighbouring village of East Budleigh—has awakened to a sense of its importance. It has now a railway station, and a number of modern lodging-houses and bungalows line the beach. The coast at Salterton consists entirely of soft red cliffs, unrelieved by any kind of variety in colour, but at a distance of about a mile eastward from the remains of the old town the river Otter enters the sea. If, therefore, one forsakes the somewhat bald and uninteresting foreshore and turns inland, the wooded vale of the Otter and the luxuriant vegetation of the rich Devonshire soil will amply compensate the wanderer in search of natural beauties. From Salterton to East Budleigh it is a long two miles, but green hedgerows line the way, and the air is heavy with the scent of honeysuckle. One remembers, too, that not many miles away, on the other side of the river, the poet Coleridge was born in the old vicarage of Ottery St. Mary. Truly this quiet country side, with its thatched cob cottages nestling amid greenery, seems appropriate to the nurture of a poetic child.

East Budleigh is reached at last. It consists of a long rambling street, with thatched dwellings on either side, a handsome school, a quaint inn or two, and, hard by, on a slight elevation, the square grey tower of the old church dominates the scene. Here is still shown the handsome carved oak pew of the Raleigh family. Time seems almost to have stood still in East Budleigh. With the exception of the village school, there is hardly anything new about the place. The King's Arms, by the church gates, must be three hundred years old, by the look of it, and the wayfarer will doubtless find it pleasant to turn in at its low doorway and taste a mug of the cider of the district. Here one may fitly smoke the pipe of peace near the birthplace of the man who introduced tobacco into England. From East Budleigh to Hayes Barton Farm is a good mile or so. Taking the lane opposite the King's Arms, you leave the village sounds behind. The chiming of some distant church bells comes sweetly across the meadows, and, save the song of birds, naught else breaks the stillness. You come suddenly upon the object of your search at a turn of the road. It lies in a green hollow, and no other habitation is near. In front of the house is a walled garden, having a path up the middle leading to the quaint porch, with seats on either side. The building is in the form of the letter E, having gabled wings thrust at either end, and a gabled room over the large porch. The roof consists of thatch, and the windows have leaded, diamond-shaped panes. A more picturesque building it would be difficult to find. Within doors little has changed. The logs

were blazing on the hearth in the great kitchen, and the hams were hanging high up the wide chimney to smoke. There is a window in the chimney looking out upon the garden, and so ample is the space that one might sit on the far side of the wood-fire with something of ease and comfort. The entire house is open to the visitor. You may see the room in which Sir Walter was born, or you may witness the process of butter-making. In this delightful homestead the early boyhood of Walter Raleigh was spent, and that he had a kindly regard for the spot is shown in the fact that many years afterwards, when casting about for a place in which to make his home, he endeavoured to purchase Hayes Farm from its then owner, explaining that "for the natural disposition he had for the place, being born in that house, he would rather set himself there than anywhere else."

From here the scene shifts to the River Dart. Walter Raleigh, the elder, married for his third wife Katherine, daughter of Sir Philip Champernoun, and widow of Otho Gilbert of Compton and Greenaway. This lady was the mother of Carew and Walter Raleigh, and the children of her earlier marriage were Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert. Greenaway House, the ancestral home of the Gilberts, lies three miles from the mouth of the Dart. That glorious river, with wide, lake-like reaches, is nowhere more beautiful than where the thick woods of Greenaway spread down the steep bank



GREENWAY FERRY, RIVER DART.

to the water's edge. Here the Gilbert and Raleigh boys doubtless spent most of their early days.

A stone's throw under the windows, by dale and covert and down,
The Dart winds home from its moorland source to the roads and the haven town;
And thither it was in an old sea-boat from their home at Greenaway,
The eager sons of the Manor House would fare for their holiday.

And these four boys, all famous in after life, had for companion another of Devon's most distinguished sons—John Davis, of Sandridge Farm, a mile or so higher up the river. Such were the early surroundings of five great men in the making. Nature does not change, and surely the river Dart is much the same as it was in Raleigh's days of boyhood. The remains of Dartmouth Castle are yet to be seen, and the grey old church of St. Petrox still looks down upon the narrow entrance to the river. Though three hundred years have rolled away since Walter Raleigh rowed his boat upon the waters of the Dart and held converse with mariners who had sailed to the Spanish Main, the place is still the haunt of romance. And where Nature is so lavish of her beauty man's imagination moves at no leaden pace.

—TINSLEY PRATT, in *Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

A Dawlish Legend—The Parson and Clerk.

NEAR Dawlish stand, out in the sea, two rocks of sand conglomerate, to which the above name is given. The Bishop of Exeter was sick unto death at Dawlish. An ambitious priest, from the east, frequently rode with the clerk to make anxious inquiries after the condition of the dying bishop. It is whispered that this priest had great hopes of occupying the bishop's throne in Exeter Cathedral. The clerk was usually the priest's guide; but, somehow or other, on a particularly stormy night, he lost his road, and they were wandering over Haldon. Excessively angry was the priest, and very provoking was the clerk. He led his master this way and that way, but they were yet upon the elevated country of Haldon. At length the priest, in a great rage, exclaimed, "I would rather have the devil for a guide than you!" Presently the clatter of horses' hoofs were heard, and a peasant, on a moor pony, rode up. The priest told of his condition, and the peasant volunteered to guide them. On rode peasant, priest, and clerk, and presently they were at Dawlish. The night was tempestuous, the ride had quickened the appetite of the priest, and he was wet through. Therefore when his friend asked him to supper, as they approached an old ruined house, through the windows of which bright lights were shining, there was no hesitation in accepting the invitation. There were a host of friends gathered together—a strange, wild-looking lot of men. But as the tables were laden with substantial dishes, and black-jacks were standing thick around, the parson, and the clerk too, soon made friends with all. They ate and drank, and became most irreligiously uproarious. The parson sang hunting songs, and songs in praise of a certain old gentleman, with whom a priest should not have maintained any acquaintance, and every man joined loudly in the choruses. Night wore away, and at last news was brought that the bishop was dead. This appeared to rouse up the parson, who was only too eager to get the first intelligence, and go to work to secure the hope of his ambition. So master and man mounted their horses, and bade adieu to their hilarious friends. They were yet at the door of the mansion—somehow or other the horses did not appear disposed to move. They were whipped and spurred, but to no purpose.

"The devil's in the horses," said the priest.

"I b'lieve he is," said the clerk.

"Devil or no devil, they shall go," said the parson, cutting his horse madly with his heavy whip.

There was a roar of unearthly laughter. The priest looked round. His drinking friends were all turned into demons, wild with glee, and the peasant guide was an arch little devil, looking on with a marvellously curious twinkle in his eyes. The noise of waters was around them; and now the priest discovered that the mansion had disappeared, and that waves beat heavy upon his horse's flanks, and rushed over the smaller horse of his man. Repentance was too late. In the morning following this stormy night, two horses were found straying on the sands at Dawlish; and, clinging with the grasp of death to two rocks, were found the parson and the clerk. There stand the rocks, to which the devil had given the forms of horses—an enduring monument to all generations.

—From Hunt's "Romances and Drolls of the West of England."



North, South, East, West,

Home still is best.

A pleasant writer in the *Outlook*, after reminiscences of "September Holidays" spent in France, Italy, and Switzerland, on the Loire, at Orvieto, and Verona, on the Adriatic, and amongst the eternal snows of the Alps, ends his article with the following paragraph:—

"Amid so many lovely places, seen in past Septembers, which is the spot that above all others is the home of the spirit of holiday? I can imagine many answers to the question. I am tempted by Verona, by the forest of green umbrellas in the Piazza dell' Erbe, and the huge cypresses in the Giusti gardens. But the loveliest place in all the world is, after all, on English soil. It is, no doubt, Clovelly, 'in the sweet shire of Devon.' It is the one place in the world which it is impossible to spoil. No motor car can scorch down that steep street. Nowhere, I think, are there such September seas and skies; nowhere are there such myrtles and geraniums; nowhere does such a little crooked pier of stone run out into the sea. It is what the Italian lakes ought to be, and are not."



ANSTIS COVE, TORQUAY.

Notes from Towns.

Ashburton.—Excellent train accommodation, sixteen trains in and out daily, via Totnes. The Torquay, Bovey Tracey, and Newton Abbot coaches pass through and stop for luncheon or tea daily. Good roads. Good water supply, and good drainage. The town has been full of visitors all the season, and there are no houses to let.

HUNTING.—South Devon and Dartmoor Foxhounds, and Haldon Harriers.

FISHING.—Good salmon and trout fishing in the River Dart.

SHOOTING.—Rather difficult to obtain unless one knows the owners of land and woods.

GOLFING.—Totnes and Stover Links are nearest.

Sports—Cricket, Football, and Tennis Clubs.

Good local maps to be obtained in the town.

Good Cottage Garden Society.

The far-famed Holne Chase Drives and Buckland Drives are within easy distance of the town.

Good Hotel—The Golden Lion.

Hon. Local Secretary Mr. ROBERT C. TUCKER, the Hall, Ashburton.

Holsworthy.—Trains very convenient. There are plenty of hotels and Temperance Hotels to stay at, where visitors are made very comfortable; and papers can be had. There is no reading room or club. A Rifle Club has lately been started. Harvest is very late.

HUNTING, etc.—The "Tetcott" and Mr. Scott Browne's foxhounds hunt the neighbourhood, and afford very good sport. There is also a pack of Otter Hounds hunted by Dr. Bury Knight, called the Tetcott Otter Hounds.

FISHING can be had in the Tamar and Torridge. Further particulars of Mr. C. Williams, Bodmin Street.

SHOOTING is chiefly in the hands of the landlords.

GOLFING.—Nearest Links at Bude, twenty miles by rail; there links can be played on all the year round, and are very good (18-hole course).

Sports—Cricket in Stanhope Park; also a Tennis Club (Hon. Sec., J. W. Cory, Esq.); Football Club.

CYCLING.—Roads moderately good. Within easy distance are Launceston, Bude, Bideford, Hatherleigh, Hartland, Clovelly, etc.

MOTORING.—Particulars from Mr. Whitelock. Ironmonger.

Holsworthy is a healthy place, being on a hill. The Cattle Market, which has just been made, is a great improvement. Philharmonic Society. District Nurse. Several visitors have been in the town this summer, in spite of the bad weather.

Hon. Local Secretary Mrs. PETERSON, Cawsend, Holsworthy.

Honiton.—The health of the town and neighbourhood of Honiton is so well known that numbers of visitors have filled the hotels and lodging-houses during the latter part of July and the whole of August, and visited Seaton, Sidmouth, Branscombe, Beer, and Budleigh Salterton by train and otherwise daily, returning to Honiton each evening. A larger number of visitors than usual have been to Hembury Fort, Dumdon, and other places near Honiton, of geological and historical interest.

All facilities for motoring, garage, provision, local maps, etc., to be found at the Dolphin Hotel.

Hon. Local Secretary Mr. H. BANFIELD, Dolphin Hotel.

Paignton.—Splendid train service, together with incessant motor traffic all day, especially to Torquay. New water supply laid on from Dartmoor. Lighting good. Paignton has enjoyed a splendid season, with record number of visitors.

Record number of bathers this year; over two hundred tents, besides machines, pier and free dips at Goodrington.

See further notes in "Devonia Supplement," page xxv.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. H. D. HIGGS, *Observer* Office, Paignton

Great Torrington—in the English Holy Land.—

The claims of certain districts to be an English Switzerland or the European Riviera in England are generally known; but few are, perhaps, aware that there is a spot in our country said to bear such a strong resemblance to the surroundings of Jerusalem as to entitle it to be called the Holy Land of England. That spot is Great Torrington, Devon, the terminal point of the Bideford branch of the L. and S.W.R., so called to distinguish it from Black, Little and a few other Torringtons. It is an inland town with an ancient history and merits mention as an ideal resort for the tired brain-worker or weakly one in need of "tuning up," to whom the seaside presents few attractions, if, indeed, is not repellent. But its existence is not so well known as is deserved, and for that reason the writer, who twice revisited Torrington after making acquaintance with it in the month of May, seeks to impart information for the benefit of others.

NOTES FROM TOWNS—*continued.*

Torrington, five miles beyond Bideford, stands on a hill of irregular shape, over 400 feet above sea level, sloping down gently in places, in other parts dropping almost perpendicularly toward the River Torridge, which winds around and nearly makes the town an island. According to geographical definition, it is decidedly a peninsula. These slopes are common land, well clad with furze, providing space for golf links and grounds for other sports, and intersected by well-kept paths liberally provided with seats. From one quarter come strong breezes straight from the Atlantic, from another the bracing air off Dartmoor, while all round is spread out magnificent scenery over the valley below and the hills rising beyond. These enjoyments can be tasted by visitors freely, and within easy walking distance are old-time villages abounding in interest.

The resemblance to the environs of Jerusalem lies chiefly on the south side, where once stood a strongly fortified castle on the highest point of the hill with an almost sheer drop to the valley beneath, from which the land rises on the opposite bank of the river at a steep inclination after crossing a level strip. This is divided into fields with an approach to mathematical accuracy, evidently of modern date compared with those on the slope above, the configuration of which is so singular as to lead one to wonder how such boundaries came to be marked out. But this enhances the picturesqueness or the view.

The formation of the town proper is peculiar; clustered around ancient church, market-place, and guildhall are the marts of commerce, substantial houses occupied by persons of substance, and habitations erected centuries ago before iron girders were dreamt of; still stable, if antiquated in look. Somewhat like the tail of a croquet in musical notation an irregular line of houses of varying degree runs away down the hillside to the river below, ending in a group of thatched-roof tenements close to a solid bridge crossing the stream to the little village of Taddipott.

One of the glories of Torrington is its bowling green; this occupies the site of the keep of the castle, kept in position by the old walls and reputed to be the best in Devon. Records of games played thereon for over 200 years past are to be seen, and the club claims to possess the identical bowls which Admiral Drake was playing with at Plymouth when the Spanish Armada was sighted. The Torringtonians are noted bowlers, and it is said they have never suffered defeat on their own green. Whether true or not, they have a ground which for position and condition is unrivalled. Visitors to the town are cordially welcomed to this historic resort for recreation, as well as on the golf links, in an equally ideal situation, and fishing is free in the river bounding the common land. These opportunities for games and sports, combined with the pure bracing air which must be inhaled, the quietude obtainable amid charming surroundings—and the scenery by the side of the Torridge is quite equal to any on Thames or Dart—place this Devonshire "Holy Land" in a foremost position among inland health resorts. It is easily reached by the splendid service of corridor trains now running on the London and South Western Railway, and, once visited, its delights will long linger in the memory of those who have tasted of them.

W. D.

Official Information.

"I should feel obliged if you would forward me any particulars you may have of suitable places to stay in Clovelly and district.—LEEDS."

* * *

"Can you send me any printed matter relating to Devonshire issued by your Association? Also I should be glad of any list you may have of boarding-houses or hotels.—MANCHESTER."

WE regret to have to again express the severe loss which the United Devon Association has sustained in the death of J. C. Clarke, of Ilfracombe, a member of the Urban District Council, at one time its Chairman, and for many years an active member of the Council of the U.D.A. Mr. Clarke was an energetic Devonian, who, with devotion to his county and the town of Ilfracombe, was ever anxious that others should participate in the pleasures of the beauties of its scenery and the cordiality of its hospitality. While the town of Ilfracombe did not respond as heartily as he could have wished in support of the efforts which he made to have its attractions widely advertised, he recognised in the efforts of the U.D.A. a valuable medium of continuing and extending the work begun by himself, and other enthusiasts in the town. The testimony borne locally to his memory was a fitting tribute to the value of his work, and we desire to join in this tribute as an appreciation of the regard in which he was held by those who have worked with him.

Dartmoor Experiences.

That it is an easy matter to get lost on Dartmoor was proved a few days ago by two gallant officers of the territorial army—one from Tiverton and the other from the cathedral city. They had been in camp near Moretonhampstead, doing their duty like Britons; and when the camp was struck and their comrades gone home, they lingered for a pleasurable week-end on the moor.

By way of viewing the country, they started off one Saturday afternoon on horse-back for a ride from Chagford across the moor to Bridestowe. The route lay over the wildest and most romantic part of Dartmoor. The air was invigorating; and for a time all went well. Suddenly, however, there came on a fog, effectually shutting out all view of the surrounding country. In a comparatively short space of time they realised that they had lost their bearings.

One of the charms of Dartmoor is its solitude. You go there, as the guide-books say, to commune with Nature, far from the busy haunts of men. It is possible, however, to have too much solitude; and the gallant officers, not knowing which way to turn, longed in vain for the stir and bustle of humanity. They waited awhile in the hope that the fog would lift. But it showed no signs of clearing, and at length, as evening drew on, they took the saddles from the backs of the tired beasts, and let them loose to shift for themselves.

Presently, to their relief, the fog showed some signs of clearing; and the wanderers wished for their horses again to resume the journey. They set off to look for them—going in different directions. No trace of the stray steeds could they discover, however; only by dint of vigorous shouts did they manage to keep in touch with each other. Moreover, in stalking the horses they wandered from the saddles; and so, when the time came to bivouac in the open for the night they were pillowless, except for the accommodation afforded by the rocks which abound on the moor. It was a chilly time, for they were clad only in light riding attire.

With morning light they renewed their explorations, and ere long sighted a stone building, which on nearer inspection proved to be a public-house. It was a welcome sight. They roused the landlord from slumber, borrowed his clothing in temporary substitution for their own damp garments, and commandeered a substantial breakfast, which they enjoyed with the best of sauce. Later in the morning the horses were found not far away; the saddles also were retrieved; and the ride was brought to a pleasant termination.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



UPOTTERY MANOR.

Beautiful Homes.



Upottery Manor.

UPOTTERY MANOR, the family seat of William Wells Addington, Third Viscount Sidmouth, is situated near the village of Upottery, about five miles north-east by north from Honiton station. Standing high upon the brow of a hill overlooking glorious beauty, in what has very justly been called "the Arcadia of England," Upottery, is a noble Elizabethan mansion, judiciously restored from time to time, and possessing a peculiar charm of its own. Fine trees give pleasant shade in summer to a lawn typically sleek and velvet-like; sub-tropical growths tell their own tale of a kindly climate; quaint old yews help to give an old-world reposeful atmosphere; and creepers flourish upon the house walls. Altogether it is a charming and lovable place, this heritage of the house of Addington.

Lord Sidmouth has served his country and his county in a variety of ways. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, then he held the rank of Captain in the Devon Rifle Volunteers; he represented Devizes in Parliament 1863-4; has held office as Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Devon, and Justice of the Peace for Somerset. He succeeded to the Peerage in 1864. Viscountess Sidmouth, who died in 1896, was the eldest daughter of the Honourable and Very Reverend George Pellew, Dean of Norwich, Doctor of Divinity, the third son of Edward, first Viscount Exmouth.

The Sidmouth motto is, "*Libertas sub rege pio*"—"Freedom under a just King"—and the title, of course, is derived from the coast town of Sidmouth, just as that of the Pellew family is derived from the sister town of Exmouth. There is good fishing at Upottery, for the river Otter flows through the village, coming out to the sea by Budleigh Salterton. There is excellent hunting, too, for the woodlands all about afford capital cover, and foxhounds and other hounds each have their own especial country and season. In Spring and Summertide, and later, when Autumn "lays a fiery finger on the leaves," this lovely demesne is beautiful with trees and flowers and shrubs. From each window it may be said that every prospect pleases, for at Upottery we are in one of the fairest spots in Devon.

Like all the notable seats in the county, it has a very beautiful interior; pictures by eminent painters, and busts of members of the family, notably one of Henry (Addington), first Viscount Sidmouth, and sometime Speaker of the House of Commons. One especially interesting picture is a portrait of Lord Chatham, presented by him to the great-grandfather of the present Lord Sidmouth. There are also a couple of pictures, the gift of King George the Third, and a portrait by Copley, of Lord Sidmouth's grandfather. It was taken to Calcutta by the Marquess Wellesley, when he went out as Governor General. They were great friends, and he (the Marquess) left in exchange his own portrait, painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence; this now hangs in the dining-room at Upottery.

Amongst other valued relics, there are the chairs used by the Speaker in two Parliaments, and a table bearing an inscription relating to an interesting interview with Lord Nelson.

Devonshire in November.

It requires a little courage, perhaps, to recommend any place to outsiders in the month of November; and yet there is no difficulty in pointing out many places in this highly favoured county which particularly appeal to those especially who wish to fly from the fogs which surround them and the winds which torment them in this month associated with murky gloom. Even poets have, as a whole, adopted a melancholy tone when describing November. No one expects it to vie with May. But we need not all follow Hood's lamentation and make believe there is in November—

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds.

We in Devonshire flatter ourselves that this is just the county to drive away such melancholy ideas. Ask the followers of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds if there is no pleasure to be found in November when a burst of music leads them over the heather-clad hills of Devonshire across the border to dip down through the lovely combes on the Somerset side of Exmoor. Ask the fox hunter if he cannot gain health and strength in following his favourite pack over the Dartmoor country; or the sportsman who knows what the harrier packs in the county can do.

There is an abundance of outdoor enjoyment to be obtained. Everyone cannot hunt or shoot. Then there are the golf links—some of the finest in England. There is plenty of shooting, and up to the 20th of November the Axe is open for salmon fishing with rods, and the Avon can be whipped ten days later. But for those who cannot engage in the robust forms of sports, for those who desire rest, for the invalid, there are the sheltered coast towns of South Devon. Take Torquay, for instance, a climate will be met with there which can well be compared with the Riviera; its Rock Gardens provide evidence of the fact that black November winds and winter's frosts and snows are strangers to this favoured spot. Again, take Sidmouth, Teignmouth, Salcombe, the West Cliff at Seaton, Branscombe—anywhere along the South Devon coast—and visitors will find a climate comparable in mildness to Lisbon or the South of France. And there is the luscious Devonshire cream all the year round, and the delectable junket, the incomparable butter, and the most tempting dairy produce close at one's door.

Banish Hood's melancholy thoughts! Let us recall to mind George Gissing's view of the county which he so dearly loved. "Dark days are few in happy Devon," he says, "and such as befall have never brought me a moment's tedium. The long, wild winter of the North would try my spirits, but here the season that follows autumn is merely one of rest, nature's annual slumber. More often than not the winter day is blest with sunshine—the soft beam which is Nature's smile in dreaming." It will please others as it pleased this wonderful writer to note changes of landscape when the leaves have fallen. "I see streams and ponds," he writes, "which during summer were hidden; my favourite lanes have an unfamiliar aspect, and I become better acquainted with them. Then there is a rare beauty in the structure of trees ungarmented; and if perchance snow or frost have silvered their tracery against the sober sky, it becomes a marvel which never tires."

This is the mood in which to approach Devonshire in November. The two railway companies—the Great Western and the London and South Western—have made generous provision for travellers during the winter months, and although there are, of course, not the number of trains running there were in the summer, visitors from the North and from London can secure excellent services with many accompanying conveniences such as travellers a few years ago never dreamt of.

Those who come here to winter will find along the South Coast the most charming little towns and villages nestling snugly from the rude winds which sweep over the moors and the highlands. Tropical and sub-tropical plants will make them believe they are breathing the mild air of Mentone or Monte Carlo. The sea at their feet will compare with the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Exeter and the larger towns inland offer inducements to residents in many ways which cannot be beaten elsewhere. The educational facilities to be met with in the county town are equal to those to be found in any place in the country, and as a shopping centre, few cities of its size can compare with it.

Thus Devonshire appeals to visitors and prospective residents all the year round. November winds may blow, the clouds may be sad coloured, but days bright and beautiful will come. There is a great deal of truth in the lines of an enthusiastic Devonian, who said:

If man is vouchsafed a vision of the promised land of Heaven,
His feet must be on its threshold in our native land of Devon.

W. G. WILLIS WATSON.

TOTNES,

— AN ANCIENT DEVONSHIRE BOROUGH.

TOTNES, one of the most ancient boroughs in the country, possesses a great and interesting history. Originally, *Litus Totonesium*, or Totnes Shore or Strand, applied not only to that portion of the Dart on which Totnes stands, but extended from Berry Head to the Bolt, and included within its range Prawle Point, which was at one time considered the most southerly point in England. There is a tradition of Vespasian having landed at Totnes on his way to the siege of Exeter, and in various parts of the town Roman coins have from time to time been found. During the Anglo-Saxon era there was a Mint at Totnes, and in the Royal Cabinet of Antiquities, Stockholm, there are twenty-one specimens of coins from the Totnes Mint. Totnes was a walled town, and had originally four gates,



TOTNES.

of which only two remain, the East and the North. The East Gate, which divides Fore Street and High Street, has been very much modernised. Formerly it consisted of two arched portals; one for carriages, which was enclosed with gates, and a smaller one—a “needle’s eye”—for foot passengers. In the room over this gateway is a fine coloured carved frieze, above the linen panelling and surrounding the room, with—over the chimneypiece—heads, it is said, of King Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. It is a beautiful specimen of the early renaissance. The North Gate is in Castle Street near the entrance to the Castle, and has never been modernised. It is the property of the Corporation. In the pavement outside No. 51 Fore Street, is to be seen a large granite pebble. This is known as Brutus’s Stone, tradition alleging that on it Brutus of Troy landed. It is customary, and has been for a long period, on the proclamation of a new Sovereign, for the Mayor to make the proclamation from this stone, among other places, and this was done on the Coronation of Edward VII.

The chief thing which Totnes boasts of is its parish church, dedicated to St. Mary. Its magnificent tower of octagonal pinnacles, rising to a height of 120 feet, presents a landmark for miles around. Within the tower is a very fine peal of eight bells. In a pamphlet on Totnes bells, by Mr. Edward Windeatt, Town Clerk of Totnes, mention is made that "Leland, the historian, visited Totnes in the reign of Henry VIII., and speaks of these bells in his 'Itinerary' as 'the great bells in those quarters.' It is clear, therefore, that in early days Totnes bells were famous." In 1432 there were only four bells, and on a mutilated roll of paper among the documents of the Corporation of Totnes is the following entry referring to them:—

On the Monday next after the Feast of Translation of Saint Thomas the Martyr, in the year of Our Lord, 1442, John Bishop of Olien in Freseland, annoited and consecrated the four bells of Tottonneys, namely, the great bell in honour of All Saints, another in honour of St. Mary the Virgin, the third in honour of St. Gabriel, and the fourth in honour of St. Katherine.

In 1732 the bells were recast, and there were then eight bells. From time to time they have been recast, and are certainly now one of the finest peals in the country. The following rules were drawn up on November 8th, 1742,



TOTNES.

by Benjamin Kennicott, jun., foreman of the ringers of the church, who afterwards became Doctor of Divinity, Fellow of Exeter College, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. He collated the Manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible, and University Scholarships were founded to his memory at Oxford: —

(Copy.)

ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH, TOTNES.

RULES FOR THE RINGERS.

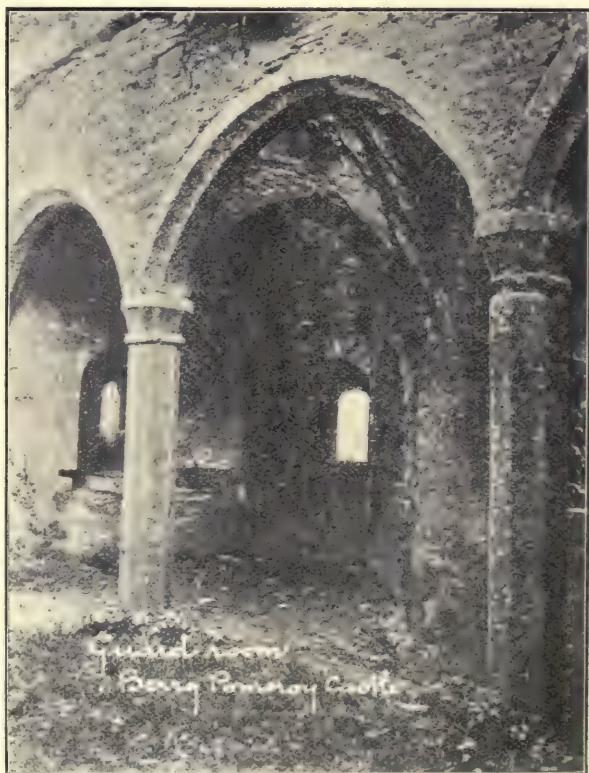
8th Novr., 1742.

Among the many recreations approved of by the sons of pleasure, ringing is a diversion that may be emphatically said to bear away the bell, and so much does it engage the natives of Great Britain, beyond all others nations, that it has even the distinguishing appellation of the "ringing is'le."

The art, then, for which this kingdom is renowned, shows a judicious taste in those of its inhabitants who have by their performances contributed thereto, since this art wants no foreign encomiast, but the harmonious bells are the heralds of their own praise. The ingenuity required for the diversion administered in, and the health subsequent upon, this exercise, give it a particular sanction among mankind, and recommend it as an employment at vacant hours, worthy the regard of all denominations.



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE, NEAR TOTNES.



GUARD ROOM, BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

We, therefore, whose names are subscribed, taking into consideration the great pleasure that results from this manly employment, the innocence with which it is performed, and the advantage enjoyed from so healthy an exercise of our bodies, and also having the peculiar satisfaction of ringing with ease a set of bells, of established fame, and applauded excellence, do hereby agree to meet together in the usual place of ringing every Monday evening at six o'clock, for our improving this science; and for the greater certainty of attendance, we do hereby severally promise to forfeit the sum of threepence if not attending at the hour aforesaid, and sixpence if not present at seven o'clock, to be deposited in the hands of the treasurer for the time being, and spent as the major part of the society shall seem fit. And for the better regulation of this our fraternity, we do also agree that we remain in the belfry during pleasure, and then for the further pleasure and benefit of conversation adjourn to any house the company shall choose, and there tarry until the hour of ten, and no longer.

And whereas the stays supporting the bells are liable to damage from unskilful hands, we agree that whoever hurts shall repair the same at his own proper charge.

We make no rules for conversation, nor penalties for any misbehaviour in it, resolving to render it innocently agreeable to each other, and whenever a breach of this rule is committed, that a reprimand be administered from the society. In all cases and disputes not hereinbefore decided, the majority of the company shall determine, that so this society, amicably begun, may be amicably carried on, and not meet the fate of others that have gone before it.

The earliest record of a church existing at Totnes is given in a charter of Judhel, or Joel, who came over with William of Normandy, and for services rendered to the King, received 107 manors. Among them was the Manor of Totenais, or Totnes, and afterwards he bore the name of Judahel de Totnes, by which he grants the church, referred to in the charter as "*ecclesiam Sancte Marie de Toteneo*," to the great Benedictine Abbey of SS. Sergius and Bacchus at Angers. The church was rebuilt and consecrated by Bishop Bronescombe, in 1259. About 200 years afterwards the church was again rebuilt, and Bishop Lacy granted an indulgence of forty days to all who contributed towards the restoration. The church itself is of the Early Perpendicular style, and on entering the south porch will be observed a water stoup, now used as an alms box. The most conspicuous feature of the interior is the magnificent stone screen, considered to be one of the finest in the world. This was erected about the year 1450, and runs the full length of the nave and north and south aisles. Many of the parts of tracery and groining are as delicate as if executed on wood. The screen is furnished with carved wooden doors, in keeping with it, and on those of the south aisle is the Lacy Knot.

On the north side of the chancel is a quaint old staircase, which led to the rood loft, where the crucifix was placed. The loft was taken away when the church was restored in the last century. In the north wall of the chancel there is a perpendicular orifice, the common name given to this being the "squint hole." There was at one time a lepers' hospital just outside Totnes, and tradition has it that these lepers came and looked in this squint, joining in the service at the elevation of the Host, but who themselves were not allowed to enter the church. The stone pulpit, which is of the same date as the screen, was originally decorated in the same style. An attempt was made to improve it about a century ago, when it was thought that a stone pulpit was improper, and that it should at least have the appearance of wood. It was therefore painted mahogany colour. During the restoration last century this colouring was removed in order to show the original. It was not altogether successful, and the result was that the stone had to be re-cut, and now looks quite modern. The Corporation stalls, which are a good specimen of Jacobean carving, were erected in 1626, and were originally placed against the screen. They have been cut down and placed opposite the entrances. An 18-light brass candelabra of graceful proportions hangs in the nave. It was formerly the only means of lighting the church. It has the inscription: "Thy word is a lantern unto my feet and a light unto my path. Donum Dei et Deo, 17th May, 1701." Under the tower arch is a marble monument to the memory of Christopher Blackhall and his four wives. It formerly stood on the south side of the chancel, but was moved during the restoration to its present

position. A kneeling figure with clasped hands represents the husband, who died in 1635, and beneath are the kneeling figures of his four wives. In the south aisle is a fine perpendicular tomb to the memory of Walter Smyth, who died in 1555.

The present Vicar (Rev. T. H. Elliott, M.A.), together with Mr. Edward Windeatt, Town Clerk of Totnes, takes the liveliest interest concerning the history of Totnes and its parish church, and much has been brought to light by the inspired energy of these two gentlemen. One often wonders in this present age when viewing some of our ancient churches, with their magnificent architecture, why our forefathers were able to raise such glorious edifices, whilst to-day a great many churches are needed, and would be welcomed even if of a lower grade of architecture. In the days of Bishop Lacy people were willing to give their alms to receive indulgence, but apparently with this tradition removed there is not at present an inspired substitute.

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NEW BRIDGE, RIVER DART.



Berry Castle.

TALL, slender trees swaying against the sky
 Hold up a gauzy veil of tenderest green,
 Thro' which the light of heaven's own blue is seen,
 Whence ripple floods of gold, as passing by
 O'er mossy, leaf-strewn path, we soon descry
 A slope, where pausing stars have been
 Reflected in each flowery gem serene,
 Above bright waters, where gold blossoms lie,
 The ruins of the stately ivied walls,
 Round silent, mossy carpets, sadly rise.
 Telling of bygone days when noble halls
 Rang with gay feast or stirring batt'e cries;
 Now birds sing sweetly there, and many calls
 Are made from heart to heart thro' loving eyes.

EFFIE VICARY.

A Faithful Friend.

"You want to know where I wuz yisterday, James, do 'ee?" remarked Richard Harris to his younger neighbour, James Drake, who had inquired as to his absence the previous day, no one knowing the reason of it. Both lived a little way on the moor, and were friends and neighbours, Richard being, however, much the older.

"Iss I wuz wonderin', 'cause you never zed you wuz a-gwain anywhere when I zeed 'ee last."

Well, 'twuz like this yer. A gentleman comed along an' us 'ad a word or two o' talk, an' 'e 'ad a drop o' milk. Afore 'e left 'e zed, 'would 'ee like to-day's paper?' And I zed—"if 'ted'n deprivin' 'ee of en I shud, for us don't get no chance for daily papers 'ereabouts." An' 'e laughed an' zed, "They don't print 'em on the tors, do 'em." You'm quite welcome to un'," an' zo I took en. An' then 'e went 'is way 'cross the moor.

Arter tay I read the paper an' zeed 'mong other things there wuz to be fine gwains on to Tarkay a-openin' a lib'ry, a 'ouse full of books, gauve by a Scotchie caalled Carniggy, who's wuth more money 'n 'e knows what to do with. I read all 'bout it an' the gwains on an' I zed to myzelf—"twould be perty to zee I reckon. Blam'd if I don't go in. You know us 'ad stayin' with us du or dree summers agone a writer-man who lives to Tarkay, an' 'e wuz always sayin' good books wuz next o mait;—well they wuz friends what never ded'n fall out. An', as you know, I've got a few 'e gauve me. Zo I pondered it auver an' I zed to Missis: I'm gwain to Tarkay in the mornin', Missis.

"What fer," 'er zed. "Be 'ee gwain to buy some geese, for I know its close by the zay. Yer'll lose yerzelf. You've nivver bin afore."

I thought it best to be straight, zo I zed: I'm gwain in to a zort o' fair, where there's a 'eap o' books. But as 'er draw'd a long face I tould 'er I wud'n gwain to buy none, so 'er zed, "Well, I spose yer'll go." Zo the next mornin', yisterday, I walked in to Moreton an' I caught the first train an' wuz off. When I was in the train I chanced to zay I wuz gwain to Tarkay for the gwains on, an' zo a young chap zed, "You'll get out to Tar." Tar, zed I, I've got a ticket to Tarkay. "Never mind," zed 'e, "do's I tell 'ee an' git out to Tar." Tar what, zed I. "Why Tar," zed 'ee. I thought 'e wuz a-avin' me, so I zed: None of yer games. "Well," 'e zed, "if you like to tramp miles more'n yer need, yer can. I tell 'ee, Tar's yer station." Do 'ee main to zay, I zed, there's a station caalled Tar? "Iss," 'e zed, "there is, an' its nearest to the lib'ry." Well, I zed, I'm 'bliged to 'ee, but I never knawd it till now, an' why did'n they chaps to Moreton zay zo. Zo I got out to Tar and inquired my way. I zoon found out the buildin', but barrin' a chap or du fixin' up things, nobody wud'n there. They zed, "You'm 'ours early," zo I traped round a bit, an' got back as a crowd was a-gatherin'.

I should tell 'ee, James, 'twuz a fine white buildin', perty. An' outzide, up on the wall, I zeed zum words an' the name of the gent as I towld 'ee us ad' a-stayin' with us. Theyse be the words:

READ WISELY, FOR A GOOD BOOK IS A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Jist then I 'eard a band playin', and lookin' down the street I zeed 'em comin', an' next arter the band a man in a gert blue cloak, carrin' a gold thing on 'is showlder. Zed I, that's the mayor right 'nough, I spose, 'cause I'd 'eard the Mayor wuz gwain to 'ead the percession. I ded'n know what thy'd do next, zo I shoved up close an' marched 'long o' they arter the Mayor, an' I got squazed in the doorway, 'till I cud'n 'ardly braithe.

Then I 'eard something 'bout a key an' openin' the door, an' then there wuz another squaze an' I tripped auver a step an' 'it a man right in 'is stummick. I zed I cud'n 'elp it, but I cud zee 'e didn't like it. Then us went dru sveral rooms and zeed a lot o' books for people to 'elp themselves to. But I ded'n then, mainin' to come an' 'ave a good pick later. But nobody was raidin'—wud'n no time for't, they shoved 'long zo. Then us stopped again an' zum perty spaiches wuz made. Most of 'em was rattlin' talkers, but wan of 'em 'ad the swaitest tongue I ever 'eard—in a man. An' 'e was a good lookin' chap too. I axed, an' they zed 'e wuz the Member.

Then the crowd pushed on again an' I 'eard most of 'em zay they wuz gwain to a lunchin'. Zo I zed to myzelf, "In for a penny, in for a pound"—ere goes too. An' I axed the nearest gent where the mail wuz to be; 'e zed 'twuz to the Bath Saloons. So I axed 'em again, most perlite, if I cud buy a ticket or git in some'ow. For, ez I zed to en, I'd a comed miles to zee the perceedings, an' I knawd their story-teller very well. I zed I'd pay if twud'n too dear. I zeed en smile, an' 'e titched a man on the arm an' whispered in 'is ear, an' that chap titched a man in a red jacket an' they laughed. An' then the wan I spauk to gauve me a ticket an' zed the Mayor'll be glad to ze 'ee to lunch. Before I cud do more'n just thank en 'e wuz caalled away. I axed 'bout en, an' they zed 'e wuz the gent as gauve the perty winder, an' as good a 'eart as any in Tarkay, an' twuz mainly awin' to 'e that there wuz a lib'ry 'tall.

When I got out o' doors again I zeed most of 'em gettin' on 'busses stannin' there, but I zeed no 'osses to 'em, an' I sposed they'd 'itch 'em up later. But, blame me, as zoon as they wuz full up if 'em ded'n start off. I zed to myself us is rinnin' down 'ill, that's it, but us rin'd on the level jist the same. Zo I'm blamed if I'd knaw 'ow they went. I spose 'tis motors, but there wud'n no stink an' no toots with 'em.

Us got off the coaches an' I walked up to the 'All with rest o' mun I zeed all the folks givin' up their 'ats an' coats, zo I gauve up mine, an' they gauve me a ticket 'Tis for the dinner, I spose, thought I—but 'twud'n, 'twuz to kaip, to knaw yer things by arterwards, so I found. Zomebody got me a zait an' I wuz comf'ble, I tell 'ee. Room was a whopper an' perty too. We got to bizness arter a while, but they wuz mighty clip with what they put on yer plate. I zeed a small bit of zummat an' I tried an' found it tasty—they zed 'twuz zammon, but 'twud'n 'nough to taste by, simmin to me. I'd like to've 'ad a mail in wan plateful, but they kept comin' an' goin', and I spose I got perty near's much—an p'raps more. Lots o' things I ate I never knaw'd what I'd I got—but, zed I—'What won't poison 'll fatten,' an' I never comed to no 'arm auver it.

I should tell 'ee, James, they kept goin' perty strong fer an 'our or zo, then they started jawin', and perty things wuz zed. They talked bookish many of 'em, an' I zeed dru what Mr. Phillpotts zed on the wall when 'e spauk of 'ow good a friend a book wuz. Some o' the chaps talked like oil, but nobody made a gert spache, nothin' like I should say matched the lib'ry. I've a-ear'd Jan Blake, auver to Bethlem Chapel, do jist zo good, many a time. I spose joy auvercome 'em that they'd got the lib'ry. I wish us 'ad un up thicky way. Come to think, the wan to Moreton, tho' there's no ullaballoo 'bout en, is perty good, zo I've a-ear'd. But us is, James, too fur away to get good from un.

At last the job comed to an end, an' us got up and comed away. I 'ad a nice 'unt for my things, but I got 'em at last, though somebody'd put 'is foot in my 'at—in mistake for a mat, I spose.

I got 'way then an' jogged off to the station and caught my train. I got to Moreton to rights, but I don't quite remember 'ow 'twuz I wuz zo long gettin' 'ome, 'cuz 'twuz wan o'clock when I go in, an' Missus zed 'er wuz scared why I'd not got back afore. An' I cud'n tell 'ee nayther; zeems as 'ow I cud'n remember nothin' much arter Newton. I reckon the lurch'd bin perty much fer me. But, James, I tell 'ee yer may be sure that what the story-teller sez ez perty true—a gude book's a faithful friend. 'E don't answer back, an' 'e's always quiet an' sez 'is zay the zame way. Iss I enjoyed myself fine. An' the Tarkay chaps be in clover—so far's books be concerned.

R.

A Ballad of 1688.

William of Orange has come to Torbay
(Hurry to welcome him, men of the West);
Better a Protestant Dutchman, I say,
Than a Catholic despot who will have his way;
Down with all tyrants and sweep 'em away,
Cheers for Prince William now give of your best,
William of Orange who lands at Torbay!

There are shiploads of horses and men at Torbay,
(Flash a bright welcome, blue waves of the West);
Hurry, ye Brixham men, down to the quay—
Long have ye waited and watched for this day,
William is here and King James is away,
Popery stands in its falseness confest—
Cheers for Prince William who lands at Torbay!

Devon men, list! There's a stir at Torbay
(Rouse ye, and haste ye, brave lads o' the West);
Catholic James shall no more have his way,
We're heartily sick of all clerical sway;
Down with all priestcraft, and sweep it away—
And let none dare for their life to molest
William of Orange who lands at Torbay!

William of Orange has come to Torbay
(Sound to its core is the heart o' the West);
William has come, lads, and here he shall stay,
Pitch and toss with our conscience no ruler shall play!
We stand for our rights, and we'll have 'em, I say,
Cheer then again for our Protestant guest—
Prince William, Truth's champion, who lands at Torbay!

Rev. W. GREGORY HARRIS, Torquay.

Golf.

WOOLACOMBE BAY, North Devon, will soon have one of the finest golf links in the kingdom. The place is steadily rising in popularity, and the standard is higher in respect of houses, roads, amusements, etc. The nine-hole links, where many devotees of golf have disported themselves in the past, are being extended to eighteen holes, and next Spring will see the completion of the work. The links are between the new Marine Drive, cut by Miss Chichester, and the famous stretch of seaboard known as Woolacombe Sands. The golf course is lower than the road, and so it in no way interferes with the glorious sea view from the drive.

Ecclesiastical Art in Devon.

THE little moorland church of Shaugh Prior, its square tower rising picturesquely upon the southern slopes of Dartmoor, has a fine fifteenth century font cover, which has delighted antiquaries for some years. The *Connoisseur* has just published a good illustration of it. During the mania for restoration the very fine oaken font, which stands between eight and nine feet high, and is built up in stages upon an octagonal base, was taken away and housed in a farm loft for some ten years or so, whilst a font of the period was substituted. It was discovered in 1878 and duly replaced, and every visitor to Shaugh Prior with any reverence for the beautiful, or the antique, is interested in it. Intelligent tourists, who increase in Devon as time goes on, invariably note with admiration and wonder the grand old oak screens to be seen in so many of our country and country town churches. That any of the priceless old relics should have been allowed to pass into private hands or to become the prey of time the spoiler, is regrettable. In a philistine age much fine work was lost to later generations; now, however, thanks to the spread of knowledge and an increased love of art, all that is intrinsically good in our churches is being cherished with almost jealous care.

A Spanish Princess at Ugbrooke.

THE Infanta Eulalie of Spain, aunt of the King of Spain, has been visiting Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh at Ugbrooke, the ancestral home of the Barons Clifford. The Princess was the guest of co-religionists, for her host and hostess belong to families which have never swerved from the older faith, and have their own domestic chapel, with a very fine altar piece. The house boasts some very fine pictures by old masters, some of them gifts from royal folk of bygone days. The park has a lovely drive running on through exquisite scenery for quite seven miles. The theatre is another unusual feature of a country house. It was built by the present Lord Clifford, who often entertains his neighbours and tenantry there with dainty comedies and interesting little dramas. Sometimes the host is in the caste, for both he and Lady Clifford are amateur players of repute. There were shooting parties, dinner parties, and a "cotillon" arranged, to give the Princess an idea of English country house life, and she and the house party of distinguished folk bidden to meet her, attended the Newton Abbot October race meeting on the first day.

In the Lorna Decne Country.

ALL the neighbourhood of Exmoor is interesting for the exciting stories with which it is associated, to say nothing of its splendid isolation, and the fact that it is the only spot in England where the red deer exist in their native wildness, and where an Englishman can still enjoy the deer hunt without the sham of carting and uncarting a half-tamed animal. Chacombe is about the wildest district in North Devon, and includes a large portion of high moorland wastes, extending to Somerset. The celebrated Chapman Burrows forming the highest point of the Exmoor range, are in the parish.

Brendon is a name sweet to the lovers of Exmoor. The village is only a few miles from Lynton, but the parish is close to the forest of Exmoor. Brendon Valley is charming, while Brendon village is beautiful in its simplicity and gives the idea that the wheel of life turns evenly on its axis there. On the hill immediately above Bridge Ball, near Brendon, is Farley Farm, where Major Wade, one of the chief leaders in the rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., against James II. in 1685, was taken after the Battle of Sedgemoor, near Bridgwater. Wade, when driven ashore, hid himself for some days prior to his capture among the rocks at Ilford Bridges. He made himself known to the wife of a little farmer named Row. The woman supplied him with food, but he was captured. Wade never forgot this woman, for after he had received his pardon, he settled an annuity upon her.

—From the *Devon & Exeter Gazette*.



BELAIR HOUSE, PLYMOUTH.

Where Napoleon's "Warrant of Exile" was signed.

The last of a Historic Plymouth House.

THERE is probably no town whose environs have suffered like Plymouth from the ruthless advance of the jerry-builder. The wooded grounds of country mansions on heights that commanded superb prospects of Plymouth Sound are rapidly being covered by rows of unsightly terraces, every house and every row repeated *ad nauseam*. It is lamentable enough to see the disappearance of these tranquil retreats, even where no associations may attach to them, but should the house be one with a story, its destruction seems still more regrettable. In one of the suburbs of Plymouth there is now in actual process of demolition the house in which Napoleon's warrant of exile was signed, at the time when he was prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*, lying in Plymouth Sound and awaiting Government orders. The house, called "Belair," was built by the Elphinstone family, and was then in the occupation of Captain Elphinstone. At that time Lord Keith was Governor of Plymouth, and the Admiralty despatches referring to him the question of where Napoleon was to be sent were delivered to him one night whilst he was at dinner with Captain Elphinstone at "Belair." A decision was arrived at on the spot by a council of officers present, consisting of Lord Keith, Captain Elphinstone, Sir Henry Bunbury, and Admiral Sir Thomas Duckworth, and it was in the dining-room of this house that St. Helena was chosen as Napoleon's place of banishment, and the document signed consigning him to exile.

C. E. ELDRÉD, R.N.

[The picture here given is copied from an original sketch made by Mr. Eldred, and kindly lent for *Devonia*.—Editor.]

Lantern Slides.

THE Council of the United Devon Association have now secured sets of lantern slides with descriptive lectures, illustrative of the beauties of the county, and are making arrangements for the loan of them (at the cost of carriage both ways only) during the ensuing winter. The slides consist of the following sets:—

1. North and South Devon (coloured).
2. The Rivers of Dartmoor, by the late Col. Amery and Mr. J. Amery.
3. Various Views in South Devon by Mr. W. R. Gay.
4. A set of Sundry Slides, coloured and uncoloured.

Early application should be made to the Secretary, Mr. E. A. Wills, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter, to enable the Council to arrange convenient dates. The slides have been prepared with the primary object of interesting persons resident beyond the county, as an inducement to them to visit Devon.

An Old Footballer.

"The Rev E. J. Damen, of St. John's, Tiverton, who will be remembered by many Maitland friends as an enthusiastic footballer here about twenty years ago, and whose name we mentioned recently in connection with a football festival at home, sends a postcard, thanking us for a copy of the *Mercury*, containing same, and expressing his pleasure to see that we now publish a daily paper. He says: 'I send you a likeness of myself and my dog, though you will not recognise either. Remembrances to enquiring friends.' The postcard is a photographic reproduction of the pretty church, rectory, and grounds, where Father Damen is in charge, showing himself and his little dog (the latter sitting up on its hind legs in evident obedience to the will of its master) on the footpath in front of the church grounds. We are pleased to have this interesting souvenir from our old and highly esteemed friend."

—From the *Maitland Daily Mercury*,
Maitland, New South Wales,
August 26th, 1907.



"Champions of the Fleet."

Books dealing in whole or in part with the West have been unusually numerous of late, and we cordially welcome their appearance. We have before us "Champions of the Fleet," by Edward Fraser, who has already given to the world "Famous Fighters of the Fleet," "The Enemy at Trafalgar," "The Romance of the King's Navy," and other equally popular works. The book in question has the additional explanatory title, "Captains and Men-of-War and Days that helped to make the Empire." It is published by John Lane, who is laying himself out at the Bodley Head as the publisher *par excellence* of West Country books.

Mr. Fraser has grouped together in this volume a number of tales of the navy of the fighting days of old, which, although they are, as he describes them, "cruises in rather out-of-the-way waters," are full of interest and instruction. His chief concern is with the family of the Dreadnoughts, from the first of that name which did duty in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to be accurate, in the year 1572—the year of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew—down to that mighty leviathan of the deep which has recently been added to the King's Navee. We have also the story of the *Temeraire*, "the fighting *Temeraire*," as the old song dubs her; and of her progeny, from the time when Boscawen took her from the French, down to that noble vessel launched the other day at Devonport Dockyard. Other stories of the navy include the history of the *Victory*, and an account of Trafalgar by men who were present; of Hawke and his prize, the *Formidable*; of the *Donegal*, a memory of '98; and other scenes and incidents spread over nearly four centuries; full of interest, full of instruction, and of moving incidents amid the battle and the breeze. The illustrations are excellent, and include the first *Dreadnought*, the *Victory*, and the last *Dreadnought*, besides a number of other typical pictures of men-of-war and war scenes of the past. Especial prominence is given to the doings of the Men of Kent, and Portsmouth comes in for a large share of attention, and rightly so, but Devonshire and Devonshire men, Plymouth, and Dartmouth receive but scant attention from the writer, who is evidently not actuated by the same feelings towards the Western men and Western ports as Mr. Julian Corbett in his noble work, "Drake and the Tudor Navy." But, putting that aside, we can cordially recommend this book with others which have emanated from Mr. Fraser's pen, as good reading matter for our youth, and as a capital work to be added to our general and school libraries.



Views in North Devon.

THE two charming pictures which are given herewith are from photographs taken on the occasion of a recent visit to Devonshire by Mr. Robert Britton, "Farley," West Didsbury, near Manchester. The first depicts the Old Bridge, near Watersmeet, Lynmouth, one of the most romantic spots in Devon; the other a delightful rustic cottage at Lee, near Ilfracombe, said to have been the residence of the "Three old Maids of Lee," immortalized in the charming song which had such a vogue some years ago. We are very much indebted to Mr. Britton for these effective pictures, and for the kindly thought which prompted him to send them. He describes himself as a great admirer of the county of Devon, and adds, "I always find it a very great pleasure to read *Devonia*. I should be glad if you could tell me whether it is possible to obtain it in Manchester, as the only place where one gets a chance to read it is in the waiting rooms on the Midland Railway Stations."



OLD BRIDGE, NEAR WATERSMEET, LYNMOUTH.



COTTAGE AT LEE, NEAR ILFRACOMBE.

Scilly and the Scillonians.

ALTHOUGH Scilly is far removed from Devonshire, and has interests more in connection with the "Delectable Duchy," we yet hail with satisfaction the appearance of a new book descriptive of the fair land of "Lyonnesse." This volume has recently been issued by the Western Morning News Company, at Plymouth, and is the work of Mr. J. G. Uren, late Postmaster of Penzance, and now resident in Plymouth. Mr. Uren is a Cornishman, well acquainted with the history, topography, and legendary lore of his native county, especially that portion of it which we call West Cornwall. Moreover, he has lived in that part of Cornwall for the greater part of his life, and can claim to know something of its character and immediate surroundings, and the manners and customs of its people. This, as he points out, applies more particularly to Scilly. He was Postmaster of Penzance for thirty years. Scilly was part of his district, and he knows the ground well. Hence it has been with him a labour of love to call up the scenes of former years, and the friends he has known, many of whom have passed away.

Although, as we hinted in our opening remarks, Scilly is without the purview of *Devonia*, we may yet, as in a matter affecting a near neighbour, have something to say, whether critical or commendatory, and in this instance our criticism is commendatory; our commendation is critical.

Who can depict the glories of the Scillonian seasons like a native of the charmed land, or one acquainted with the land of perpetual summer; and who can tell of all the charms of those islands of the blest, like one who has spent half a lifetime in and near them?

Speaking generally of this work, it may be said, once for all, that no fuller or more exhaustive story of the Scilly Islands has ever been published; no more descriptive or appreciative essay has ever been written. The writer first speaks of the position of the Scilly Islands, and their strategical value; he then gives a general description of the Islands; next reverts to the Pilchard fishery, which is an important branch of local industry, the geological formation of Scilly, and the question was it once part of the mainland, leads up to the interesting speculations concerning the fabled *Lyonnesse*; and then again to the supposition that the Scilly Islands are the *Cassiterides*, and association with the early mining operations in Phœnician days. These, and a host of other topics, form the subject reading of the various chapters, until we come down to our own day and the wonderful development of the flower trade of Scilly, which, combined with the fisheries and the potato trade, have made these islands a flourishing community.

The illustrations in this delightful book are numerous and well chosen, and we shall be very much surprised if the whole edition is not cleared out within a few months of publication. Every Cornishman, and every man interested in Cornwall, should have a copy of this book, which is far and away the best thing that has ever been done for that part of England which is cut off from the mainland by many miles of rough sea, and may, if tradition speak truly, be the fabled and romantic land of *Lyonnesse*.



On Exmoor.

THE number of cars on Exmoor this season has greatly increased, and the courage with which they tackle the awful tracks and unspeakable gradients in order that their occupants may obtain a fair view of the hunt is simply extraordinary. A royal blue Daimler containing some American visitors created considerable amusement last week by following the hunt for more than an hour, the chauffeur then demanding if this was stag-hunting. Needless to say, the question of cars is a vexed one, and depends largely upon whether you are the occupant of the car or the irate sportsman on a narrow path with a fresh horse who has a rooted objection to them.

For the last ten years fairy tales have been industriously circulated as to the adoption of the cross saddle for ladies' use. This season, for the first time, we begin to realise that it is taking a certain hold on the sportswoman's affection. Not only does the "flapper" emerging from her teens favour this mode of equestrianism, but many older and experienced hunting women seem to find in it a solution of some of the evils entailed by the use of the side saddle. For those who thus recommence their riding education there can be found no better school than Exmoor, as, in spite of the startling announcement in one of our illustrated daily papers, that here "ladies ride astride over hedges and ditches," those who have ever hunted with the Devon and Somerset know such things cannot be, for the simple reason that no such obstacles exist!

The Teign.

Over thy banks and stream, fair Teign!
 Morning re-assumes her reign;
 Brightly from his ocean bed,
 The God of Day now rears his head,
 And o'er thy vales and flowery meads,
 Light and health his radiance spreads.
 Now adown thy silver tide,
 The deeply laden barges glide,
 While the steersman's whistle shrill
 Quick re-echoes from the hill;
 And lazily the heavy sail
 Flaps in the dewy morning gale,
 Which, from steep Foden's height above,
 Where fleecy vapours slowly move,
 Descending gently to the sea,
 First sweeps the vale, then visits thee.

How bright the scene, the ocean blue
 Is tinted with a softer hue,
 The trees a brighter verdure boast
 Than when in day's broad glare is lost
 The freshness which the dews of night
 Has shed upon their foliage bright;
 Close in the valley rises fair
 The House of praises and of prayer,
 Where, beneath the elm's deep shade,
 Many a sire and son were laid,
 And warm, pure hearts have found their rest,
 In faith and hope serenely blest.
 The weathercock upon the spire
 Is brightly touched with glancing fire,
 Like that pure hope to mortals given,
 It seems to point the soul to Heaven.

Beyond, across the broad spread stream,
 Ringmore! thy housetops softly gleam;
 And tiny vessels lie at rest
 On the pure river's glassy breast;
 Hard by the bridge with needful length
 Bestrides the flood, whose current's strength,
 As on it presses to the sea.
 Dances beneath with harmless glee,
 To the soft music of its sound,
 Which murmurs through the air around;
 And through the venerable grove,
 Rising the reflux tide above,
 Where, ere another day shall dawn,
 Upon the closely shaven lawn,
 Submissive to the bugle's law,
 Stalwart arms the bow shall draw;
 And troops of dames and damsels fair,
 With eager hearts the toil will share,
 Striving each glittering prize to win,
 Which gleams the mansion's walls within,
 By Bitton's lord so nobly given
 To those who skillfully have striven;
 While others taste the English cheer,
 For friend or stranger gathered there.

Below, the harbour spreads afar,
 And graceful mast, and gleaming spar
 In each fair vessel, point the eye
 From mortal toil, to rest on high.

And well they may; for brawny men
Now ply their busy hands again,
And clangs the chain—Yo ho! yo ho!
And up the heavy anchors go,
And the white sail again is spread,
And seaward turned the figure head,
Whilst gliding gently from our sight,
The good ships speed o'er ocean bright,
And leave the port, the Ness, the bay,
To steer for regions far away.

Below, blue smoke in graceful wreaths,
Just wafted by the air that breathes,
Ascends from cottage chimney low,
Whilst the well-thatched roof below,
Covered with moss, and lichens grey,
Tells its calm tale of many a day.
But hark! That crash, that sudden roar,
As when old ocean chafes the shore;
Behold, a monster rushes by
With brazen crest, and fiery eye,
Whilst from his labouring nostrils gleam,
Soft tinted by the morning beam,
High o'er his head white wreaths of steam.
With eager speed he hurries on—
Soon of his course each trace is gone;
The clouds have vanished, died away,
The roar from echoing hill and bay,
And peace, sweet peace, presides again
Over thy waves and banks, fair Teign.

Now the stream's far wandering trace,
Where Nature wears her brightest face;
By many a wooded point and bay,
Upward view its calm, clear way;
O'er the deep verdure of the mead,
Where lowing herds in plenty feed,
Underneath a hillock green,
Newton's roofs and towers are seen,
Embosomed close in valley warm,
Heedless of the wintry storm.
Stretched across the pastures fair,
Rows of ancient elms appear,
Deepening the spreading shade,
By the vales receding made,
Where Bradley Wood, and Ogwell Hill,
The beauties of the landscape fill,
And the distant moor on high
Is chisell'd clear against the sky,
Line above line the hills extend,
And the lovely landscape end.
But many a grassy vale unsung,
I have left its hills among,
Where the glossy Starwort springs,
And Orchys spreads its fragrant wings,
And Veronica's namesakes blue
Lift their bright eyes of heavenly hue;
And many a point where painter's eye
Rests in unwearying ecstacy,
Where the rippling waters stretch
'Neath matted oak or lofty beech.
And many a nook which poets' muse,
For scenes of love and joy might choose,
Where winding vales elude the eye,
And tall elms lift their heads on high;
But I have sung enough to tell
Scenes of my youth, I love thee well,
And that where'er I roam, to thee
Fond looks will oft reverted be,
For ye were dearest to my breast,
In the gay hours of childhood blest.

Three Towns Church Extension.

IN connection with the Three Towns Church Extension, an earnest and eloquent appeal has been issued by the Executive at Exeter, of which the Bishop of Exeter is the President; Mr. J. P. Paige, of Plymouth, Honorary Treasurer; and the Rev. C. K. Woolcombe, Exeter, the Organising Secretary. Messrs. W. Pollard and Co., of Exeter, the well-known printers, are responsible for the getting-up of the booklet, and it does them infinite credit. Prefaced by a brief appeal from the Bishop, we have, in the first place, an article on "The Three Towns and the Royal Navy," by Sir William White, K.C.B., late Chief Constructor of the Navy, who writes with authority. He tells the oft-told story of the importance of Plymouth Sound in our naval annals, and traces the history of the Royal Dockyard and the needs which sprang up with it for more churches and more public institutions generally. Chancellor Edmonds gives us a picture of these towns to-day and their spiritual needs; Mr. Brooking Rowe has a short paper supplementing those previously named, while Prebendary W. E. Burroughs, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, tells us how the need for more churches arose, and how it is to be met; while the local secretaries fill a couple of pages by relating what the Three Towns have already done in providing churches. Some most interesting illustrations are given, some old Plymouth, others of naval matters, and a capital map of the district is included, showing the existing churches and the location of those included in the present scheme. The cover of this pamphlet is most attractive, giving as it does the arms of the See of Exeter, and the arms respectively of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, heraldically treated.



"A Book of the South West."

SOMEWHAT tardily, a copy of the book bearing the above title has reached us for review. But "better late than never," is an axiom which we cannot afford to despise; our only regret being that we had not the opportunity to speak of this book at the time of its appearance, while yet the memory of the incidents which called it into being were fresh in our memories. It may be remembered that the seventy-fifth Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association was held at Exeter in the summer of 1907, and that the work before us was compiled and printed in connection with this interesting event. According to the preface, we gather that "the purpose of this book is to provide a reliable work of reference for those who may be called upon to recommend a locality in Devonshire and Cornwall, either for a short stay or for permanent residence. The chapter on Climatology has therefore been compiled with especial care, not merely from previously published writings, but also from a large number of special reports drawn up within the present year by medical men in different parts of the two counties; much important information is here presented for the first time."

The work is therefore a most important compilation, and it has been produced under the most happy and satisfactory co-operative principles. The first chapter is devoted to a sketch of the History of Devon and Cornwall, by Mr. A. Wallis; this is followed by a series of articles relating to the climates of Devon and Cornwall, compiled by experts; next a chapter on the Climatology of Separate Localities; then a chapter devoted to "Points of Interest in Exeter"; another, "Places of Interest in Devonshire"; "The Secret of Cornwall," by A. J. Quiller-Couch, is also a most interesting and readable treatise; "Notes on Places of Interest in Cornwall"; "Education in Devon and Cornwall"; "Notes on Sport"; etc., etc., make up an exceedingly useful volume, one of the best, in fact, if not the best, which has ever appeared with reference to Devonshire and the West.

The book is excellently printed, the publishers being Messrs. William Pollard and Co., of Exeter, and the illustrations are numerous and well selected. Almost every place of interest in the two counties is delineated; moreover, there are numerous portraits of Devon and Cornwall worthies, which add much interest to an otherwise most delightful volume. Of course, there are advertisements, but these are so arranged at the end of the volume that they are in no sense obtrusive, and do not in the slightest degree detract from the literary value of the book. Under the heading, "Places of Interest in Devonshire," and a corresponding section relating to Cornwall, we have a fairly complete gazetteer of the two counties, which will be very useful as a work of reference. In fact, the object contemplated by the promoters and compilers has been admirably carried out, and there can be little doubt that the distribution of this volume amongst the hundreds of medical men who visited Exeter this year will do much to bring the charms of Fair Devon before the travelling public, with the further inducement offered by the health and other statistics from the various localities.

Devonian Societies.

THE "Ottregians in London" met recently at Westminster, under the presidency of Mr. George Jeffery, of Highbury. Lord Coleridge, the Ottregians President, regretted being unable to be present, but looked forward to meeting his fellow Ottregians at their next gathering. Regret was expressed at the death of Mr. Fred Evans, the late Secretary of the Society of Railway Servants, who was a native of Ottery. Gratification was expressed at the establishment of the new King's School. It was suggested that a Benevolent Fund should be founded, and that a ball in the interests of this fund should shortly be held. The Chairman generously offered to defray the expenses of the ball, which, needless to say, was accepted. The Secretary, Mr. Sidney Godfrey, reported as to correspondence with members in America, Africa, India, and Australia, and it was resolved that hearty greetings be forwarded to the Ottregians in foreign lands, with best wishes for their success.

—Abridged from the *Illustrated Western Weekly News*.

* * *

THE Three Towns Association in London is going strong. Their winter session was inaugurated early in October, at their regular place of meeting, St. Bride's Institute, Ludgate Circus. Mr. C. H. Warren, the outgoing President, occupied the chair, and was well supported. Great regret was expressed at the death of Mr. W. Lenn Walter, for five years President of the Association. Mr. H. Fowell was unanimously elected President, a most suitable and popular appointment. Mr. W. Bircham retains his dual office of Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. J. Donald, Recreation Secretary; Mr. W. A. Wannell, Musical Director. The latter gentleman comes of a well-known Plymouth musical family; a very interesting sketch of him, with a portrait, appears in the *Illustrated Western Weekly News* of October 12th. The same issue also contains capital portraits of the new President, Mr. W. Fowell and the Secretary, Mr. Bircham.

* * *

THERE was an enthusiastic gathering the other day at the George Hotel, Strand, in connection with the Exeter Club. Mr. J. Ryall, the President, occupied the chair, and he was supported by Mr. G. King, the Vice-President, and Lieut.-Col. Vincent, a past President, and many others. A capital musical programme was given, several items being associated with the dear Homeland.

* * *

MEMBERS of the Devon County School Old Boys' Association foregathered recently at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, E.C., when the first social of the season was held. Professor T. A. Hearson presided. Needless to say a supper and a smoker formed the chief items in a most enjoyable function. West Countrymen in London are anticipating a busy time this winter.

* * *

MISS EFFIE VICARY, of Paignton, is the author of a pretty little book entitled, "By Coast and Lane, Torbay, S. Devon." It is printed and published by W. A. Axworthy, Paignton, from whom copies may be obtained at a moderate price. In the fifty odd pages the writer has crowded a lot of most interesting matter—historical and descriptive, poetical, and legendary. She deals with Tormohun, the ancient name of Torquay, then wanders away to Daddy Hole Plain, giving us a pleasant peep, in passing, of picturesque Cockington and Anstey's Cove. We have peeps of Watcombe, Compton Castle, Paignton, Berry Pomeroy, Marldon, Brixham, Berry Head, the Dart, and so forth. The illustrations are numerous and well selected, and taking it altogether, it is just such a book as one would take in one's pocket when rambling over the cliffs surrounding beautiful Torbay.



West Countrymen foregather at Capetown.

THE feeling of good comradeship amongst West Countrymen abroad goes on increasing. Recently there was an enthusiastic meeting at Capetown, when men from Devon, from Cornwall, from Somerset, and Dorset came together at the Theatre Restaurant to play their part at the fourth annual meeting, and to dine together afterwards. A very flourishing West Country association it appeared, and Mr. W. R. Morgan, in proposing in very felicitous terms the toast of "The Old Folks at Home," said he maintained that the West of England was the Garden of Eden, going on to state modestly that it produced the finest men in the world. The company included Sir Peter Bam, also Advocate B. Upington, who proposed the toast of "Success to the West of England Association," encouraging, as it did, love and recollection of the place which had given us birth. He was of opinion that when a man truly loved the land which gave him birth, and loved to think of the old country, that was the man who would make a good citizen in a new country. The Devonian Society of Johannesburg telegraphed greetings, and a memorably pleasant and harmonious evening was spent.

Devon Notes.

At Tiverton the other day, on the occasion of the ceremony in connection with the stone-laying of the clock tower, there was a remarkable gathering of civic veterans. Chief among them, alike in point of age and achievements, was the venerable donor of the tower, Mr. T. Ford, now in his ninetyeth year, hale and hearty as of yore. Few men of his age could have composed and delivered a speech such as Mr. Ford gave on that memorable occasion. Standing on the base of the tower, with head uncovered, and a little note book in his hand, Mr. Ford recalled interesting associations of his early days in Tiverton, acknowledging the inspiration he had received from former benefactors of the borough, paid a generous tribute to past and present Town Councillors and Magistrates, and concluded with a well-deserved eulogy of the beauties of Devonshire ladies, many of whom graced the proceedings with their presence. It was a really delightful speech, characteristically modest, unaffected, and kind. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Ford humourously pointed out, that Devonshire women have beautiful complexions, owing, no doubt, to the humidity of the atmosphere of the county and the abundance of wholesome diet, specially in the form of milk and cream. I have also heard it said that as a rule they have large feet, which, though a disfigurement in China, may in this country be alike useful and ornamental. Considering the beauty of the West country ladies, it is no special credit to the men that they should be gallant. Sir Walter Raleigh's courtesy in spreading his cloak on the muddy ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk on, illustrates the true attitude of the Devonian towards women. I have no doubt that Mr. Ford would do precisely the same with equal grace under similar circumstances. In the early part of the last century it was a great offence for a man "to take the wall" of a woman. Whether meeting or passing her, he was bound by courtesy to take the outside next the road. It is recorded of a celebrated Plymouth lady, long since gathered to her fathers, that appearing in the street in her riding habit, with a heavy whip in her hand she laid the whip lustily about the shoulders of a certain officer in the Army who was rude enough to take the wall of her.

—From the *Tiverton Gazette*.

* * *

I do not think the members of the Bideford Town Council were wise in deciding not to support the work carried on by the United Devon Association. I cannot for a moment imagine they wish to participate in the benefits which the county derives by being so extensively advertised as it is through the medium of the Association mentioned without contributing something towards the expenses. But that is what it looks like. Bideford has a unique history. Its district is a charming one, attractive both on account of its natural beauties and its wealth of historic memories. It is just one of those places which should make itself more widely known to the outer world. But, perhaps, the Bidefordians are content with the prosperity they at present enjoy.

"G.F.G.," in the *Devon & Exeter Daily Gazette*.



When Hawkins sailed the Sea.

A short time ago we noticed in these pages a book entitled, "A Sea Dog of Devon," in which Mr. R. A. J. Walling had given us the history of that famous Devon worthy, Sir John Hawkins. Now comes a stirring tale for boys, a story which breathes of the battle and the breeze, and of the doings of those hardy sons of Devon of whom Drake and Hawkins were such notable examples. The author of this delightful book, Mr. Tinsley Pratt, has introduced into his story much reliable history, notably the events which occurred at San Juan de Ulloa, which are taken from actual narratives. The story opens at St. Budeaux, near Plymouth, in the year 1567, when Hawkins and Drake were busily making preparations in the neighbouring port for one of their most important expeditions. Antony Newman, who tells the story, is brother to Mary Newman, Drake's sweetheart, and in after years wife. We have a pleasing and graphic account of Drake's visit to St. Budeaux to bid farewell to his affianced bride. The story is well told; plenty of local colour is thrown in, the characters are well delineated, and the pictures given of Hawkins and Drake are fairly true to our preconceived ideas of those bluff seamen. From St. Budeaux and Plymouth Sound we are carried to the Indies and the Spanish Main; there is fighting galore, many hair-breadth escapes, and daring deeds are chronicled; and then we are brought back to Plymouth Hoe and London town. We can cordially recommend this as a good healthy book for boys, reminding us of Henty and his contemporaries. It is well printed, and contains some capital illustrations by T. Butler Stoney. The publisher is E. Grant Richards. In congratulating our friend Mr. Tinsley Pratt upon his excellent essay into the realms of juvenile fiction, we would fain hope that copies of his book may find their way into the school libraries, especially in the West of England.

Quarterly Meeting of U.D.A. Council.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Council was held at the Town Hall, Torquay, by kind permission of the Mayor, on Wednesday, 9th October last, under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford. The report of the General Purposes Committee, which was received and adopted, dealt with the following:—

Proposed Journalists' Visit.—The Hon. Secretary reported that he had not received any replies from local hon. secretaries to his communication to them on this matter.

National Touring Society.—The Hon. Secretary read a letter from this Society (now registered under the name of the National Travel Corporation, Ltd., with offices at 12 Regent Street, S.W.), making proposals for advertising towns in Devon in their Visitors' Year Book, and accepting the suggestion of mutual representation and the establishment of Enquiry Bureaux at Exeter, Plymouth, and Bristol.—Resolved—that the letter be referred to the General Purposes Committee for consideration and report.

Financial Position. The report on the financial position showed that the Association required more assistance from the several towns.

Slides.—The Association have now the following sets of slides:—

1. The Rivers of the Moor, by the late Col. Amery; 97 slides with descriptive lecture.
2. A complete set of 74 Coloured Slides, dealing with North and South Devon.
3. 33 Coloured duplicate or various.
4. 150 Uncoloured slides, dealing with various places in the County, which may with additions be split up into 3 sets of 70 each.

The Hon. Secretary has communicated with the Secretaries of Devonian and West Country Associations with a view to arranging for the circulation of these slides during the coming winter, and reference will be made thereto in this issue of *Devonia*.

Proposed Western Counties Association. Your Committee have considered the suggestion made by Mr. F. J. Snell at the public meeting held at Tiverton on July 29th, that the Association should extend its work in Cornwall and Somerset under the name of the "Western Counties Association." Efforts were made some time since to induce Cornwall to start an Association which should be affiliated to the U.D.A., but they failed in consequence of the scattered nature of the towns in that county. Your Committee are of opinion that the area to be covered by such an extension of the Association's work, comprising towns as far distant as Bath and Penzance would render it impossible to continue the holding of Council Meetings at different towns as has been found so desirable, and the work would become unwieldy. Should, however, an Association be started in Somerset, your Committee recommend every assistance should be offered them in advice and co-operation.

Dangerous Hills.—The Hon. Secretary reported he had now completed the schedule in districts of the information supplied, which Mr. Ernest Gould, the representative of the Motor Union at Exeter, had kindly promised to carefully revise. This has been done, and it is proposed to hold shortly a conference with other representatives in Devon.

Resolved—that the Hon. Advertisement Manager and Hon. Secretary be asked to consider and report to the General Purposes Committee upon a scheme for placing *Devonia* on sale in all towns in the county and with booksellers generally.

The Council and Delegates of the Association were the guests of the Worshipful The Mayor (J. Smerdon, Esq.), and the Torquay Local Committee at luncheon at the Torbay Hotel. In the afternoon a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, when the Mayor presided over a good attendance. Lord Clifford, Mr. A. Edmund Spender, Mr. T. Canning Bailly, and the Hon. Secretary explained the objects of the Association and of its efforts to attract visitors to the county. Votes of thanks to the Rt. Hon. Lord Clifford and to the Mayor concluded the meeting.

Notes from Towns.

Teignmouth.—The winter train service is now in force, and being on the main line, Teignmouth is served by some excellent trains. Through carriages daily from almost every important town in the Midlands and the North, whilst the journey between London and Teignmouth is now reduced to about 3½ hours only.

WATER SUPPLY.—Considerable progress is being made with the new moorland supply. The pipes are all in position on the route, and are being laid expeditiously, so that an unlimited supply of the purest water obtainable will be available before next Spring.

The Gas Works are still being further improved, and the new gasometer has just been telescoped, which will ensure good pressure and ample storage.

The roads also are receiving attention, the main drive along the sea front having been newly asphalted and rolled, with the result that there will be no dust on the promenade, thus greatly adding to the enjoyment of pedestrians as well as cyclists, motorists, and others.

HUNTING.—South Devon Foxhounds, Tremlett Hounds, Ashburton Hounds, Haldon Harriers, and Dartmoor Hounds all hunt in the neighbourhood.

FISHING.—The upper Teign provides trout fishing, and the lower reaches salmon, peel, etc. The fishing in the sea and estuary includes bass, mackerel, pollock, whiting, plaice, dabs, conger, etc., also shrimping and prawning.



SHOOTING.—Excellent shooting can be had at all times, the well-wooded district providing excellent cover for game of all sorts.

GOLFING.—Full eighteen-hole course can be reached in ten minutes by rail motor, return fare, sixpence; station on the links. There are also three other links in the immediate neighbourhood.

Good tennis courts at Bitton, at the western end of the town; also ladies' and gentlemen's hockey teams. Badminton is played in the Town Hall weekly.

Football matches, both Rugby and Association, at Lower Bitton on Thursdays and Saturdays.

CYCLING.—The Council maintain the roads in good order for cycling, and the roads in this district dry very quickly. Limestone is not used, so that the roads are not greasy or dusty, as is the case in many places.

Literary Society every Monday evening in the Town Hall. An excellent programme for this session, viz. :—

Nov. 4.—Lecture by F. M. McKenzie—"Campaigning with Kuroki."

" 11.—Debate, Rev. F. W. Pitt—"Is Man any good?"

" 18.—Spelling Bee Competition, arranged by G. M. A. Rudkin, Esq., President of the Society.

" 25.—Lecture by Harry de Windt—"From Paris to New York overland."

Dec. 2.—Debate—G. H. Ellis.

" 9.—Lecture by Rev. T. Flavell—"Japan" (illustrated).

" 16.—Entertainment arranged by the ladies of the Committee.

The Teignmouth Opera Company also give performances in the Assembly Rooms; and the Orchestral Society arrange several excellent concerts at intervals during the winter.

Local Hon. Secretary A. C. YOUNG, Bank Street, Teignmouth.

Chagford.—Daily Motor Service (L. & S.W.R.) to Exeter. Six Motor Cars daily between Moretonhampstead Station and Chagford (G.W.R.). Pair-horsed 'bus to Okehampton on Saturdays during winter; daily in the summer. Excellent coaching trips in the summer months.

The Mid-Devon Foxhounds are kennelled here at the Factory. They hunt twice weekly, meeting in the immediate locality. Reliable hunters, thoroughly adapted and accustomed to the moor can be secured on hire.

Golf Links are being laid out under the supervision of an expert. The work will be completed by the beginning of the New Year. It is considered the links themselves will be all that can be desired, whilst the exquisite moorland scenery and bracing air obtainable will not easily be equalled.

There is a Rugby Football team.

Local Hon. Secretary G. SMITH, The Schools, Chagford.

Oversea.

THE Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamship Company of Bremen, who own the well-known quartette of ocean flyers, viz. :—

S.S. "Kronprinzessin Cecilie,"

S.S. "Kronprinz Wilhelm,"

S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm II.,"

S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse,"

now performing a weekly mail service between New York, Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen, have, during the past season, been well patronised by passengers from every part of the British Isles for the short trips to Cherbourg for Normandy, Brittany, and Paris, to Bremen for Berlin, the Rhine and Scandinavia. These express steamers of 20,000 tons call at Plymouth usually on Monday mornings, whilst the intermediate steamers or "Barbarossa" class generally call on Friday evenings. Return tickets are issued to Bremen from Plymouth to return to Southampton. The Company, which has been established over fifty years, is well known to the travelling public. Their lines run all over the world. Many advantages are secured by taking the Norddeutscher Lloyd services. The size of the steamers ensures both perfect safety and the greatest possible comfort; discipline and management are all that can be desired, and the catering is celebrated for its excellence. A new departure has this month been made with regard to the East Asian Service. The boats in future will call regularly at Algiers, both on the outward and homeward passages. Thus travellers to Algiers will be able to make their journey to and fro under conditions not to be surpassed on any route. In 1906 provisions to the value of £850,000 sterling were consumed on the N.D.L. steamers, whilst the total quantity of coal used amounted to 1,560,000 tons. The local agents, Messrs. Orlando Davis and Co., will be pleased to give full information with regard to sailings, fares, etc., to Germany and France, North America, South America, the Mediterranean, Black Sea, China, India, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and the East Indian Service between Singapore and Australia. It may be interesting to state that the monthly issue of *Devonia* has been regularly placed in the liners of this Company at New York and on their New-York-Plymouth line, and there can be no doubt that passengers reading it on the voyage have been influenced to make tours in Devon and Cornwall before continuing their journey to London and other cities.



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

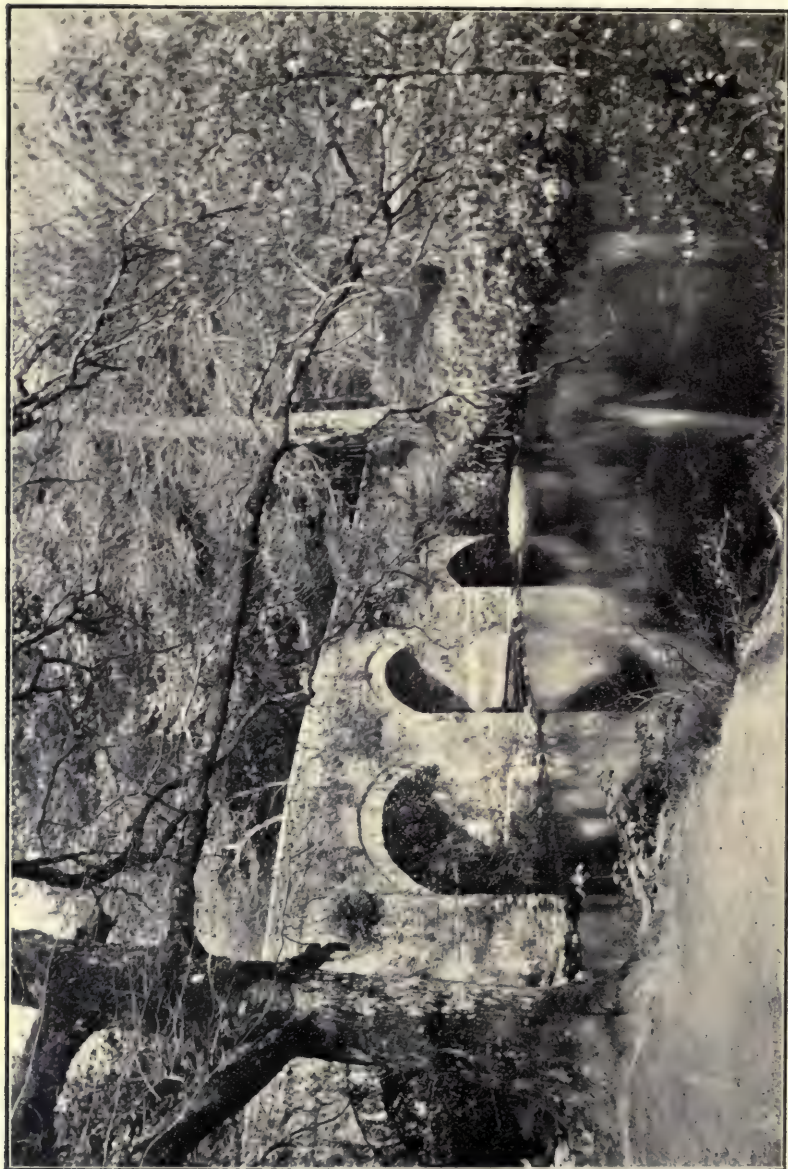
It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



VIEW OF PLYM BRIDGE, NEAR PLYMOUTH.

[Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Plymouth.]

Devonshire

Rivers.

- "THE TAW." -

THE cradle of the Taw River is out in the great silence of Dartmoor, in a small gorge near the Okement and Hangingstone Hills. It is an eerie spot, far away from humanity, up in the region of boglands, where mosses flourish exceedingly in the spongy soil, and where tiny moorland flowers attract botanists and wild bees. The moorland ponies avoid it, and the average holiday tramp gives it a wide berth, remembering certain tales of old moorsmen about bogs and travellers.

From the wide watershed, where the Dart, the Teign, the Tavy, and the Okement spring and wander abroad on their mission of fertilization and beauty, the Taw goes down over boulder-strewn valleys and heathery slopes, by ancient hut villages and the "pounds" of primitive man. It is fed by tributary runnels from Cosdon and by the rains and snows conserved by Taw marsh. The conical height of Steeperton Tor and the desolate piles of Wild Tor, the grey masses of Oak Tor, and the boulders strewn all about give an impression of loneliness and remoteness from human habitation which is familiar to the lover of these moorland wilds. When Autumn rains sweep over the moors and fill the spongy reservoirs, up by mysterious Cranmere and the sources of the famous Devon rivers mentioned above, then is the time to see Taw at its grandest (of course in the intervals of fine weather). It comes grandly down; peat coloured, swirling round curves, and plunging down boulder-strewn gorges with a roar.

Presently Belstone village comes in view, lying under the shadow of Belstone Tor, a primitive looking place at present with thatched cots gleaming with whitewash, the typical granite walls of Dartmoor, and the windy common, where are reared the Michaelmas and Christmas goose, which helps, like the Irish gentleman's pig, to "pay the rint." There is a fresh breeze blowing at Belstone on all but the most windless of August days, and life goes pleasantly here, save in the drear dead of winter, when the blue smoke of peat fires drifts about the roads, and the high tors wear a mantle of snow. The little church with its octagonal pillars, dating from the 15th century, will interest lovers of archæology; so will the Lady's Well at the top of the long street of Sticklepath, another moorland village hard by, the roughly-hewn granite pillar sculptured with crosses rises above an old fountain of unknown date and history, and advises the wayfarer to "Drink and be thankful."

The Taw supplies much of the charm which makes Sticklepath a favourite moorland resort in the summer. The village is upon the very fringe of the moor, and the Taw runs merrily through it, racing down the valley, and adding its quota to the untamed, natural character of the scenery. Anglers come here in spring, when there is usually good sport along the sunny reaches of the river. Many people have pleasant memories of "Sticklepath Hooders," the wood clothing the mountain side, and of the pure bracing air from the moors. Cosdon's lofty heights seem to dominate the landscape until we reach South

Tawton, where the outlines of the giant begin to be misty, save on exceptionally clear days. South Tawton village is not attractive to the eye, but it boasts an unusually handsome church, and is regarded as the Cathedral of these northern districts of Dartmoor. The white Beer Stone, and the local grey granite are not always happily allied in the building, nevertheless it is a fine moorland church. The good oaken roof of the nave is ornamented with a representation of the angelic choir. The half figures of seraphs, with instruments of music in their hands, or approaching God in prayer, are said to be comparatively new copies of old carving. The Jacobean pulpit has panels inlaid with the arms of the Exeter Diocese, and among the boxwood figures of the Evangelists is that of St. John, illustrating the old legend of the poisoned chalice. There are a few of the old carved bench ends left, and one sees the remnants of the ancient rood screen, together with the work upon the modern screen. Among the memorials to old-time families are some monuments of the Oxenhams, whose encephal home was in this parish. For centuries "the white bird of the Oxenhams" has been cited amongst the popular beliefs of the West Countree. In the "Transactions of the Devonshire Association," Mr. Cotton's paper, "The Oxenham Omen," tells how for hundreds of years the death of the Devonshire Oxenhams was heralded by a white-breasted bird which came to the window of living-room or bedroom, and in one case, a properly authenticated modern one, flew into the very room. Traditions of the kind are apt to die hard, and so lately as 1873 the bird with the white breast perched upon a tree opposite the sleeping room of a member of the old house who lay a dying in Kensington. Some workmen threw their caps at it, but it would not move—so the popular tale goes—and in due course the village people learned that the soul of that particular Oxenham had passed, whilst the bird kept vigil before the window of his room in the old home.

North Week, an old, old house, formerly the home of the ancient family of Week, lies not far from the banks of the Taw. Like many another old manor house in Devon, it has fallen from its high estate and is now a farmstead. The gatehouse has rooms upon both sides, the chapel has long been put to utilitarian uses and is now a barn; over the granite archway one may see a small sculpture of the royal arms, commemorating a visit of King Charles. The house was built by a Roger de Week in the twelfth century, and amongst other traces of its "palmy" days are some Tudor doorways and ornamental plaster ceilings. Another good old house, picturesque and charming, is Cottle's Barton, where the Cottle family once lived. Roses and creepers hide the walls and climb up to the thatched roof-tree, and over the porch is the date 1567. Here many traces of old-time prosperity survive Time the spoiler. The drawing-room is panelled with painted oak, and has a handsome ornamental ceiling of plaster. One of the overmantels in plaster shows the Cottle arms, and there are odd bits of carving and oak wainscoting about.

At Eggesford, where the Taw winds and curves amongst hills draped with hanging woods, and where the scenery is as beautiful as any in Devon, one may turn aside to pay a brief visit to the church, where the very fine monument in fine alabaster, put up in 1650 by Arthur, Lord Chichester as memorials of his two wives, is worth seeing. The two ladies "in their habit as they lived," are shown in effigy, and the odd little figures of the children as well. Above them stands Lord Arthur, with gilded coronet and wearing armour. Nymet Rowland, Brushford, and Taw Bridge have already been passed, and soon we see Chulmleigh from the banks of our river, and leaves its windings for awhile to explore. It is odd and uninteresting of aspect, this Chulmleigh, but it has a fine church which was once collegiate. Westcote tells a droll story of a poor Chulmleigh man, whose seven male children, "born at one byrth," became Prebends of this collegiate church. Goring occupied Chulmleigh during the Rebellion, in 1645, and local tradition relates highly spiced stories of that "unworthy."

Following the Taw's course, we come upon many an interesting old place,

snug wayside inns, long, low old homesteads, where heroes were born and brought up in the long-ago days, when the lads dreamed of glory and new lands to be discovered, and the lasses encouraged them, wept for them, waited for them. Churches whose memorial brasses and monuments in granite and marble, bear names honoured in history. We pass Umlerleigh Bridge, and pause many times upon the upper reaches of river to admire the swelling hills clothed with woods, and the reflections upon some shallow still pool; we are tempted to explore combs, where the woodlands dip to the water's edge, and little hamlets, where time seems almost to stand still. We breast a long hill to Atherington Church to see what has been described to us as the most beautiful rood screen in fair Devon. It is indeed a bit of handicraft well worth a climb to see. The work is of a rare delicacy, richly carved, the fans springing from carved angels with shields, the spaces being ornate with medallions and seraph forms, all in exquisite workmanship. The rood loft with projecting canopies also shows some very fine handiwork. At New Bridge we take the road, and follow the river and in due course reach Bishop's Tawton. The crocketed spire of the church seems to beckon us nearer, and here we find another interesting church interior, a fine perpendicular screen gilded and painted, dividing the nave from the belfry. The windows show much stained glass, and one sees where Bishop's Tawton got its name, for south of the church is all that remains of the old palace once used by the Bishop of Exeter when visiting this part of the diocese, or when in need of rest.

Not far away is Tawstock Court, the seat of the Wrey family. The park slopes down to the margin of the river, now running rapidly seawards, and one sees the embankment made by the men of Sir Bouchier Wrey's regiment a hundred years ago. The civic powers of Barnstaple were angry, and the matter was carried by the proverbial little bird to the War Office, and Sir Bouchier was asked to explain. His reply that he was "teaching his men practical engineering" was accepted by the powers that were, and the shrewd squire of Tawstock got his embankment almost free of expense, whilst the men received admirable practical training, as the solid bank proves.

The church in the parklands of Tawstock is another venerable fane of especial interest. It has its screen dividing the nave from the chancel, and the chapel on the south side of the chancel holds the tombs of the Bouchiers, Earls of Bath of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The river now flows through Barnstaple, and the old town derives some of its prosperity and much of its picturesqueness from the coasting vessels which come up with the tide. Barum pottery is one of the industries of the place, and very handsome ware it is. It is made from local clay, and is coloured and glazed by a special process, which, of course, is a cherished trade secret. The priory church is a fine Perpendicular building in the pleasant suburb of Pilton. The chancel has a monument to the Chichester family, and the church does not lack its screen. Old Barum was a borough in Saxon times, and the local histories say that Athelstan repaired its walls. After the Conquest Judhael de Totnaïs built a castle and a priory there, but of these no traces are left to us, and St. Ann's Chapel is the building which boasts the greatest antiquity. Close by is the parish church with its crooked spire, and its many monuments to seventeenth century Barnstaple folk.

Barnstaple Bridge has sixteen arches, and is one of the features of the town. In the reign of the much-married King Henry VIII. "a gentle dirge and messe solemnly songe" was the offered guerdon for those who gave money for the repair of the bridge spanning the great waters of the Taw.

Bickington, Fremington, the old fane of Heanton Punchardon, are passed, and then, with intervals of emerald meadows, little picturesque spinneys, and great stretches of cornlands, we are upon the estuary of the Taw, and see Appledore and Instow, opposite where the Taw and Torridge meet, flowing

out to the sea at Bideford Bay. Appledore is still a very busy little port, with a certain amount of boat building and ship repairing always going on. The Appledore folk declare that it was here that Charles Kingsley received the inspiration for his poem, "The Three Fishers." It may well have been so, the place is quite near to the "Harbour Bar," and the sailing away westward of the fisher folk probably suggested the idea to the always receptive and observant mind of Kingsley. A little way above Appledore, upon the shore, Hubba's Stone; or, as it is sometimes called, "Whibbleston," still commemorates the defeat of Hubba the Danish Chieftain, who in 878 sailed these waters and established a blockade of the fortress of Kenwith Castle. Hubba, with twelve hundred of his followers fell, and their banner, the Reafen, was taken, the Earl of Devon being the victor. At Bloody Corner there was a rally, and beneath the rude slab of rock lying upon the open beach is said to be the burial place of Hubba.

Instow is a pleasant summer resort, with firm sands of great extent, and beyond—three miles seaward—is Bideford, the little white town whence sailed so many brave men of North Devon after the power of Spain had been broken with the failure of the great Armada. The merchant adventurers along these shores fitted out privateers and scoured the high seas for prizes, and many a pirate craft from Tunis and Algiers, on the lookout for merchant vessels, were taken themselves. Such rich prizes were these pirate ships that this offing, where Taw and Torridge join the sea, was well named "The Golden Bay." But the history of Bideford, the stories of the "men of Bideford in Devon," would fill a volume. A monumental brass in the church keeps green the memory of Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of the last fight of the *Revenge*, the story of which was so admirably told by Sir Walter Raleigh, and, moreover, was put into immortal verse by the late Poet Laureate in the noble ballad, "The *Revenge*, a Ballad of the Fleet." Sir Richard, though born over the border, in Cornwall, was yet intimately associated with Bideford and North Devon.



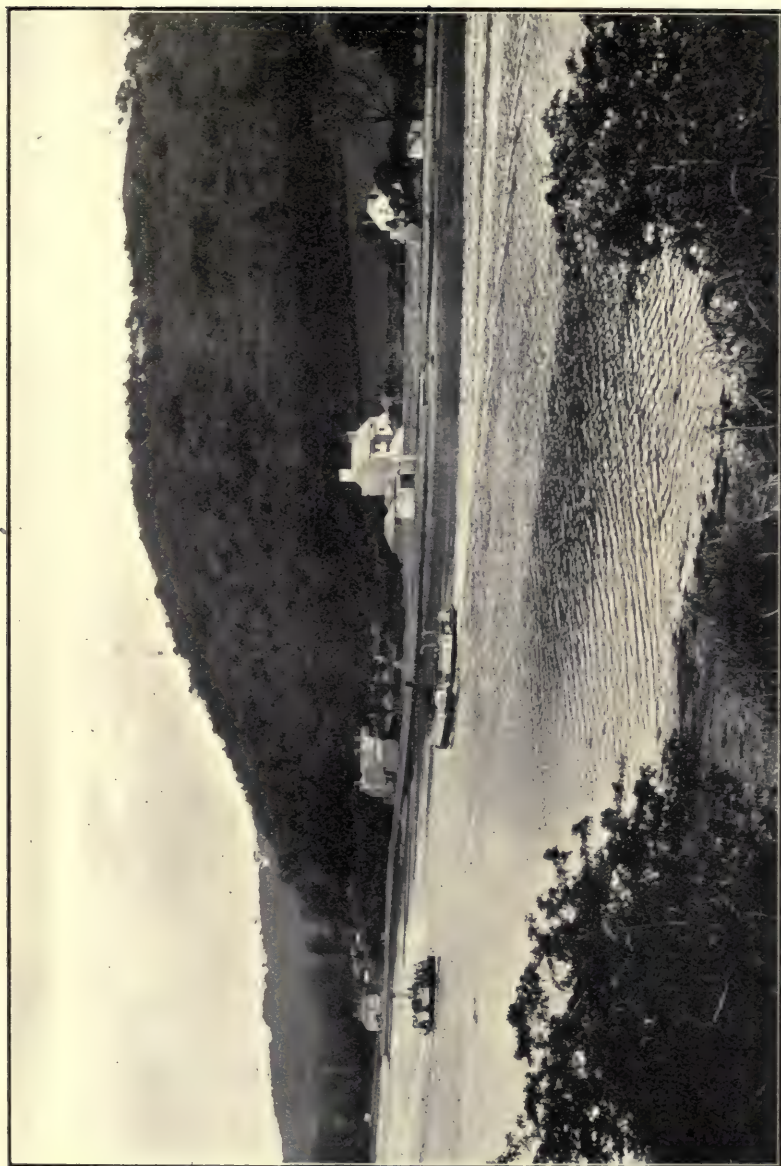
Cornish and Devonshire Moor.

No lavish hand has Nature used. In mood severe
 She flung her gifts. Yet there and here
 A little copse, a wandering stream
 Dropped in while Nature stood to dream.
 Bare hills, poor pastures, bleak, cold heights,
 These and these only were thy rights;
 Thy softer valleys, gentler slopes,
 Down which fair Spring with life elopes;
 These from her hand unnoticed fell,
 When Nature breathed thy mystic spell.

* * * *

No tender mood inspired thy birth in guise austere,
 Dame Nature planned thy moorland drear,
 Then breathing in thy wondrous air,
 Relaxed her hold on treasures rare,
 Which creeping forth with silent tread,
 O'er thy wild moorland quickly spread,
 Hid in thy ridges clothed thy dells,
 And o'er thy land cast fairy spells,
 Till Nature waking found thee fair,
 Through gifts bestowed all unaware.

E. PHILPOT-CROWTHER.



[Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Plymouth,
MILLBROOK LAKE, NEAR PLYMOUTH.]

— GEORGE GISSING —

and

DEVONSHIRE.

... By W. G. Willis Watson. ...

IN my spare moments—and they are few and far between—I have been reading that remarkable book, by George Gissing, “The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.” Apart from the deep interest which it arouses, apart from the tragic story of a long-continued struggle against poverty, ill-health, and all that tends to rob a man of that success for which he yearns, I was particularly struck with Gissing’s intense love for Devonshire, which is reflected page after page in this his autobiography.

Perhaps after his early years in London, “when the seasons passed over him unobserved, when he seldom turned a glance towards the heavens, and felt no hardship in the imprisonment of boundless streets,” Devonshire appealed to Gissing with an irresistible force. For six or seven years he tells us he never looked upon a meadow, never travelled even so far as to the tree-bordered suburbs. Is it to be wondered, then, that his heart is glad at the early coming of spring in this happy Devon? To Westerners it is not surprising the hold which this part of the country has upon those who come amongst us, either as visitors, or to make their homes “down along.” Nature has lavished all her beauties upon this most favoured West, and whether it be in Somerset, in Devon, or in Cornwall, scenes open up which are a perfect revelation to the dwellers in our large cities and towns, as they proved a revelation indeed to Gissing, traveller though he was.

Whilst perusing the book I have attempted to picture Gissing battling against misfortune, writing for very existence in a damp cellar, unprovided with the common necessities of life, aye, oftentimes with an empty pocket, a bare cupboard, but proud withal. The thought of dependence, as he tells us himself, was intolerable to him. Then the scene changes. By a turn of the Wheel of Fortune he is enabled to come to Devonshire to try and regain that strength which, alas! had been too surely sapped by an insidious disease. Here he was to take life easily, to enjoy Nature’s rich gifts as they are bestowed upon rich and poor alike, if they will but accept them. And I see him, in fancy, throwing off care, and luxuriating in “a perfect place, just large enough to allow the grace of order in domestic circumstances; just that superfluity of intra-mural space to lack which is to be less at one’s ease.” Then he revelled in what he had longed for—longed “all but to madness, for the scent of the flowering earth, for the green of hillside larches, and for the singing of the skylark above the downs.” And his appreciation of the West is all the more pleasing to those who love it—because it is the place of their nativity—when we realise that Gissing knew something of foreign countries.

And what is his first impression of Devonshire? He tells us he found himself at the end of March sitting in sunshine at a spot very near to where he subsequently dwelt, near Exeter. Before him were the green valley of the broadening Exe and the pine-clad ridge of Haldon, and “though as boy and youth I have been familiar with the country, and had seen much of England’s beauties, it was as though I found myself for the first time before a natural landscape.” And then he paints a word-picture of Devon in the springtime, which is perfectly fascinating. He says: “I felt the influences of a climate I had never known; there was a balm in the air which soothed no less than it exhilarated me. Now inland, now seaward, I followed the windings of the Exe. One day I wandered in rich, warm valleys, by orchards bursting with bloom, from farmhouse to farmhouse, each more beautiful than the other, and

from hamlet to hamlet, bowered amid dark evergreens; the next I was on pine-clad heights, gazing over moorland brown with last year's heather, feeling upon my face a wind from the white flecked Channel. . . . It was a beautiful time; it gave me a new lease of life, and taught me—in so far as I was teachable—how to make use of it."

The charms of that springtide filled Gissing's very soul with rapture. The creamy white of the hawthorn appealed to him, and if he had a regret, it was because he spent time with his books when he might have been in the meadows. But he had seen the first snowy gleam upon the black-thorn; he had watched for the earliest primrose, and he had found the anemone. Meadows shining with buttercups, hollows sunned with the marsh marigold held him long at gaze.

And so the spring departed and summer followed, and with it came fresh delights. Gissing had a liking for Topsham and "the churchyard overlooking what is not quite sea, yet more than river, is one of the most restful spots I know." . . . "These villages, how delightful are their names to my ear . . . I like to know of anything that has happened at Heavitree, or Brampton Speke, or Newton St. Cyres. I begin to pride myself on knowing every road and lane, every bridle path and footway for miles about. I like to learn the names of farms and of fields; and all this because here is my abiding place, because I am home for ever. It seems to me that the very clouds that pass above my house are more interesting and beautiful than clouds elsewhere."

He basked in the sunlight and found something in high summer which exalted his mind. And sitting under a great horse-chestnut tree, he drank in to the full. One day he is particularly struck with the scene round about him—"A corner of waste land, over-flowered with poppies and charlock on the edge of a field of corn; the brilliant red and yellow harmonising with the glory of the day."

Thus the sunny days in Devon passed. In what delightful language he moulds the thoughts which occur to him during these happy hours. No variation of the aspect of the country around him, as the seasons waxed and waned, went by unnoticed, and he even derived intense pleasure from "the swelling of the pods, the healthy vigour of potato plants, ay, even the shooting up of radishes and cress"—in fact Devon and its country life entered into his very existence, and from everything around he deduced sound reasoning and philosophy.

Even in the winter Gissing, although in bad health, found life worth living in Devon. "Dark days," he says, "are few in happy Devon, and such as befall have never brought me a moment's tedium. The long wild winter of the North would try my spirits; but here the season that follows autumn is merely one of rest, Nature's annual slumber. More often than not the winter day is blest with sunshine—the soft beam which is Nature's smile in dreaming." Then he went forth and wandered far, noted changes of landscape where the leaves had fallen, and found "rare beauty in the structure of the trees ungarmented."

Poor Gissing! It was not his lot to have his wish fulfilled, to end his days as he hoped to have done, in England. "Were I to think that I should die away from England, the thought would be dreadful to me." But, alas! it was to be so. His end came when he was near St. Lean de Lux, on the Franco-Spanish frontier. But we may be sure, even in his last moments, he did not forget Devonshire which he loved so well.

I have not attempted to refer to Gissing's book as a whole. The praise bestowed upon it by its literary critics is not a jot exaggerated; it is a book to read and to enjoy. But its references to Devon will, I hope, prove interesting to the readers of *Devonia*. He painted the county in glowing colours; but the pleasures Gissing derived from living here are offered to all who will but come amongst us and

Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings.

Its O! To be in Devon in the Merry Christmas Time.

Now the days are dark and dreary,
And the year is growing weary,
And the leaves have left the branches
Of the sycamore and lime;
I am thinking of thy bounty,
My dear old native county,
It's O! to be in Devon at the merry Christmas-time.

Who that has seen thy daughters,
And the flashing of thy waters,
And hears thy name, the music
Of some olden English rhyme;
And pines not for thy alleys,
And river-lighted valleys?
It's O! to be in Devon at the merry Christmas-time.

There each cosy hearth is glowing,
And the honey-wine is flowing;
Whilst the frost-work on the lattice
Is melting like the rime;
And the lads the moors are pacing,
The hare and rabbit tracing;
It's O! to be in Devon at the merry Christmas-time.

And village waits are singing,
And village bells are ringing;
From hill to hill they answer
With the old familiar chime;
And the holly's reddest coral
Is smiling by the laurel;
It's O! to be in Devon at the merry Christmas-time.

O! sweet haunt of the pheasant,
My home-land fair and pleasant,
Though the music of the nightingale
Be foreign to thy clime;
More charming is thy greeting
Of the guests at festal meeting,
God bless thee, dear old Devon, with a merry Christmas-time.

—By EDWARD CAPELN, the Postman Poet of North Devon.



Millionaires Please Note!

THE parish church of Honeychurch, near Exbourne, has become so really dilapidated that it will probably be closed before long. It is one of the most ancient churches in the county, and the living, including the glebe, is set down at the munificent sum of £80 per annum. The population is diminishing by slow degrees, and the last Rector sent in his resignation two years ago, solely on account of the disastrous state of things at church and rectory alike, strong appeals for adequate funds meeting with no response. In 1875 the Visitation Book contained this entry, "Everything connected with this church is a bitter reproach to any Christian land." "Ruin and decay in all around," runs another entry; and in 1896 the same tome records that "the churchyard gate is a wreck, the tower lets in the wet, the floor has fallen in, and the seats are subsiding. Seven years ago Bishop Bickersteth appealed for money for a Restoration Fund, but nothing satisfactory was forthcoming, and the ancient church is now a picture of desolation, which the cynical scoffer makes a text for unhallowed merriment. If some iron king or steel magnate would apply a few of his superfluous thousands to so good a cause, there might still be a house of God at Honeychurch a decade hence; otherwise we fear that Time the Spoiler will have completed his work.

The Port of Plymouth.

Interviewed recently at Plymouth, Herr Albert Ballin, the Managing Director of the Hamburg-American Line of steamers, was asked to express an opinion on Plymouth as a port of call for ocean liners. He is reported to have replied: "Plymouth is the best port of call for the east-bound traffic, one reason being that there is such an excellent service provided by the Great Western Railway, which, in my judgment, cannot be improved upon. It is perfect in every way."

—*Great Western Railway Magazine*, December, 1907.

Exeter in History.

IN Exeter all the history of the West is bound up—its love of liberty, its independence, its passionate resistance to foreign conquerors, its devotion to lost causes, its loyalty to the throne, its pride, its trade, its maritime adventure, all these many strands are twined together in that bond which links West countrymen to Exeter. There is no incident in their past history which does not touch her. Like them, she was unstained by heathendom, and kept her faith when the dwellers in less happy cities further north were pricked to the worship of Thor and Odin at the point of Saxon spears. Like them, she fought valiantly against the Norman Conqueror, and when she fell their cause fell with her. And since those days what a host of great and stirring incidents has happened here, from Perkin Warbeck beating on the gates with his rabble of brave Cornishmen, to William of Orange going in high state to the Cathedral, welcomed already as a deliverer to that throne which it lay almost with Exeter to give or to withhold. The city streets are steeped in memories. "Ther be divers fayre streets in Exeter," says Leland, "but the High Streete that goethe from the west to the east gate is the fayrest." Unhappily, both west and east gates are gone; and the street itself is sadly modernised. Yet still, as one looks along its slanting length, one is arrested constantly by some fine old timbered house, whose rich carved gables take one back to the days when trading companies were great and powerful in Exeter, and when the "Society of Marchantes Adventurers of the Citie of Excestre, trefiguring the Realms of Fraunce and Dominions of the Frenche King swept all the foreign trade of the ever faithful city into its own net, and turned fiercely on such as dared oppose it. Here, in some one of these old houses, the "marchantes" dined in solemn merriment; while below stairs the big rough-bearded captains from Topsham or Exmouth waited till summoned up to receive their orders to "lade wines for Juberaltare or Sherys." There, too, is the highly picturesque Guildhall, whose gabled roof and fine projecting porch are linked with so many pageants made to honour kings and queens whom the loyal magistrates received there. . . . Here, too, is that which was formerly the "New Inn," an hostelry as ancient as any in the city, which is saying much, and one, moreover, which was very noted as the headquarters of the trade in woollen cloth, from which, not Exeter alone, but the whole county of Devon reaped a golden harvest. There is a finely plastered chamber in this old building, now a draper's shop, where merchants from every part of England used to meet for the sale or purchase of this cloth, while the stables down below were full of carriers, and their pack mules which had plodded patiently up from Totnes, Ashburton, and a dozen other towns, carrying the produce of the cottage looms, and the winter's work wrought in lonely farms and homesteads upon the moor. In 1725 the Dolphin Inn, another very famous hostelry, remained without a tenant for a week, and accounts were kept for the benefit of the trustees. In this sing'e week carriers came from Yeovil, Moreton, Ashburton, Totnes, and Okehampton, having among them no less than fifty-six pack horses!

—From "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall, by Arthur H. Norway.



[Photo by P. F. Bennett, Plymouth.

VIEW ON THE ROAD AT IVYBRIDGE.

Witch Lore—and Pixy Lore

THE traditions of Devonshire are many and full of interest, whether we have regard to the "pixies" (the local fairies, or little people), the "wish-hounds," which are still said by the superstitious to career over Dartmoor at dead of night, or the thousand and one minor superstitions which seem to be indigenous to the soil. Verily, Devonshire is a region of romance and old-world lore. The pixies played an important part in the rural life of Devon up to comparatively recent times. They are veritable little demons of mischief, for they milked the cows in the farmstead o' nights, so that the buxton dairymaid found no use for her milk pail on going to her early morning work. They rode without mercy the little Dartmoor ponies, which graze among the fragrant bog-myrtle and the flaming gorses of the moors. They turned the cream sour and played tricks innumerable; but, graver still, they were wont to beguile the traveller upon Dartmoor long miles out of his way. Many a good man returning from market was pixy-led as he jogged along homeward—at least, that was the reason he gave for his late return and his somewhat "mazed" condition. Who, indeed, after such an experience could be coldly normal of pulse, or exact upon the several points inquired into by the wife of his bosom?

Incredible as it may seem to the child of this hard utilitarian age, witches are still dreaded in certain rural Devonshire villages remote from railways. Should a horse shirk its work and refuse its food; should a cow slip its calf; should the fox visit the poultry yard and carry off the young turkeys; or should the cream decline to become butter, the thrifty housewife must certainly have been "ill-wished." There is but one thing to be done. She must consult a white witch, and that speedily. The white witch is sometimes a man, sometimes a woman. Sex, be it understood, does not affect the question of supernatural powers. For a consideration—usually a piece of silver—the white witch listens patiently to the whole tale of loss and misfortune, and presently describes the person who has cast a baleful eye upon his or her client. The description is sure to fit somebody in or adjacent to the village, and a charm is given or an incantation recited, which is to break the power of the evil eye. Not long ago a lady called at a house where the mother had just given a merchant of the gentler sex, who vended brushes, clothes-lines, etc., sundry garments which she could ill spare. "But why did you do it?" questioned the visitor wonderingly. "Oh, she had a strange dark eye, and I was terrified lest she should ill-wish me or the children," was the reply, given in all good faith.

—From "Picturesque South Devonshire," by W. H. K. WRIGHT (Valentine, Publisher).

Lantern Slides.

THE efforts of the Association to popularise the attractions of the County by sets of lantern slides has met with a ready appreciation on the part of Devonians and West Countrymen outside and inside Devon.

On the 11th of November and following day they were shown by the Town Clerk of Lancaster (Mr. J. Lane Hughes, himself a Devonian), under the attractive title of "Dear old Down-along; a Ramble in Devon," before the members of the Wesley Guild and the students of the girls' secondary school in that city. An attractive feature which we commend to those exhibiting the slides elsewhere, being musical illustrations by Miss Heywood, a lady born in Devonshire, and an able exponent of Devonshire folk songs and ballads.

On the 20th of November the Devonian Society at Manchester secured them for their annual meeting at the Mosley Hotel. Mr. George Shapland, the President of the Society for the year ensuing, was the lecturer before a large audience.

On November the 27th they were at Eastbourne for the enjoyment of the members of the West Country Association. On the same evening the set, "Rivers of Dartmoor," were shown before a large audience of the West Habitation of the Primrose League at Exeter, the lecture being delivered by Mr. Joseph Gould, J.P., an enthusiast on the subject. The lecture proved so attractive that application was at once made for a loan of them in the Tiverton Division. They will also be shown before the members of the Exeter Literary Society at the Barnfield Hall, on the 19th of February.

As stated in our November issue, the sets consist of:—

1. North and South Devon (coloured).
2. The Rivers of Dartmoor, by the late Col. Amery and Mr. J. Amery.
3. Various views in South Devon, by Mr. W. R. Gay.
4. A set of Sundry Slides, coloured and uncoloured.

The desire of the Association is to circulate these (at the cost of carriage both ways only) as widely as possible. They have been prepared with the primary object of interesting persons resident beyond the county, but are open to any society within the county. Application should be made to the Secretary (Mr. E. A. Wills, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter), to enable the Council to arrange convenient dates.

“Captain Bassett.”

(Sixteenth Century.)

A youth rode west from London town,
A sword from his girdlestead hung down;
And ever he laughed—as who should say—
“I’m bound for Plymouth port away!”

Now when he came to Catte-water,
Upspake an ancient shipman there;
And, “whither away, my son,” he cried,
“Or would you range the waters wide?”

Answered the lad: “I pray you tell
If Captain Basset be hale and well,
For I would to the Spanish Main
When the *Lapwing* puts to sea again.”

“Captain Basset,” the shipman cried,
“Alas! he sleeps beneath the tide!
And I, of his merry shipmen all,
Alone may answer to the call.”

“Captain Basset he put to sea,
And shook each reef of canvas free;
But never again, in weal or woe,
Did the *Lapwing* fetch to Plymouth Hoe.

She lies a hundred fathoms sheer,
Where fierce leviathans round her steer;
And little it cheers my heart to know
Of the gold and jewels that lie below.

“Yet sometimes in my dreams I see
The *Lapwing* steering o’er the sea;
Then at the watch I take my spell,
And hear the shipman strike the bell.

“But hie you back to London town,
By road, and stream, and breezy down;
For Captain Basset, you well may know,
Shall never more come to Plymouth Hoe.

By TINSLEY PRATT.

—See “When Hawkins sailed the Sea.”



Back to the Land.

THE much-abused motor car is responsible for a considerable portion of the increased and increasing prosperity of certain portions of rural England. The automobile practically annihilates distance, and those who in days prior to its adoption steadily declined to live away from the attractions of a town, now spend much time in the country from choice, since the club, shops, congenial society, can all be reached so swiftly. The few good houses which come into the market are soon caught up, and mansions are rising skyward in many favoured counties, notably in the near neighbourhood of the New Forest, along the grand cliffs of the Cornish coast, upon the uplands of Devon, and the borderland of Dartmoor, where sport is good, air is good, water is plentiful and pure, and the scenery is beautiful and varied. Good hunting centres are becoming increasingly popular, from the point of view of the all-the-year-round residents; the establishment of golf links upon moors and commons does much to keep the lovers of out-of-door life in the country, and, of course, the humbler folk of the village and the small towns benefit enormously. Motor men, grooms, gardeners, caddies, laundresses, indoor and outdoor servants of all grades are required for the families who continue to use their inherited seats, and those others who are buying lands and building for themselves. “Back to the land” is not altogether a meaningless cry.

Bowling in Devon and elsewhere.

THE following may interest bowling enthusiasts in Devonshire and elsewhere. It is extracted from a little pamphlet on the "Hadley Bowling Green," and was published originally in the *Worcester Herald*.—

"To commence an article on an ancient bowling club (the Hadley Bowling Club) without referring to the historic game of bowls in which Sir Francis Drake was engaged on Plymouth Hoe, when news was brought to him of the approach of the Spanish Armada, would be as impossible as it would be unpatriotic, dealing, as the present writer proposes to do, with the history of a club—Hadley Bowling Club—which was in its infancy at the very time when the gallant Admiral was disporting himself upon Plymouth Hoe, it is particularly appropriate that reference should be made to him. The old sea dog and his comrades, no less than the country gentlemen of great Queen Bess's notable reign, were fond of employing those days when they were not engaged in chasing Spanish galleons from the high seas, with the good old game of bowls, so popular at that time. The circumstance that Sir Francis was a native of Devonshire, famed for its deep green lanes and delicious cream, must be held accountable for the fact that the game is more popular in that county to-day than anywhere else; every town, nay, every village there has its bowling green, and yet not even Devonshire can boast a more beautiful green, or a club with a more ancient and interesting history still maintaining, as it does, many of its old customs, and respecting in a marked degree its traditions, than the Hadley Bowling Club, which has its headquarters at Hadley Bowling Green, situated in the midst of most delightful country a short distance off the main road from Worcester to Ombersley, and overlooking the valley of the Salwarpe.

* * *

There is much more of interest respecting this ancient bowling club, for which we have not space, including extracts from an old copy of the Rules of the club, which hangs upon the wall of the dining-room. The story closes with the following paragraph:—'And still, after three centuries of life, Hadley Bowling Club flourishes, and another link with the days of Drake is preserved; still the members dine together fortnightly, never exceeding the limit—eighteen—and usually less in number, and formally the toasts, the King, the Bishop and Clergy, and the President of the Club for the time being, the clerical member of the club responding on behalf of the clergy; still the members adjourn after luncheon to the beautiful old crown green—most difficult and wily of greens to the stranger—and there, secluded and shut in by greenery, enjoy the ancient game, and still at the last meeting of each season the junior member present responds to the toast of 'The Merry Jack.' Truly men may come and men may go, but it would seem that Hadley Bowling Club is meant to go on for ever."



To Devon.

Tenderest and fairest of all our fair counties—
 Sure thou art best,
 Sweetest and rarest, the darling of Nature
 Stand thou confessed;
 Dear land of Devonia kissed by the sun,
 And by Nature caressed;
 Land most delightful, of beauty the ideal
 Fair land of the West;
 Mystery of beauty. We love thee, fair county,
 Inland and shore,
 Rare are thy charms and compelling thy beauties,
 Woodland and Moor.
 Dear land of Devon, Queen of all England,
 Rich in thy lore,
 Land most alluring, in all hearts thou reignest
 Queen, Empress and more.

E. PHILPOT-CROWTHER.

U.D.A. at Tiverton.

A meeting of the Tiverton Branch of the U.D.A. was held recently in the Town Hall, the Mayor (Mr. H. Mudford) presiding. A satisfactory report of progress was made, and the various officers were re-elected. The following sentences from the report of the Hon. Secretary (Rev. E. J. Damen) will be read with interest by residents in other towns in Devonshire who do not adequately support the U.D.A.:—"Our branch accomplishes one of the main objects of its existence by continuing to pay its quota year by year to the central fund of the United Devon Association. Money is needed to defray the expenses incurred in publishing *Devonia* and promoting by other means the general interests of the county. The good which the Association produces by making Devon better and more favourably known to outsiders is distributed in a greater or less degree throughout the various districts. Hence it is reasonable that, in all important localities, branches should be formed and maintained to co-operate in the aims and objects of the United Devon Association."

* * *

If this should reach the eye of any Indian Mutiny veteran resident in the borough of Tiverton, he will find it to his advantage to communicate with Head Constable Mercer, who has been asked to supply Lord Roberts with the names, addresses, and ranks of surviving Tivertonians who fought in India during the troublous times of 1857.

* * *

For some years past the officers who were engaged in the Mutiny have been accustomed to assemble from time to time in memory of that sad hour in English history. The 50th anniversary of the Mutiny is to be observed on a scale never before attempted, thanks to the proprietors of the London *Daily Telegraph* and Lord Roberts.

* * *

Every non-commissioned officer and man who had any part in the quelling of the Mutiny, will be invited to attend a public midday dinner in London on December 23rd. Travelling expenses will be paid in each case; and it is particularly requested that the names of all veterans will be sent in, even if they cannot, through physical infirmities, make the trip to the Metropolis.

* * *

Among Tivertonians who fought against the rebels in the Indian Mutiny is Mr. R. Purrington, for many years a trusted employée of Mr. T. Ford, J.P., and of late a resident at the Homes. He was in the East Indian Company's services, and went through terrible scenes.

—From the *Tiverton Gazette*.



[Photo by P. F. Bennett, Plymouth.]

VIEW ON THE ROAD AT BRENT.

A Rifle Club for Devon.

YELVERTON, the fast-growing moorland resort, which has such a reputation amongst medicos who know anything of the West of England and the curative and restorative properties of Dartmoor air, has yet another attraction for the lover of the life of out-of-doors. This is a miniature rifle range, acquired chiefly through the efforts of Admiral Sir Robert Harris and Captain J. H. Prior. There was a formal opening on the 31st August, when Sir Robert Harris fired the first shot. There is already a membership of fifty, and these members with their friends were present at the initial shoot. The range is between Yelverton and Clearbrook, and serves the last-named hamlet as well as Meavy, Horrabridge, Walkhampton, and other villages, in addition to being a most desirable possession for Yelverton itself. Admiral Sir Robert Harris is President, with Captain J. H. Prior as Hon. Secretary. The range is fitted for firing at distances of 25, 50 and 100 yards, and is fortunately placed as regards light, shelter, and admirable views of wide stretches of glorious moorland and sylvan



A New Book of Poems.

Messrs. Underhill, The Frankfort Press, Plymouth, have sent us an advance copy of a charming little brochure entitled "The Hermit and the Child," being a series of pretty poems by J. Newton Hearn, illustrated by R. Borlase Smart. It is dedicated to A. Edmund Spender, Esq., "whose ready kindness and cheery courtesy have greatly refreshed the weary climber of Mount Parnassus." The poems are very tuneful, and reflect great credit upon the writer, several of whose pieces have appeared from time to time in *Devonia*. We particularly admire "O Devon, Fair Devon," which shows that the writer is enthusiastic in the love he bears to his native county, and that he likes to sing the praises of the dear Devon land and her doughty heroes. One of the best illustrations is that giving a peep of Dartmoor—"thy rugged tor's side." "A Song of Eve" is also very pretty, while "Mary Mac Cree" lends itself excellently to musical treatment. The volume is very dainty, and reflects credit upon author, artist, and printer. Its price is only ninepence.

"South Devon."

Painted by C. E. HANNAFORD; described by CHAS. R. ROWE; published by A. and C. BLACK, 1907. Price 6s. net.

ALTHOUGH we fain would praise this book for the number, variety, and beauty of its illustrations, as well as for the interesting descriptive matter which accompanies them, we must withhold the commendation which we would otherwise have given, because of a serious defect which, in our opinion, mars the whole. "South Devon" is the title, and the area included is from Torquay to Kingsbridge, a somewhat circumscribed district when one considers the long stretch of the South Devon coast from Seaton to Plymouth. We would charitably suggest that the book has been misnamed, or that at any rate its title is more comprehensive than its matter. It might with more truthfulness have been entitled, "Torbay (or Torquay) and District," seeing that a great portion of the book is taken up with that queen of watering places, while Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport (the Three Towns) are utterly ignored. We may certainly claim that Plymouth is in South Devon; and we further claim that it and its sisters form the largest and most populous centre in Devonshire, and that its history and associations place it in the foremost rank among our great towns. And yet, Plymouth finds no place in this book of South Devon; and both writer and artist have studiously ignored it; an enigma not easy to be solved. Certainly the artist is not to blame; he was asked to supply pictures of certain localities of which a list was given, but the writer should certainly have seen that Plymouth had its fair share of notice, unless, as is likely, he had some ulterior motive in thus excluding this great centre of naval and commercial life from the book. Certainly the Plymouth booksellers will look askance at the volume, which to them is manifestly incomplete and unsatisfactory, despite its charming pictures and alluring exterior. A book on "South Devon" without a mention of the capital of South Devon, is like the play of *Hamlet* minus the principal character. As we have said, Torquay and Torbay come in for a large share of attention, and this, of course, includes Paignton and Brixham. Dartmouth has a chapter to itself; and brief chapters are devoted to Teignmouth, Newton Abbot, Totnes, and Kingsbridge. There the book ends, except that a few inland places are mentioned incidentally. The illustrations are uniformly good, although a few of them are too highly coloured and wanting in picturesqueness; but taken as a whole, the book is a worthy production, and we regret to be compelled to enter our protest against the exclusion of so important a centre as Plymouth and her sister towns.



ILFRACOMBE.



YES TOR, DARTMOOR.

Furze, the Cruel.

UNDER the nominal authorship of John Trevena, another Dartmoor story has been launched upon the long-suffering and tolerant public, the title being "Furze, the Cruel." As we gather from the foreword, Mr. Trevena intends issuing three novels dealing with Dartmoor, of which this is the first. In the book before us is worked out the idea that the furze is typical of cruelty; the second will deal with the heather and will typify endurance; and the third has the strength of the granite for its theme. This must be remembered in connection with the present book. Surely we get enough and to spare of the cruelty of mankind; we get more than enough of the cruelty of human nature and the bad qualities of man; we are, in fact, shown the worst side of human nature on Dartmoor. Candidly, we confess we do not like the book; the characters are grotesque and unreal, the situations are often impossible, and the moral effect nil. Besides this, the mechanical arrangement of the story is faulty—we noticed the same defect in his previous works—and although the descriptions of the moor are well drawn and vividly portrayed, we fail to be convinced by their originality and genuineness, as in the Dartmoor novels of Eden Phillpotts. Moreover, we cannot imagine any present-day denizens of the Dartmoor district talking as Mr. Trevena makes them talk, or doing such foolish things as he makes them do. The characters are mere puppets, dancing as the writer pulls the strings.

If there is one redeeming feature in the book, apart from the character representation, it is in the descriptions of moor and river. These are inimitable, and prove that the writer is possessed of poetic faculties, but that he is a close observer of the subtleties of moorland life and personality, and above all, that he loves his Dartmoor.

But for the rest, we can only say that his story lacks human interest, that it is a travesty upon human nature, and that his incidents are of a somewhat dramatic order, scarcely to be translated into ordinary English every-day language, and that they give us a very distorted view of life in the very heart of our *terra incognita*, Dartmoor.

Moreover, the book is much too long, having regard to the story it relates, and it becomes wearisome before one has waded half through it. That it contains unpleasant incidents, goes without saying, but some of these are unnecessarily accentuated, and, altogether, the story does not soothe or inform, as such a story should; but rather arouses in our minds resentment against the weakness and depravity of human nature. It must not be supposed that the characters are all cruel and relentless, like the typical furze; for there is a most pathetic figure in Brightly the tramp and his nondescript dog, which is worthy of Dickens; and the child Boodles is also a redeeming character; but Pendoggat and such as he, who share the honours in this book, we should prefer not to meet with in the flesh.

Mr. Trevena has undoubtedly the possibilities of good work in him, and we shall look for something better from his pen, something which will be more human, less discursive, and more sympathetic than this tragic drama of "Furze, the Cruel."



The Story of Dartmoor Prison.

A very welcome book has just been issued by Mr. William Heinemann, with the above title, the author being Mr. Basil Thomson, a former Governor of the Prison. He has told the story well, beginning with the year 1771, when, as he says, "there was neither road nor habitation between Dousland Barn and the ancient tenements near Postbridge," down almost to our own day. Built originally as a war prison, it was crowded with French and American prisoners during the time of our great struggle with the navies of those countries; and sad and graphic are the stories told of those eventful times. We have these in the words of several of those poor unfortunates who were incarcerated there in 1812-1813, notably Charles Andrews, that "American Prisoner," whom Mr. Eden Phillpotts has worked into his fine and pathetic story under that title. Needless to say, Mr. Thomson's book is full of interesting anecdotes and reminiscences; it is a plain record of facts, but nevertheless very readable, and is a valuable contribution to the literature of Dartmoor, and especially of the great and gloomy pile wherein so many thousands of prisoners of one type or another have languished out their lives. An excellent picture of the War Prison, as it was in 1812, is given as a frontispiece, but there is no further illustration, which is a pity. There is another omission which we would respectfully point out—the book lacks an index. Otherwise we have nothing but commendation for the volume.

New Poems. Book I.

By W. S. Hole.

LONDON: George Bell and Sons.

Now and again, amongst the avalanche of verse launched upon a public always hoping for some better thing from the singers, some genuine poetry appears. Mr. Hole's little book, in its dress of ivory vellum, gives us the real thing. Witness the following.

"Would you not be in Devonshire now,
Just to see the daffodil gold,
The green rosettes on the thorn, and how
The sycamore leaves unfold?
O exiled! you in that Tuscan town,
Where the echo still lives of its old-world fights;
And face to face in whose narrow dark street
The window-barred palaces frown;
As the lush green meads and the changing lights
When March with his wind and rain
Gives place to April again,
And the blue of her changeful heavens here
In Devonshire?"

The author goes on to speak of—

"Our misty hills and the month that spills
The midas gold of the daffodils
On the rain-drenched emerald floor."

In another poem he muses upon the race which gave us our hut circles, out in the great silences of Dartmoor. They are pregnant words, compelling us to think, and they are exquisite words withal, so that as one reads one yields generous meed of admiration for beautiful thoughts adequately clothed; for pictures of our Devon in springtime; for many charming conceits indeed which will appeal equally to the lover of books and the lover of nature. One has just one regret—the volume is so brief. However, the lettering, "Book I," infers that we may hope for more in the not far distant future.

Devonshire Characters.

We have received a copy of this book, the full title of which is "Devonshire Characters and Strange Events," by S. Baring-Gould; the publisher being Mr. John Lane, of London. It is an admirable volume, full of interest for West-countrymen, but too important to be passed over in a brief notice. We therefore defer an extended review to our next issue, in the meantime advising our readers to secure copies before the edition is exhausted.

Several of the half-tone photo blocks used in this number have been kindly lent by Mr. W. H. Hosking.

Devonians in Exile.

"BACK to the Land," was the text of the Mayor of Plymouth, when speaking the other day at the annual dinner of Devonians in London. His Worship jocularly spoke of the many poor exiles who were compelled to spend their lives away from their native county "Fair Devon," and urged them to return to their dear homeland before they became too old and enervated to enjoy the beauties and the good cheer of the Western land. Our title may lead the reader to expect from us on the present occasion an epistle full of sighs and tears, lamentations, and woe; but such is far from our thoughts, for from personal observation of many of these exiles, we can vouch for the fact that they are prosperous and happy, that fortune smiles upon them, and that their lines have indeed fallen to them in pleasant places. Lord Monkswell, on the same occasion as that mentioned above, said that many of these poor exiles had left their native county for their country's good, and that many of them had achieved wealth and distinction both in municipal life and national work.

We have had some experience among Devonian exiles in many places, and a considerable portion of the following narrative is the result of that personal experience. It was good to meet so many old friends in the places of their adoption, and to hear the familiar cadences of the old Devonshire vernacular, and to scan the list of names all revealing their West Country origin.

On November 27th, a large number of West countrymen foregathered at the Town Hall, Newport, Mon., to listen to a dissertation upon the "Sea Kings of the West," by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, the Editor of *Devonia*. Mr. Alfred Searle, M.A. LL.B., the President, occupied the chair, and he was supported by Mr. W. E. Heard, Alderman T. Goldsworthy, Mr. G. R. Martyn, Mr. W. L. Goldsworthy, Mr. James Cowling, Mr. C. H. Adams, and many others. It was a most inspiring evening, and was apparently much enjoyed by the large audience which filled the Town Hall.

On the following evening Swansea Devonians assembled at the Royal Hotel on the occasion of their annual dinner, this being the fourteenth gathering of the kind. Mr. W. T. Treharne was in the chair, and there was a large attendance. The President, in a most felicitous speech, asked "What were the charms by which Devon held her sons together? One, he suggested, was the dialect, which was the English of the early Saxons; but the particular charm of all was that of history, which was so full of big events, stirring stories of adventure and heroism, that it stirred the blood and thrilled the heart. No county had given more worthies who had dared, suffered, and done so much to make the history of England what it was to-day. But the memories of the past were of no use unless they influenced in some measure the man of to-day. It was, therefore, pleasing to know that those of the present day were worthy of their ancestors. Devon was still in the forefront, if not so much with muscle, at least with brains. She had given to the legal profession the Lord High Chancellor and several eminent divines, and many of the chief offices of the country were now filled by Devonians." It was generally acceded that Mr. Treharne made one of the best speeches ever delivered to the members of the Society. It was interspersed with some excellent stories, one being about the beauties of the "fair county." He said it was related that when old Tom Cobb, of Berry Narbor, died, he subsequently found himself knocking at the door of heaven. St. Peter at once knew him, and had no objection to Cobb entering, "but," said the keeper of the keys of heaven, "I don't think you will like it after Devonshire."

On the following evening, Friday, November 29th, was held at the Hotel Cecil the twentieth annual dinner of Devonians in London, the President on the occasion being the Right Hon. Earl Fortescue, Lord Lieutenant of Devon, who was accompanied by the Countess. The gathering was a brilliant one, and not readily forgotten; many ladies being present. Among those present were the Earl of Halsbury, Lord Monkswell, Sir Charles H. Radford (Mayor of Plymouth), Mr. J. H. Ellis (Town Clerk of Plymouth), Sir Thos. Hewitt, K.C., Lady Evelyn Giffard and Mr. Edward Giffard, Mr. Harry T. Eve, K.C., M.P., Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Lady Gould, and Miss Gould, Mr. George H. Radford, M.P., and Mrs. Radford, Fleet-Surgeon Alfred Corrie, R.N., Lieut. R. Woolcombe, Mr. R. Woolcombe, Dr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. P. H. Pridham Wippell, J.P., Mr. John Lane, Mr. R. R. Coleridge, J.P. (Mayor of Lichfield), Lady Lockyer, Mr. John Martin (founder of "Devonians in London"), Mrs. T. B. Bowring, and many others. The Editor of *Devonia* was present, as representative of the United Devon Association, and Mr. Frederick Thomas, of Harrow, formerly of Exeter, was amongst the company. Excellent speeches were delivered, but somehow the proceedings lacked the bright and enthusiastic spirit of some we have attended, and the numbers were considerably less. The President spoke well, and so did the Mayor of Plymouth, who remarked "that, notwithstanding what might be said to the contrary, he regarded them as exiles from the most beautiful county in the world, and they were deeply to be pitied. He must admit, however, that they were a magnificent body of exiles, and that they bore their captivity in that Babylon exceedingly well. They had gone out with high hopes and ambitions, and most of those ambitions had been realised, but he knew that there was a secret sorrow in their hearts, and the desire to get back to their native county." Other speeches were by Lord Monkswell, Lord Halsbury, Mr. George H. Radford, M.P., and Mr. H. T. Eve, K.C., M.P. Songs and recitations were contributed by Mr. Charles Saunders, the Misses Salter, and Mr. Charles W. Wreford, Mr. Hawkins being the accompanist.

On Saturday, November 30th, the annual meeting of Devonians in Bristol was held, presided over by Mr. James Cann (Bideford), the Chief Constable of Bristol, and there was a good attendance. Satisfactory reports were presented by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. Redwood, and the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. Dodge, the number of members being 128, and the credit balance in the general account £22. Mr. Redwood asked the members to co-operate with the officers in making the society still more successful, adding that they ought not to be satisfied until they had a membership of 250.

On the following Tuesday, December 3rd, there was a large gathering of West-countrymen at the Star Hotel, Worcester, on the occasion of the seventh annual dinner of Devonians and Cornishmen in Worcester. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. H. W. Edmonds, and the company numbered between fifty and sixty. A most delightful evening was spent, the toast list (which was agreeably short) being interspersed with songs, dialect and other recitations, and other appropriate items. The chairman made a capital speech, the chief feature of which was that we must not rely too much upon the grand traditions of the past, but we must exercise self-reliance ourselves if we would



VIC WREN, OKEHAMPTON.



ROCKS OFF RAME HEAD.

hold and retain that glorious heritage which the men of the past had bequeathed to us. Mr. W. H. K. Wright followed, and pointed out what we owed to the men who fought for England in the days of Elizabeth, citing the words of Raleigh, Kingsley, and Froude, as emphasising the fact that to the sea-life and labour of the men of Devon England owed her naval and commercial glory. He also cited the names of many West-countrymen of our own times who had won fame in all walks of life, summing up in the brave words of Edward Capern, the Bideford postman poet—

“The brave old men of Devonshire,
 ’Tis worth a world to stand,
 As Devon’s sons on Devon’s soil,
 Though infants of the band,
 And tell old England to her face,
 If she is great in fame,
 ’Twas good old heart of Devon oak
 That won her glorious name.”

The other speakers were Mr. H. Davy, Dr. Douglas Heath, Mr. T. W. Culley, Mr. J. C. Brimacombe, Mr. Wemyss Pigott, Mr. W. J. Pearce, and Mr. C. D. Willis. Several of the party motored over from Droitwich; there was also a good contingent from the Birmingham Devonian Society, whose annual dinner takes place early in January.

Speaking of Droitwich, one can hardly pass over in silence the establishment by the brothers Culley (well-known Devonians) of the celebrated Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel. This Messrs. R. and T. F. Culley have made a great success, and it is no idle boast to say that they have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose; for although some portion of the old town of Droitwich has suffered to a considerable extent by the subsidence of the land immediately adjacent to the salt works, the Brine Baths Hotel, and the Brine Baths immediately opposite, are simply delightful. Sufferers from rheumatism and other painful maladies may here regain a healthy tone at no greater cost or trouble than is involved in a daily dip in the briny, and they will find all the comforts of home in the well-appointed hostelry, over which the genius Culley, of Devonshire, presides.

The third annual social in connection with the Association of West-countrymen in Hampshire, was held at the Swiss Restaurant, Southampton, on November 27th, and proved, in the matter of success, equal to, if not superior to, its predecessors. The company numbered over eighty, and the re-union was thoroughly enjoyable. There was a social whist-drive, music, and dancing, the general arrangements being carried out by Mr. J. Ellen and Mr. A. Broomfield.

The latest of these delightful gatherings, the account of which has reached us, is of the doings of the members of the Eastbourne West Country Association, held at the Albemarle Hotel a few days since. The chief feature of the evening was the showing of a series of seventy-five lantern slides of Devonshire, which had been supplied by the United Devon Association, together with a brief lecture explanatory of the views. The pictorial tour, as it may be styled, commenced at Barnstaple, going right through the county, finishing at Dawlish. Dr. W. G. Willoughby acted as cicerone, and he also showed some slides of Devon and Cornwall which he had taken himself. Music was interspersed. The chair was occupied by Dr. James Adams. Mr. Glanfield, the Hon. Secretary, outlined the winter programme, and announced that the annual dinner would probably be held in January.

It will thus be seen that these poor exiles from the dear homeland not only know how to achieve success in their various avocations, but are also quite equal to taking rational and thorough enjoyment wherever they may find themselves.

We cannot pass from this most diverting topic without mentioning the delightful days spent at Harrow-on-the-Hill with a dear friend of our early days, the versatile Frederick Thomas, formerly of Exeter and Plymouth, who, at the age of seventy-six, is as full of fun and anecdote as he was when we knew him first in Exeter, more than forty years ago. For many years he has penned a versical account of the dinners of “Devonians in London,” which have regularly appeared in one of the Exeter papers. He was present at this year’s gathering, and added much to the enjoyment of those who happened to be his near neighbours at the festive board.

But we must really bring our remarks to a conclusion; and we cannot do better than quote the words of “Jan Stewer” :—

“Yer’s gude health to all they what calls Deb’nshur their home,
 But have zaut out in zum furrin parts vur to roam,
 May they all make their fortins, and when work be past,
 Come back to their own chimley’s cornder to last.
 Gude Debenshur men, wherever you be,
 Ketch up your glasses and drink ’long o’ me.”

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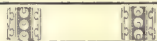
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DEVONIA.



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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



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Teignmouth.

TEIGNMOUTH is an ideal summer resort, and when autumn approaches many people who have visited it and its surroundings musefully occupy themselves! The end of summer brings with it the natural phenomenon known as "recollections of my holiday," this is especially the case when "Devon, Glorious Devon" is concerned. "Glad days come back to memory" in connection with the stretch of coast which lies between Budleigh Salterton and Berry Head. "Budleigh is a pretty little place," as is often so described, and its red cliffs, and the more distant chalk cliffs, are seen to great advantage from Teignmouth under certain weather conditions, the district then being flooded with tints resembling those of the rainbow.

Dawlish is not seen from Teignmouth, but deep red cliffs, interspersed with green covered recesses, stretch away towards tunnelled headlands, one of which has been named the "Parson and Clerk." Here, too, is Smugglers' Lane, which leads to pretty Holcombe—a lane which, in the past, was used for cheating purposes, but now, owing to its fern-bedecked and secluded surroundings, more often for young people's sweethearting and older folks strolling purposes. The sea wall under the cliffs referred to flanks a mile or so of the Great Western Railway, where Ocean Mail, Cornish Riviera, and ordinary express rush along so close to pedestrians that the dining-car menu cards are almost distinguishable. A little out to sea the *Duke or Duchess of Devonshire* glides along laden with light-hearted passengers bound for Exmouth and Budleigh, or for Teignmouth and Dartmouth, of course touching Torquay and passing through its Naples-looking bay.

The principal coast beauty spots seen from Teignmouth are Oddicombe, Babbacombe, and Anstey's Cove—the other pretty combes lie further inland, and so are hidden by the grandest of all the south coast headlands, the Ness. This hill is crowned with beautiful trees, densely grown, and has to be passed to reach Labrador glen, where in the season strawberry and cream refreshment can be enjoyed. The Ness also guards the entrance to Teignmouth's land-locked harbour, and it is an interesting sight to witness powerful little tugs towing sailing-ships in and out, laden, when outward bound, with white clay for distant ports. This clay is brought down the wide and beautiful Teign estuary, and so at times a procession of barges, or lighters, using large square sails, are seen floating down it bearing that valuable commodity.

Most visitors to Teignmouth visit Shaldon, another "pretty little place," reaching it by ferry; others prefer to cross on the long wooden bridge which connects the two places—this cannot be wondered at, for the view from the centre, looking up this tidal river towards the rugged Dartmoor tors must be seen to be realised. Ringmore, adjoining Shaldon, is another quaintly situated old-world place. It is seen from the river by those who row to Coombe Cellars Inn for cockles and cream—a strange mixture, but a very desirable spot to visit. Haldon Moor, that lofty spur of hills, at the foot of which Teignmouth and Dawlish lie, is easily reached from either place; it is heather covered, and the sea and land views are picturesque in the extreme. Luscombe Woods are very close and are stretched over sloping hill-sides towards the coast.

Mention is made of Teignmouth as far back as the reign of the Conqueror. Twice was the place burnt by invaders, and in one case a French commander landed 2000 armed men on the beach, who destroyed the whole town. At the present time, in the poorer districts, narrow but very clean streets are rather numerous, one of which is called French Street. How different now with regard to fears of invasions, for peaceful Teignmouth is not even disturbed with objectionable trippers. At Teignmouth, too, there is the absence of that which is formal and common. Even the flower beds seen on the promenades, and which skirt the widespread lawn called the Den, seem more congenial because of their lack of uniformity.

The shelters are very helpful in bringing about communion of spirit amongst visitors; in fact one of them ought to be designated a rendezvous for crochet workers, applying, of course, to the ladies who congregate there. Gentlemen look on, or talk, or peruse literature, or take walks with the youthful and less practical of needle fame by the side of the boundless sea; the sea so generally blue, frequently beryl, and occasionally opal in its colouring; the sea which, when moonlit overnight causes delightful topic for conversation. Did not the Psalmist consider the moon among the other works of God? When the greater light had sunk behind the Dartmoor hills, and darkness grew, the lesser light could be observed "rising in silent majesty," thrust up from behind the distant waters with colourings of a reddy golden hue, forming a beacon light of no ordinary type, and later on, when higher, spreading its "silver mantle" on the nearer waters.

At Teignmouth a stiff breeze from the south-east means a rough sea, and a rough sea there means a grand sight, because of the solid masonry which protects the railway extending to a far distance—the sudden dash and leapfrog action of the powerful waves, pushed in by the wind against it, not only sends the spray high in the air, but causes loud roars of a long-drawn "swisssssshhh!"

A. G. WING, Weston-Super-Mare.

Reprinted from the *Teignmouth Times*, September 6th, 1907.



A New Dartmoor Story.

O Taw and Tavy be rivers, they be,
 Down along Dartymoor,
 And many's the walk as there you'll zee—
 Varmer, and maid, and bori;
 And prickety vuzz she grew all roun',
 Vor rooffin', and vodder, and vuel,
 And John Trevena, he 've written en down
 In a buke called *Furze the Cruel*.
 But bain't the bush as that name imply
 But the volk that lives anigh en,
 Who 'm always a-prickin' ye, spiteful and sly,
 Like the vuzz when ye wanders by en;
 And John he 've seed such things as they 've did
 What 'd give ye the creepin' shivers
 Zo he 've published en all zo en shouldn' be hid,
 Assisted by Alston Rivers.
 But brutes bain't all what he' ve took and drew,
 Though it 's them what he 've wrote the buke vor;
 There's a liddle love-story a-winin' through,
 As purty as yew could look vor;
 And the way he mixes en up and all—
 Why, yew and him together,
 Yew zeem to be down along payin' a call
 'Mong the granite and vuzz and heather.

—From *Punch*.



ROUGEMONT GATEWAY, EXETER.



BISHOP'S WALK, TORQUAY.

The Old Paths.

From "My Devon Year,"

by

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



THE ferny fragrances, the deep morning dews, the reign of flowers under summer sunshine, and the wild fruits that follow them, will make my theme upon another page. Here I design no more than a note in general terms concerning Devonshire lanes, and the first roadways from which they sprang.

The county lacks a good and comprehensive register of its early means of communication. Certain Roman military roads which traversed the South are recorded by Latin writers, and the *Medieval Chronicle* gives other details, and specifies some lines of principal routes; but, for the most part, the early historians, when concerned with the subject, confine themselves to a general statement that the roads in the West country cannot be matched for badness. Bishop Cloyne treated of the matter some hundred years ago, and his lordship's paper, which was printed as an appendix to the brothers Lysons, their history of Devon, is good reading and much to the point. Another admirable piece upon the subject that I have met with is by Mr. J. R. Chanter, who many years ago contributed some notes on the "Highways and Byways of North Devon in the Olden Time" to the archives of the Devonshire Association.

That our lanes are the lineal descendants of the deep, pack-saddle tracks, it seems reasonable to believe, and I know of such that even to this day are in a transition stage, or, being arrested in their development by disuse, stand screened and hidden in lonely spots, half lane, half old-time trackway. For the earlier lines of communication only developed where their evolution was demanded, and many have wholly vanished under Nature's busy fingers, while not a few still seam the country and steal through sequestered glens, the fringes of heaths, the hearts of placid pasture lands. "Mere clefts" are these sometimes, "which it is impossible to imagine can have been formed otherwise than by the attrition of the feet of men and cattle for ages; and yet now they are never used nor traversed, and form concealed nooks thickly covered with vegetation and ferns, particularly the scolopendria, growing in the utmost luxuriance, while others, still in use, bear similar unmistakable marks of extreme antiquity."

So, Mr. Chanter; and next he discusses the Dartmoor trackways, a theme not less interesting, but more obscure. On the moorland these paved ways may still be traced for many a mile, save where they vanish under the bogs; but upon enclosed country indications of such old roads are now, of course, most rare.

Devonshire lanes, probably, come nearer to the regular paths of the Middle Ages than any yet remaining to us; and if our forefathers had won their battle against the revived science of the road-maker, good modern ways might still be uncommon west of Exeter. For the outcry that greeted McAdam and his system is recorded to our detriment, and generations to come will laugh at the honest Westcountry men and their indignant remonstrances. With adequate road surfaces arose a system of tolls and turnpikes to support them; and great was the amazement, gloomy were the prophecies that these innovations awakened. It was shown that the draining of the roads abolished the agreeable mud, and those familiar pools and sloughs so necessary to preserve the hoofs of horses. Again, where could travelling sheep and cattle refresh by the wayside if there

were to be no more puddles? And a more serious and moral objection was also raised. Such perfection of road must clearly conduce to carriages, to luxury and to effeminate love of physical comfort. Another danger lurked in the sudden glorification of the coach-horse. The world worshipped the coach-horse; he was the great spirit of the moment; stood for progress; linked town and country, and represented a breathless increase of facilities for communication. Herein appeared a new peril. The husbandman would, without question, become the slave of the coach-horse also; he would cease from the culture of wheat and barley, and sow nothing but oats for coach-horses, and then the poor, denied their bread-corn, must perish. Thus the new roads meant famine and disaster every way. A lesser evil was feared in that such comfortable locomotion must certainly render man careless of their horsemanship, and thus degrade a national science; while, most terrible of all, we may read in the "Social History of the Southern Counties" how the increased ease of traffic and communication between country and town was tending enormously to swell certain urban populations at the expense of the rural. Statistics showed the gravity of this matter. It was computed that not less than eighteen persons passed every week between York, Chester, and Exeter; while a similar number of travellers, whose destination was London, departed weekly from these cities—"which came, on the whole, to the frightful number of eighteen hundred and seventy-two in one year!" Well might alarmists predict the ruin of the country before such an exodus. The controversy raged, and from many a pulpit stout old Tory parsons thundered against the iniquity of the new ways and those who believed in them. Shall you not find support for the old pack-tracks and waggon-routes of puddle and rut and chaos in Jeremiah? At any rate, those ancient clerics believed so, and, secure in the consciousness that the prophet was with them, preached many a sledge-hammer discourse against improved progression. "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Yet who shall affirm that those well-meaning shepherds did not bless McAdam in secret when returning upon moonless nights from the squire's mahogany after comfortable and prolonged communion with a grand old vintage?

Despite Jeremiah, the "old paths" were either neglected or transformed into new ones. The pack-horses moved along wider and better-paved new ways; stone took the place of mud; and only here and there, in regions too remote to demand attention, were the ancient tracks permitted to remain. To these Nature succeeded, and quickly transformed them into musical bowers of interlaced hazel, into homes of many birds and flowers and creeping things innumerable. Still the blossoms and fragrant grasses bedeck and adorn them; still the ferns frequent their shelter; still above them flourish the trees, and within them countless busy things increase and multiply, and justify their existence with unconscious joy.

Devon lanes possess all the characteristics of the trackways on a large scale. The high banks create an artificial shelter for flora, and protect growing things from the wind. In summer such a damp and hothouse atmosphere is here created that green things wax into giants; for the lanes hold the rainfall long after hill and vale are dry again; the evaporation is slow, and all vegetable growth blesses conditions so favourable to its prosperity. Our lanes wind without pattern or method through regions pastoral rather than agricultural, and the shelter of the high hedges has a double value in springtime. It screens the road, and is a boon to the adjoining fields also; for from sudden rain and fierce suns it protects the grazing stock, and against the sleet and icy winds of spring it also shields them. Such hedges are loved by mother ewes, and bleating of many a new-born lamb echoes tremulous along them, when primroses and white violets shine from above; when the wren's little domed nursery is growing behind the ivy root; when the thrush plasters her frank nest, then leaves it awhile for the March winds to dry.

With due acknowledgments to the Author.—Editor, *Devonia*.

Intake on the Moor.

FOR at least a thousand years, and perhaps since England, after many geological changes, was finally upheaved from the bed of the sea, a certain tract of moorland remained untilled until the snows of last winter melted from its service, and the man with the spade came and said to himself that the waste must be reclaimed. For centuries the cultivated lands had been encroaching upon it; field after field had been won from the wide moor; while here and there a cottager had gradually extended the limits of his garden; but the one small tract which bordered a rough and ancient trackway had no attraction for any of the moor-folk until the man with the spade—who had grown tired of town life and wished to get back to his native moorland—had a cottage built amid the bents and bracken, and with his own hands set to work to make a garden in the wilderness.

When he first went to the border of the enclosed ground and thrust his spade in the soil, he paused for a few minutes to think of the task he had undertaken, and it seemed to him to be strange that in England to-day a man should be able to act, in a way, the part of a pioneer—that his hands should be the first to attempt to cultivate that piece of English soil. Then, being a man of sentiment, he thought of the moorland birds which had made their homes amid the grass and the bents, and he wondered if they would desert him when he had robbed them of the nesting-places. A century ago, droves of great bustards had frequented the moor, and the wild-crying curlew had broken the silence of its sombre nights; now these and other birds had been quite driven away by the intakers; even the stonechat and the whinchat, whose strange call-notes always suggested to him the stone-chipping of the prehistoric inhabitants of the moor, were less common than they had been when he was a boy. Those changes were unwelcome to the man; for he had always been glad to hear the wild wailing of the curlew and the call-notes of the whinchat; but when he thought of the garden he had planned, the fruit trees he meant to plant, and the flowers he meant to grow, he set to work with a will, digging with more vigour, if with less skill, than the men who had spent their lives on the moor.

His nearest neighbour, an old farmer who, during a long life, had won many acres from the waste, came at times to watch him at his work and to give him the benefit of his experience as an intaker. It amused the farmer at first to see how the man wearied himself by putting too much energy into his labour; but wisdom came with weariness, and at the end of a month the man's strength had become equal to his task. He learned to use the heavy mattock in uprooting the tough gorse and the wind-trained hawthorn, and at night, when he sat indoors and read stories of men for whom labour on the land had made life worth living, he paused from time to time to heap gorse on the fire and to listen to the crackling and snapping of the burning branches. Sometimes the old farmer would sit on the opposite side of the hearth, and he would talk of the moor as it was sixty years ago; of how men had toiled to reclaim it, but only a few of them had lived to gather the fruits of their labour. He even hinted that those early intakers had had more than natural hardships to bear and difficulties to contend with.

Frost and a little snow came to whiten the wiry ling stalks and the newly-turned soil; but the muscles of the man with the spade were being hardened by labour, and he would not cease digging, even for a day. Starving redwings hopped about his trenches as tamely as robins, seeking the grubs and the worms which had crept deep into the soil. For their sakes alone, said the man to himself, it was worth while to keep on turning over the ground. But the spring came, and early summer, before his work was done. To the amazement of his friend the farmer, he left a gorse clump undisturbed because a linnet had built its nest in it; the solitary gorse bush he could not hide by heaping stones around it, as he did around a little ball-shaped nest of field voles, which he found among the bents. A time would come when the field voles would make havoc among his peas and spinach; but the nest was the first he had seen since he was a boy, and the memories it brought back to him made it impossible for him to destroy it. So the gorse bush remained in the midst of the reclaimed land until the young linnets had flown, and the parent voles reared two, if not three, families before their home was taken from them. That happened on the day when the last trench was filled, and the hardest part of the intaker's work was done. By that time his friends could scarcely recognise him as the man who, six months ago, had tired himself by an hour's digging. The old farmer said that night that "the moor could either make a man or mar one"; and the man who heard him felt that what he said was true.



OKEHAMPTON CAMP AND YES TOR.



SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS.

Devonshire Scenery.—In the lanes.

For brightness of hue there is nothing like it. The red soil glows with ochre between the ferns; the green hart's tongues defy all the resources of one's colour-box; the clear blue sky puts to shame the muddy ultramarine on one's palette. Further on, when a distant glimpse here and there lets us catch a passing vista of the sea, it shows a scarred cliff of amber and sienna, with a sheet of purple water gleaming against the white pebbles of the beach beyond. There are critics who talk about the brilliant colours of the tropics and the Mediterranean, but if any spot on earth can beat the mingled green grass and red broken rocks, and purple sea, and deep-fleeced sheep of Watcombe, then that spot has still to be seen by the present spectator.

For ferns of every kind the average Devonshire lane is perfect. Set in their hollowed frame of russet sandstone, they stand out against their surroundings with a vivid greenness which beggars the resources of human pigments. The Roman ridgeways on the chalk still stand high above the downs, instead of falling flush to the level; and so, on the chalk there are no lanes, because the water sinks in instead of running off along the surface and cutting itself a pathway. For the same reason chalk has no glens or water-courses, only long swelling ridges and basin-shaped hollows; it weathers evenly and smoothly in every part. But on the sandstone the rain soon carves out deep cleaves for the little brooks; and so the sandstone is a country of Devonshire valleys and Devonshire lanes. As soon as human feet or cart-wheels (it was chariot wheels, doubtless, when they first began) have made a little runnel for the water to flow in, it continues to scoop out a channel for itself, till at last it cuts down the lane to a depth of several feet below the surface. Often enough one can prove that the lane is older than the Roman road itself, because the Roman road dips or diverges to meet it; and in other cases the lane religiously avoids a mound or earthwork which the Roman road ruthlessly cuts through. It must be thousands of years since some of these rude trackways first began to be; and in their meaningless meanderings one can easily read the fact that they grew up from mere accidental use, like modern footpaths, instead of being definitely laid out and engineered, like modern roads. It is one of the great charms of our Devonshire lanes that they twist thus irresponsibly from angle to angle, for every one of their elbows brings us face to face with a fresh view, and every one of their topmost turning-points brings us down with the trace of petty torrents at our side into the valley of a fresh streamlet, brawling and bustling over its pebbly little ford below.



Education in Devon.

MR. A. L. FRANCIS, Head Master of Blundell's School, Tiverton, in distributing the prizes at the Devon County School, recently delivered a most impressive and patriotic address, from which we make the following extract:—"Their public schools were the homes of patriotism. Those schools formed a beautiful link between the life of the home and the life beyond, and in them was inspired that larger patriotism which was now essential to the welfare of the country. How valuable that intermediate training was, was never more strikingly shown than in the late war, when old public school boys flocked in thousands to the standard of their country in the time of great need. And he knew this: that the sons of the Devon County School had been very forward in showing their affection—their presence that day proved it—for the place of their education during the anxious time through which it had passed, he trusted, in safety. Surely if there was any particular spot where patriotism could be taught, it was in the county of Devon that they could breathe it in, amidst the memory of Drake, of Raleigh, and of Grenville. Nor must it be forgotten that although Devon was so far from the great centres of national life, it was in Devon, of all places, that the great education movement, which had now culminated began. Let them not forget, least of all in that place, the names of such men as the good Earl of Devon, the old Sir Thomas Acland, the late Lord Fortescue, Lord Clinton, and Frederick Temple. They would do well to remember that fifty years ago these men were awake and stirring in the cause of education before the nation as a whole had the slightest idea what the word meant, and before the great national movement of to-day. It was by the noble work and self-sacrifice of such men as these that that school stood on the hills of North Devon, and long might it stand as a monument."

—From the "Devon County School Register," October, 1907.

Cranmere Pool.

I met a man, a Devon man,
 He asked me, "Whither bound?"
 I answered, "Where three rivers spring
 On Dartmoor's rocky ground,
 Where the moorland breezes freshly blow,
 And the summer air is cool;
 Over heather, bogs, and brambles,
 All the way to Cranmere Pool."

Why, what is there at Cranmere Pool,
 When you get there, to see?
 A rough, wild scene, a tiny pool,
 And wortberries maybe,
 An old and shabby letter-box,
 Where a message you may send
 To distant friends, but that is all
 You'll find out there, my friend."

But nothing daunted, off I set
 That tiny pool to find;
 And soon the moorland stretched ahead,
 The town lay far behind;
 The Western Okement is a safe,
 Though not the smoothest guide;
 And so by rough and thorny ways
 I wandered by its side.

How wild the moorland scene, through which
 The Okement shaped its course;
 More wild with every mile which brought
 Me nearer to its source;
 A restful sense of solitude,
 O'er hill and lofty tor;
 At every turn some beauteous scene
 I ne'er had seen before.

And so at length to Cranmere Pool!
 Not much, perhaps, to see,
 But as I gazed a vision fair
 Was mirrored there for me.
 I saw the Dart so broad and deep,
 The boats which slowly glide
 Through the lovely panorama
 On the shore at either side.

The silvery Okement, where it glides
 O'er rough and stony ground,
 Its rippling music ever makes
 A sweet, familiar sound.
 Came the memory of Belstone
 On a glorious summer day,
 And the rushing Taw beside it,
 Flowing swiftly on its way.

* * *

I met again that Devon man,
 He asked me, "Did you go
 To where the rivers have their source,
 And the moorland breezes blow;
 Where all is peace and quietness,
 And the summer air is cool;
 Over heather, bogs, and brambles,
 All the way to Cranmere Pool?"

Then I tried to tell him something
 Of the beauties I had seen,
 Of the vivid, strong impressions
 Left upon me by the scene;
 But he answered very loftily,
 "To you it may seem grand,
 But such beauty's very common
 In our lovely western land."

The Poet Gay, and the Barnstaple District.

At the present time, perhaps, the poet Gay can only be said to have an academic reputation, and the fact that he was born in or near Barnstaple may not greatly excite visitors to the town upon the Taw. Yet he was really a notable figure in the literary world of the age of Pope. He was the intimate friend of men greater than himself—dearly loved by Pope and by Swift; held in affection by Addison, Parnell, Bolingbroke. The man who could win and keep the fond regard of such men must have had something in him even better than genius. We can hardly speak of him as a typical Devonian; he became rather a typical Londoner; but we meet with glimpses of his early environment in his writings, and there are some things that he would certainly never have written had he not been born to a personal knowledge of rustic life. Without claiming too much for his gifts, it is at least pleasant to find that the West Country has this definite link with the so-called Augustan literature of the age of Queen Anne.

There is a little doubt as to the exact spot of Gay's birth, some asserting that he was born in the neighbouring parish of Landkey, and not in Barnstaple itself; but it is certain that his parents lived in Joy Street, and there is no solid reason for doubting that his birth took place in the corner of the house that is still pointed out. Some years after his death an old armchair belonging to this house was sold, and on examination was found to contain a drawer in which were a number of unpublished pieces by the poet. Undoubtedly these were some of his youthful productions, left behind him, and probably forgotten when he travelled to London to become a silk mercer's apprentice.

Though then in humble circumstances, his family, that of Le Gay, had been more considerable. Dr. Johnson tells us that this family had long been in possession of the manor of Goldsworthy, in Devonshire. There is a Goldsworthy about half-way between Bideford and Clovelly, and an East Goldsworthy near Appledore; either of these manors might once have belonged to the Gay's. The boy was born in 1688, the year in which William of Orange landed at Brixham, and was educated at the local Grammar School, then presided over by a man named Luck. This Luck had himself some reputation as a writer of verses both Latin and English, so that it is probable he encouraged such talent as he noticed in his pupil. How long he stayed there is not told in the memoirs, but it is certain he was a mere boy when he began his career as a draper's apprentice in London. From this position he passed in 1712 to become Secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, a post for which his gentle and dependent spirit fitted him. But his connection with Devon was broken when he travelled townwards, and though we may imagine that he paid some visits to his home at Barnstaple, we have no particulars of such, and nothing that proves him to have been a man of local attachments.

His first publication was the poem entitled "Rural Sports," dedicated to Pope, who already was recognised as the "coming man," and in this we might certainly expect to find traces of Devonshire; but we may search in vain for any but the most commonplace descriptions of ordinary occupations, without a trace of local colour or original observation. In one pastoral we have actually a Devon word in the line that speaks of "Cic'ly, the Western lass, that tends the kee"; kee being an old Devon form of cows or kine, like the Scottish "kye." One couplet will apply well enough to Dartmoor itself, telling how

"Wil-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills and sinking bogs and pathless downs."

In the same eclogue we have a picture of a village fair, just as those festivities used to be in Devon.—

"How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings for the country maid,
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins, and amber bracelets shine."

Gay even finds room for the wayside gipsy, leading the way where many later poets and romancers were to follow.

Gay was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Pope wrote his epitaph.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit—a man, simplicity—a child;
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours—not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say
Striking their pensive bosom, 'Here lies Gay.'"

—From "Literary Rambles in the West of England," by ARTHUR SALMON.
London: Chatto and Windus.

Ilfracombe.

How often it happens whilst all the world make holiday that we entertain angels unawares, or, at any rate, the human equivalent to such! It would take all one's fingers thrice over to reckon the number of leading lights in music art, literature, and journalism who have sojourned in Ilfracombe during this month past. Sometimes, in a casual glance through the visitors' list, we spy the name of a celebrity, and exclaim in delight at having discovered the fact, and eager watch for a glimpse of him, or her, *in propria persona*; but more often the person of renown remains in unrecognised obscurity, and only when mention of 'Combe occurs in certain papers or magazines do we realise that "A 'cheel has been among us takin' notes." Such a circumstance occurred quite recently, a eulogistic little paragraph appearing in certain London and Essex newspapers that pointed to the fact of journalistic instinct being keen whilst the vacation was on. So aptly descriptive was the note that we now append it:—

"Every visior to Ilfracombe knows the glorious scene depicted on the Capstone North Parade—there is nothing like it at any other seaside resort in the Kingdom—but no one should miss a band concert there, and the sirging of the famous souvenir song, "Clovelly," on a still evening. For three seasons this song has attracted enormous crowds of visitors who listen in perfect silence to the now familiar melody, with the soft orchestral accompaniment, until the last note of the rolling drum. The song and the scene form a musical episode not easily forgotten. The souvenir song is a new and very successful idea. 'Dear old Ilfracombe,' and 'Watersmeet' have now been produced, and the latter is received with almost the same enthusiasm as 'Clovelly.'"

This remark on "Watersmeet" can be heartily endorsed by hundreds of people who have this season been fascinated with its haunting melody, wedded to an accompaniment prettily descriptive of the lovely spot that is the theme of Mr. Verne's latest composition.



TQRS' WALK, ILFRACOMBE.



Coaching in Devon.

THE North Devon coaches, "Vivid," "Lightning," and the like, are unquestionable remnants of the system of locomotion which George Stephenson superceded, and like many another remnant, they have made the hills their final stronghold. Along the wild uplands, and down the deep combs which I traversed, the coach-and-four takes its way with the proud confidence of absolute sovereignty; no whistle frights the bucolic inhabitants into excitement; no thunderous roar startles the deer on distant Exmoor. The coach-and-four with its uncertain horn, and its merry racket of hoofs and wheels is master of the situation. You run over the breezy moorlands, not under them, and inhale the pure air which comes from the Atlantic laden with ozone, while the eye feasts upon miles of golden gorse and purple heather, or wanders along a coast made beautiful by nature and classical by art. Anon you descend almost precipitately into the depths of some leafy combe, and cross its "troutful stream" by a rude bridge, around which lies scattered the picturesque though, I should say, most inconvenient cottages of a quiet hamlet. At length the way runs for miles along a fertile valley, where the pretty little Devon cattle crop the greenest of herbage, and—I may as well out with it—suggest thoughts of junclets and of cream.

Country-side Lore.

Old-time Custom in Devonshire.

ALTHOUGH there is no slackening in the celebration of Christmas, there would appear, says a recent writer, to be a lessening regard for many old-time customs associated with the season. Their place has, perhaps, been supplanted by forms of practical charity. The revival of folk-lore has been attempted by those who are loath to witness its decay, and picturesque ceremonies are still maintained in many parts of the country. "Down-along," in the West, old customs and superstitions still linger. There are still honest-faced old country people who believe that at midnight on Christmas Eve the cattle in their stalls fall on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour; and even the bees are said to sing in their hives at the same time. Then how many good stories have been weaved around the old and pretty custom of wassailing the apple trees. What libations to Pomona have been poured at the roots of the trees and saturated the toast bread placed in the forks to the accompaniment of a salvo of musketry—flintlocks, blunderbusses, muzzle-loaders, and the miscellaneous collection of fire arms, which find a resting-place along the smoke-dried and blackened oak beams in the farmer's kitchen. And how the good people wish success to the farmer by singing—

Yer's tu thee old apple tree,
Be zure yu bud, be zure you blaw,
And bring vorth apples gude enough.
Hats vul! Caps vul!
Dree bushel bags vul!
Pockets vul an' awl!
Urrah! urrah!
Aw ess, hats vul, caps vul,
And dree bushel bags vul. Urrah! Urrah!

There is a custom still carried out at Ottery St. Mary, which is unique in the county. At midnight on Christmas Eve the bellman takes his stand near the Vicarage. Immediately the church clock has struck the midnight hour he rings his handbell "three times and no more," and announces as follows:—

At the Nativity of Christ our Lord
The angels did rejoice with one accord;
Let Christians imitate them here on earth,
And crown this day with joy and pious mirth.

Then the bellman in stentorian tones proclaims the exact hour, and the state of the weather. Accompanied by numerous friends and callers, he parades the town and repeats the proclamation every fifty yards *en route*. Needless to say, he is "refreshed" by a number of hospitable residents, and his duties do not conclude until the wee sma' hours. Carol singing is more in vogue now than formerly, and as midnight approaches there is heard through the countryside the sweet voices of the singers, and the virtues of "Good King Wenceslas" resound in village and hamlet and on the outskirts of our larger towns. The joybells ring in the belfry towers, the rooks and the jackdaws are disturbed from their quietude, and friend wishes friend "A Merry Christmas" as they meet on their way through the village going to and from the merry Christmas party. There is an abundance of seasonable charity in Devon which warms the hearts of all and makes one happy, because the good old customs still linger, and because Santa Claus is not yet run off the road by modern innovations and extravagant ideas.



West Country Winters.

THE sweet shire of Devon and the delectable Duchy have recently been recommended by a contemporary for those who shrink from the average English winter, with its abrupt changes of temperature, its dull grey skies, and its sombre colouring generally. "It is not without reason," says this writer, "that this part of England is compared to the Riviera. The palm trees and the luxuriant sub-tropical vegetation give to these resorts a foreign appearance which is charming. Frosts are rare. And because of the absence of cold winds the gardens are bright with blossoms. The flowering shrubs remind the visitor of the the South of France or of California. The day is warm, even when the sun does not shine. Before the passing shower has altogether cleared, blue patches have appeared in the sky, and the sunlight glistens through the rain drops. Sunny days predominate, and there is in the atmosphere a peculiar brilliance, so that the splendid scenery is full of colour—the blue sea, the rocky coast, the wild mossy moorland (red with dying bracken), the stone-walled fields, the deep banked country lanes, and the varied woodlands.

In the Land of Junket and Cream.

"Be yu promised?"

"No, I baint. Be yu?"

"No."

"Then shall us mit on Sunday at Cross Lanes?"

"That's how it all came about last Michaelmas Eve, and now Mary is 'promised,'" said the missis, interpreting my glance of inquiry as soon as the girl's back was turned.

The bit of ribbon which the carrier brought on his return journey, and the etceteras with which she finished her toilette for going out, made a wonderful difference in the maid's appearance. And there was that flush of happiness upon her face which makes youth beautiful.

"Yes, she's 'promised.' To be 'promised' is to be engaged or betrothed; and Mary was 'promised' to a young man who was doing his best to cultivate a bit of rough land, which he got on lease, at nominal rent. The land had all the appearance of waste, well cropped with boulders, and had to be broken up with a mattock—a most unpromising occupation, one would think. These 'takes' are common. A man rents a bit of land, which will grow something, and there he 'takes' so much waste in hand and breaks it up, and makes it, somehow, productive."

"The best-looking beant always in the parlour," said the master.

"Nor the best-looking men either," said the missus.

The master beamed. He was in a happy mood, after the hunt. He told me that Mary was to have a good send-off. She was to be married from the farm, and what a pity it was that I should not be able to look in the big kitchen and see them all at it. Mary had been a good girl—none better—and the missus had promised that she should be married from the farm. This was a certificate of character and respectability, and Mary would tell her children that she was married from Moor Farm, just as the Missis's own mother made it her boast to this day that she was married from Squire Popple's. "The missis is doing it, and the maid won't go away empty-handed, I tell 'ee," said the master.

Wages are sweet, no doubt, but can be made sweeter still; and it was pleasant to know that there is still in the world something besides wages between mistress and maid.

A Devon man never minds being called a "dumpling"; on the contrary, he likes it, as reminiscent of his youthful days, when he filled his pockets with Farmer Grice's apples, over the way.

This is a fine apple county in places, and the orchards are really worth looking at twice a year—in the spring, when in bloom, and in the autumn, when the fruit is bending the boughs, underneath which, in the short grass, lie thousands upon thousands of "wind-falls" in all stages of ripeness and decay. And then the colouring—the tender white and pink of the blossoms, and the yellows, greens, russets, and reds of the fruit!

In the apple county a farm without an orchard is rare. Farmers make their own cider, and when they want something extra good they mature in rum puncheons and sherry casks. Then cider is a drink for the gods! and mortals not used to the beverage should be wary or they may be "pixy-led" on the way home. It is worth while dropping in and having a chat with the farmer when the apples are being crushed in what is called "the pound," which is a circular granite trough, into which the apples are thrown, and in which they are crushed or pounded by a revolving stone wheel. Blind old Dobbin outside, walking round and round at the rate of one mile per hour, is the motive power. The picture of its kind is pretty, and the aroma from the fresh-crushed fruit is delicious. The thick, cloudy juice trickling from the trough is cider, and in its new state is sweet to the taste and non-intoxicating. You may drink it like water; but it won't keep "new," it will ferment or "turn off." A teetotaler drinks cider in his own country; at all events, he may without being placed under ban.

Plymouth.

—From "My Devonshire Book," by J. HENRY HARRIS,
Western Morning News Co.

Appreciation of Devon.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, the talented author of "Drake's Drum," "Admirals' All," and many other delightful poems, is not a Devonian; but he writes thus in response to our query, Are you a Devonian? "No, I am not a native; but I inherit, legitimately enough, a love of the county from my great grandmother, Catherine Dennis; and I have never known any other quite so well."

* * * *

MRS. M. DAVIDSON, residing at Okehampton, the author of several pretty poems on Devonshire scenery (referred to elsewhere), in answer to our enquiry as to whether she were a native of Devon, writes: "No, I am not a Devonian by birth, although I must confess to being more enraptured with Devon than with my native county of Kent. Since my first visit to Devon, many years ago, I had a strong desire to settle down in the county, and have now been residing in it about ten years, first in Torquay, and lately in Okehampton."

Lynton.

"They were sitting on the balcony of the hotel, she lazily in a deck chair, he at a small table writing letters.

'What shall I tell them about Lynton?' he asked.

'Tell them that it is the most beautiful place in the world,' replied the girl, her eyes wandering from the red roofs and quaint old harbour of Lynmouth, five hundred feet below, to the blue bay, then to the towering red cliffs, and round to the wonderful wooded gorge, at the bottom of which rushes the Lyn, all foaming with its haste to pass among the rocks, and making a ceaseless murmur to the listener on the heights.

In giving this opinion, the girl was prejudiced, for she was on her honeymoon. Moreover, her travels had been limited, and she was not qualified to speak about the beauties of the world. It would not be altogether safe, perhaps, to accept her description of Lynton as accurate, but wonderful view from the balcony of the Royal Castle Hotel rarely fails to captivate and hold fast even the world-wide traveller, and it was here that an American visitor was heard reverently to exclaim, 'It was a good God who made Lynton.'

'See Naples and die,' runs the familiar saying. 'See Lynton, and you will pray that you may live to see it many times again,' is an adaptation which may be used for this famous beauty spot of the West Country. Lynton is that kind of place to which one goes for a week and stays for a month. Its beauty is a surprise to the visitor on his first acquaintance. Even the fine scenery along the miniature railway, which connects it with the main line at Barnstaple, hardly prepares one for it. Lynton is in the programme of most of the American visitors who tour Great Britain, and it is often the case that, not long after they arrive there, they go through their itinerary with a pencil to find out what may be omitted, in order to spend in this place a longer time than they had planned.

* * *

"Lynton is in the Doone country, and readers of *Lorna Doone*, that romance of never-fading delight, who remember mention of the Baron de Wichehalse, the Valley of Rocks, the Witch's Cheesewring, Old Mother Meldrum, and the Castle Rock, will find either them or their associations in Lynton itself, whilst the Doone Valley, the site of the home of the robber community, is but seven or eight miles away.

* * *

"Do you wish to live long? Go to Lynton, where the average death is only 11.1 per thousand, and where out of a total death-roll of sixteen for the year 1904, in nine cases the age reached was over sixty years. Life is worth living in such a place, and so the people do not die. It is even said that the doctors find ample compensation in the scenery for lack of business. A position five hundred feet up in the air, with the wide sea in front, and moorland in every direction, cannot be one with enervating or relaxing effects. There is not a factory chimney within many a mile, and the air is as pure as in mid-ocean.

The guide books tell of places to visit by coach and carriage in the neighbourhood of Lynton. If the writer began to tell of Minehead, of Ilfracombe, of the Doone Valley, of Wooda Bay of Hunter's Inn, of Heddon's Mouth, and the many other places to be reached from Lynton, both the writing and the reading of this little souvenir would become a lengthy matter; Nature's open-handed gifts, assisted by man's enterprise, provide excursion places enough to fill more than a month of days, and time is never wasted by making two visits to any one of them.

If the visitor feels that he requires a corrective to the high condition of elation and self-satisfaction which a holiday at Lynton produces—some little penance in the way of a reminder that, in the world beyond, not everybody is as happy as he—let him stroll up to the little railway station on a Saturday morning and look at the faces of the departing holiday makers as they wander sadly among the stacks of luggage, waiting until the last minute before taking their places in the train. That will serve the purpose only too well, for the gloomiest faces in the whole country are to be found there, where people are leaving Lynton for north, south, east, and west—wherever it is, a less beautiful place, a less restful and delightful spot."

—Abridged from a "Souvenir," issued by the Proprietor of the
Royal Castle Hotel, Lynton, R.S.O., North Devon.

A North Devon Note.

It was at this time of the year, about twenty-eight years ago, that Major Whyte Melville died in the hunting field. North Devon sportsmen knew him well, and there are those now among us who are never tired of telling of him as every Christmas comes round. Apart from his love of stag-hunting and all manly sport, was he not a great lover of North Devon. It was Whyte Melville who wrote: "You know no more than a blind man what morning means till you've seen the sun rise in North Devon!" He always loved to see the country "decked in her fairest garb." The lassies he described as "comely maidens with a gracious presence," and his Nelly Carew was said to be the sweetest lass from Bossington Point to Bideford Bay." Exmoor Forest, where Whyte Melville so often hunted with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds attracts an increasingly large number of people on health and pleasure bent. It is pretty well known now, of course, that there is no forest at all, indeed there isn't a single tree there. I remember that when driving over Exmoor one day, Miss Braddon, the authoress, recklessly offered to give a companion one shilling for every tree he could see. He at once asked her for four shillings for the four axle trees of the carriage they were in. Miss Braddon allowed that the trap had four axles, but disputed the point that it had four axle trees. She got off from paying, as most ladies do in a wager.

—From the *Devon and Exeter Gazette*.



NEAR TIVERTON.



Some Devonshire Poems.

MRS. M. DAVIDSON, of Okehampton, Devon, has recently issued, through the local press, two volumes of poems, which have a distinct Westcountry flavour. The first is entitled, "Lays and Lyrics," and this has little of local interest, although containing some charming lyrics and sweet songs; the second, which is entitled "Charles Dickens and other Poems," emanates from an Exeter printing firm (Messrs. A. Wheaton and Co., Ltd.) and contains several Devonshire lyrics, some of which, by permission of the authoress, we reproduce in the present number. The principal of these Westcountry poems is "Cranmere Pool," and "Recaptured," which is the story of some poor unfortunate convict, who had escaped from Dartmoor Prison, only to be recaptured and brought back again to the drudgery and daily existence of that horrible prison in the depths of Dartmoor, which has been the bane of so many men who have in a weak moment transgressed the bounds of the law. Thus speaks the poor delinquent:—

"Recaptured! Just when the star of hope
On their troubled sky had risen;
That star had hailed, once more they pass
The portals of Dartmoor Prison;
When hope shall rise in their hearts again,
And they pass those portals free,
'Tis only then can they truly enjoy
The pleasure of liberty."

Devonians in Exile.

WESTCOUNTRY folk in London and the provinces have been keeping up the traditions of their new surroundings; each week witnessing one or more festive gatherings under the auspices of the various societies scattered up and down the country.

London, of course, heads the list. The members of the Three Towns Association held their annual Dinner on the 14th December last, at the Holborn Restaurant, and for the first time in their history, the Chief Magistrate of Plymouth presided, in the person of Sir Charles H. Radford. His Worship was supported by his brother, Mr. George H. Radford, M.P., Mr. T. W. Dobson, M.P., Mr. C. E. Mallet, M.P., Dr. Blake Odgers, K.C., Mr. P. H. Pridham Wippell, J.P., the Mayor of Fulham (Mr. Easton), and a number of ladies and gentlemen hailing from the Three Towns. Prior to the dinner a reception was held by Sir Charles and Lady Radford. Capital speeches were delivered by the Members for Plymouth (Messrs. Dobson and Mallet), the Recorder of Plymouth (Dr. Blake Odgers), and the Mayor of Plymouth; and an excellent musical programme was provided, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. J. Donald and Mr. W. A. Wannell.

On the same evening the members of the Exeter Club held a smoking concert, preceded by a supper, at the George Hotel, Strand. A large company was present, presided over by Mr. J. Ryall. It was a most enjoyable function. The concert was under the direction of Messrs. H. P. Kelly, St. Nugent, and H. D. Powe; Mr. Hooper being the accompanist.

At the annual meeting of the Society of "Ottregians in London," under the presidency of Lord Coleridge, the gathering was made the occasion of a presentation of an enlarged photograph of Lord Coleridge, in the robes of a Judge of the High Court of Justice, to commemorate the honour of his recent appointment to the judicial bench. In making the presentation, Mr. George Jeffery, of Highbury, Chairman of the Society for 1907, said:—My lord, ladies and gentlemen, I little thought twelve months ago when you elected me chairman of this society that such a pleasant and honourable duty would fall to my lot as to present this token of our love and esteem for your lordship and your house on your elevation to the High Courts of Justice, following as you do your illustrious father and grandfather—a thing, I believe, unique in the history of British law. It seems very appropriate that this duty should be mine, as I have had the honour of knowing all three judges. I well remember when a little boy many times, how, when my father's pew was full in that ancient church at Ottery, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, whose pew was in front of my father's used to look around and pull me into his pew; and when singing the praises of God he had a habit of shaking his head and looking down on me. I thought I must have done something wrong and I should get a severe sentence. But after years of roving through Canada and the United States I came back to London, and I shall never forget Sir John Taylor Coleridge's kindness, and I can also testify to the goodness of heart of the late Lord Chief Justice, who has done so much for Ottregians. Well, my lord, the members of this society have spontaneously subscribed to this beautiful picture in appreciation of your lordship. We remember how, when this Society of Ottery people was started, in 1898, your lordship's practical sympathy was shown to us, and even when we mustered but few your lordship used to visit us in the old meeting place at Cheapside. Year by year since then you have annually visited us, and have sung at our concerts. We can never forget your kindness, your help, and your inspiring guidance to maintain the honour of Ottregians. Your name is a household one among Ottery people wherever situate, and this honour to you we take it as to ourselves. Honour where honour is due has been accomplished in this case. We shall ever remember how your lordship mixed with the people on Ottery-day. From your lordship's ever amiable and pleasing fellowship we draw many lessons, and were there more like you in the world it would be far better. Hear, hear.) On behalf of my fellow Ottregians who are here, and also those who are absent, I ask your lordship to accept this enlarged portrait as a small token of our sincere appreciation of the honour conferred upon you, and when you see it hanging you will be reminded that it is a symbol of the esteem and love of all Ottery people who are living away from the old home. (Applause.)

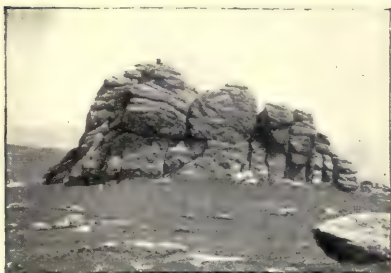
The inscription on the photograph was as follows:—"To their president, the Right Hon. the Lord Coleridge, on his appointment to be one of his Majesty's Judges in the High Court of Justice, from the Society of Ottregians in London, 1907."

Lord Coleridge, who was enthusiastically cheered on rising, said: My dear old Ottery friends, you know there is nothing more difficult than to adequately express what one's feelings are than when one comes to say thank you. I know that you know how much I appreciate this beautiful gift, not only for its own worth, but for the fact that it comes, I believe, as a spontaneous offer from all my good friends of the Ottregians' Society in London. (Cheers.) It will, I hope, hang in my house for many and many a long year—(applause)—and I hope and believe that it may do something to inspire those who, if God wills, may come after me to feel the same heart-whole devotion to Ottery and Ottery people as I do myself. (Cheers.) It is to me one of the greatest pieces of satisfaction in connection with my appointment that, as Mr. Jeffery has said, I am

the sole instance in the whole history of this country of grandfather, father, and son having all been upon the judicial bench. (Cheers.) I say that not by way of self-laudation—far from it—but because it is a pleasure to me to think that it is from Ottery that these three judges sprang. (Loud and continued applause.) And while it is, I hope, a pardonable source of pride in me that this should be so, I do assure you I am all the more sensible of the onerous and difficult task that awaits me in following the footsteps of two judges like those who have gone before. I approach my duties, I assure you, with no light heart. They are difficult duties, they are onerous duties, but I believe that no man in this world can do more than try to do his best—applause)—and that I earnestly and sincerely intend to do. (Hear, hear.) And I believe there is that generosity in the nature of British people which will induce them to make every allowance if a man really and earnestly strives to do his best. (Applause.) I do feel—I have already felt in the few weeks that I have undertaken my new duties—how much depends upon the judge. He is there as the administrator of justice, and if he does not set before himself the pursuit of justice, disregarding all prejudices, political, religious, personal, and regard the pursuit of justice as the only pursuit which lies before him, if he does not do that, a judge is bound to do more mischief than good. (Hear, hear.) But I do earnestly hope, difficult though it may be, that my earnest endeavour to carry out what I believe to be the right path may be viewed with that indulgence and that generosity which I say in this country, and especially among Otterregians, await those who, at any rate, try to do their best. (Cheers.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I pass to other subjects. I have not said half I wanted to say, but my heart is very full, and when I say "Thank you" I mean it from the bottom of my heart. (Applause.) There are one or two other topics on which I should like to say a word or two. It is a matter of gratification to all of us to feel that this society, which began, I remember, in a very humble way, and with not very bright prospects before it, has grown and grown until it is now the established corporate permanent body which I believe it to be. (Applause.) I rejoiced to see such a response to the invitation of the old folks at home to the Otterregians in London in the summer. (Hear, hear.) I do not think there is any town in England that could have extended such hospitality, and received so many guests under the circumstances as the old town of Ottery St. Mary did. (Applause.) I assure you the report and repute of that day has spread far and wide, and I meet constantly people who say: "Oh, you live at Ottery St. Mary, do you? That is that extraordinary place that has that London society." (Laughter and applause.) Well, I hope that the sort of hint your secretary shadowed forth may become a reality, and that, at any rate, once a year we may have the satisfaction of meeting always in the old place. (Cheers.) Then I think we must have a special feeling of gratitude towards Mr. Jeffery. I can assure you that Mr. Jeffery has been lavish in his generosity towards Ottery and Ottery things. (Hear, hear.) I received from him a most splendid present towards the cottage hospital as a sort of acknowledgement of Ottery-day. (Applause.) We are grateful to all who, like him, exhibit so much enthusiasm for all things that have to do with Ottery St. Mary. (Applause.) Then, I am very sorry personally, that we are going to lose our Vicar. (Hear, hear.) I think those who were present and listened to that most dignified and interesting address that he gave to the Otterregians in London in this very room last year, must feel what a loss a man of so much power and thought must be to a place like Ottery St. Mary. (Hear, hear.) He is going to be a canon of Exeter, where he has a large sphere of utility and service for the Church and for the State. And I am glad to think that in his successor we have an old Ottery name, because his successor is to be the Reverend John Metcalfe—(applause)—who is the son of the old vicar, whom we all of us, or a great many of us, knew, and whom no one could know without esteeming and loving. (Hear, hear.) And I am sure that a most hearty welcome awaits Mr. Metcalfe on his taking up his duties at Ottery St. Mary. (Applause.)

—From the *Illustrated Western Weekly News*.



HEY TOR.



EXMOUTH.

Cardiff Devonian Society.

IF the Devonians in Cardiff have been slow in forming themselves into a society, they are endeavouring to make up for lost time by putting considerable energy into their new venture. The first annual meeting was held on Tuesday, December 10th, 1907, and was well attended; the chair was taken by the first President (James Radley), to whom the society is largely indebted for its formation. The President referred with evident pleasure to the work which had been accomplished in the first year and the promise it gave of a very strong and influential society in the near future, and it was because the promoters had sought to establish the society on a broad basis and to make it, not the association of a few, but representative of the whole county, and worthy of the city in which they dwelt. The President in a felicitous speech thanked the Society for having elected him as first President, and proposed that Mr. W. J. Tatem, who had from the first taken a keen interest in the society, be elected as his successor. The proposition was seconded by the Hon. Secretary (W. A. Beer) and supported by Mr. R. P. Culley and carried with acclamation. The newly-elected President, in a brief speech, thanked the members for the honour they had conferred upon him, and said it would be a pleasure to him to promote the interest of the society. The following gentlemen were elected to form the Executive Committee:—Sir W. Crossman, Messrs. Jas. Radley, Col. E. C. Fry, Major Fleming-Thomas, R. P. Culley, S. W. Culley, W. T. Symonds, J.P., H. A. Kennor, E. W. Benjamin, W. R. Hooper, Chas. H. Thomas; Mr. Alfred Akenhead, and Mr. W. A. Beer being elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. The President, with his characteristic generosity, offered to give £50 to the funds of the society; and other members, following so excellent an example, contributed various sums, making in all £100. It was announced that the first annual dinner would be held in February, and that the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, President of the United Devon Association, had very kindly promised to be present, a statement which was received with the greatest satisfaction. The society numbers amongst its Vice-Presidents General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.; Sir Robert Newman, Bart.; Mr. Justice Eve; Mr. George Lambert, M.P.; the Hon. Stephen Coleridge; General Kekewich. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring President for his successful formation of the society, and to Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary for the work they had accomplished during the year. The Treasurer was able to report a balance in hand of £4 10s. 3d.

On the Moor.

When the soft, grey mist envelopes Yes Tor,
And hangs low down o'er the heathy moor,
It's grand to watch how the first faint gleam
Of the radiant sun with its golden beam
Breaks through the dim and vaporuous cloud,
Making a rift in the clinging shroud,
Till the mist rolls back, and, one by one,
The hills unveil in the glowing sun.
The odour of damp earth clings to the breeze,
While under the shelter of leafy trees
The skylark is pluming her lightsome wings;
Then over the moorland her melody rings,
As she mounts aloft, with a joyous strain,
Rejoicing in sunshine and brightness again;
Higher and higher till all we descry
Is a small dark speck in the clear blue sky.
And then what wonderful colours are seen
As our eye roams over the moorland scene;
The flaming gorse with its yellow spray,
The silvery Okement that wends its way
Past masses of bracken all green and brown,
Past heather bells with their purple crown,
While here and there in sheltered places
The sweet wild roses lift up their faces.
There is room on the moors for restless feet,
For the heart grown tired of town and street;
Peace for the dreamer of dreams, who weaves
A fairy tale from the open leaves
Of Nature's book, as she spreads it wide
For all who may choose to look inside;
There is health and strength to all who care
To inhale the breath of the moorland air.

Devon Notes.

MR. LUSCOMBE SEARELLE, whose death has just been recorded, was born in Devonshire. He was at one time the director of the Tivoli Opera House in San Francisco, and made it justly popular with theatre-goers. Later he came to London, and made a name for himself as a composer. Next he drifted to South Africa, and there amassed a fortune in the theatrical business. At one time he was the owner of at least a dozen theatres, and counted among his friends such celebrities as Barney Barnato and Cecil Rhodes. The Jameson raid was the cause of his downfall. Among other acts in favour of the rising, he purchased several thousand stand of arms, and concealed them under the Johannesburg theatre. A Boer stage-hand informed Mr. Kruger, and Mr. Searelle was compelled to leave the country. He went to New York and there collaborated with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Biblical play "Mizpah; or, the Story of Esther." While in South Africa he invented a carpenter's screw, which does away with the use of a gimlet and a countersink. When his troubles came through the South African war he tried to sell the English patent-rights for £50, and failed. The invention has now been floated in America with a capital of £1,000,000.

—Illustrated Western Weekly News.

Devonshire Characters.

UNDER the above distinctive and all-embracing title, and with the well-known imprimatur of Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head Press, London, comes to us the latest work of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, one of the most prolific writers of the day. The book does not deal with the great men of our county, the Drakes, the Raleghs, the Grenvilles, the Coleridges, and other essentially Devonian worthies, whose lives have been written again and again; but rather with the smaller and less conspicuous personages who figure in our county literature and history. The author of this big volume (which runs to nearly 800 pages) has gone to fresh fields and pastures new for his material; he has ransacked many out-of-the-way books, he has explored many odd nooks and corners of biography, and he has produced a book which is at once a monument of patient industry and of absorbing interest. He tells us in his "Preface" that he has not only been compelled to put aside "the chief worthies and those Devonians in history mentioned above, but also several remarkable characters whose lives he has given elsewhere, as the Herrings of Langstone (whom I have called Grym or Grymstone) and Madame Drake, George Spurle, the post-boy, etc. Also I have had to pretermit several great rascals, as Thomas Gray and Nicholas Horner. But even so, I find an *embarrass de richesses*, and have had to content myself with such as have had careers of some general interest. Moreover, it has not been possible to say all that might have been said relative to these, so as to economise space, and afford room for others."

There is no chronological arrangement observed in the order of the sketches, but there is a capital index at the end, which enables the reader readily to find any character or subject in which he may take particular interest. The volume commences with a chapter on Hugh Stafford, of Pynes, who flourished in the seventeenth century; he it was who popularised apple growing and cider production. Many good stories are told of this worthy. Then we are introduced to the "Alphington Ponies," ladies well known in Torquay during the forties of the last century. They were daughters of a Colonel Durnford, and by their eccentricity in dress and other vagaries, made themselves notorious. The sobriquet applied to them was from a pair of pretty ponies which they drove when they first came to Torquay, but had to give up owing to straitened circumstances.

Another most interesting chapter deals with the career of Maria Foote, an actress, who became Countess of Harrington, and had a great repute in the early years of the last century.

"Caraboo" is the singular heading to another chapter. This is the story of a singular imposture practised by a young woman of Devon, who called herself "Caraboo, Princess of Javasu." A very entertaining chapter is that relating to that famous hunting squire Arcsott of Tetcott. The curious custom, not long obsolete, of "Wife-Sales" comes in for a considerable share of attention; many recent instances being cited. "White Witches" is also an entertaining chapter. The fine story of "Manly Peeke," a native of Tavistock, is re-told; so is the grim tale of the murder of "Wealthy Page," of Plymouth.

The book is full of adventures, and many of the sketches are good reading. They are too numerous to treat them separately; suffice it to say that we have sketches of James Wyatt, of Woodbury, Robert Lyde, Joseph Pitts, of Exeter, the Pirates of Lundy, the Oxenhams, Captain John Avery, Jack Rattenbury, of Beer, John Barnes, Highwayman, and many others.

Among a long list of other notable characters, we can only select a few for special reference, viz., the Hunting Parsons; Jack Russell, and John Froude; Peter Pindar; William Jackson, Organist; Samuel Prout; Benjamin Robert Haydon; Andrew Brice; George Peele; William Cookworthy; Bampfylde-Moore-Carew; Benjamin Kennicott; Edward Capern; John Gay; Tom D'Urfey; the Bidlakes; Lady Howard; Sir John Fitz; the Rev. W. Davy; Dr. J. W. Budd; and others. When we say that the records are brought down to Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Cheeher, who died so recently as September 17th, 1906, it will be seen what a wide range the book covers, and what a mass of material is gathered within it. Turning from the text to the illustrations, we find equal cause for commendation. Nearly sixty plates, most of them portraits, are included in the volume, and add great interest and value to the work. In fact, we have not for a long time met with a more interesting and entertaining work.



A Night in the Cathedral.

NOT many years since, when the then Bishop of Exeter resided at his picturesque and hospitable palace, a lady living on the Southernhay was a frequent guest at his lordship's table. She generally returned home at sunset, and to shorten the distance, was in the habit of going through the Cathedral, the southern entrance of which adjoined the palace. One evening the lady left rather later than usual, and hurried through the old church more rapidly than was her wont, that she might not find the entrance closed. The verger at the time was going his rounds, and having closed the door to which she was hastening, proceeded to the only other entrance open, and he had left the Cathedral some minutes before the lady, having traversed both aisles, discovered to her mortification that she was debarred her usual means of egress. She ran round the walls for the other entrances—they were all shut! She tried to make her voice heard, but in the old, empty place it died away in echo; she attempted to reach one of the windows, but she was everywhere baffled. At last, more than dispirited, with an undefined and anxious fear about her, she gave up all chance of leaving the place for the night. By this time the sun had sunk for more than an hour; night with its vast shadow stalked through the ancient temple, stealthily creeping round niche and nook, buttress and monument, until the great organ, over which the light had left its last beam, with archway and stall, window and tomb, was wrapt in the impenetrable darkness.

The lady, silently, but with a misgiving, made her way to the Bishop's throne, whose long spiral canopy threw its vague and fantastic shadow far around it, and gave it even at that dusk and gloomy hour in its comparative prominence a character of security. Now came the first pressure of fear upon her, and as her mind became busy with the past, the spirit of many an old friend seemed standing forth from the corners of the place. At last, worn out with the very exhaustion of dread, she slept. But the distortions of her dreams were worse than all; not an error of her past life, and her life had known comparatively few, but now assumed an aspect of life and motion; the slightest indiscretion seemed a thing embodied in being, and thronging round her came the unjust censure, the unwitting calumny, the angry word that had wounded someone dear to her, or with unheeded step tracked some blameless creature to her death. The crowding forms seemed advancing towards her, and voices that had hitherto been mere whisperings in remote corners, became impressive monitors, with many a forgotten phrase upon her lips. At last, as some words—too well remembered—rang in her ears, the dreamer with a cry of agony awoke. And it was no dream. Her voice had found its echo; a hoarse and hollow sound came from some quarter of the Cathedral, and soon she heard an uneven but stealthy step moving along the aisle. She could have cried out, but could utter no sound of alarm; every limb shook with the intensity of her fear. The footstep came nearer and nearer. Up by the side of the pews it came, so distinctly that she could count every pause and every tread; creeping up, the shadows came, for now she had invested it with form; onward it came, round the last pew, just below her; at last the door of the throne gave way to its touch. Her forehead was burning with apprehension—every nerve strung to its utmost force—she clenched her throbbing hands, and by one powerful gasp breathed forth—"In the name of Heaven! what art thou?"

The uncouth visitant caught her dress, and with a rough cry exclaimed: "Do 'e want to get out? I be poor old Dicky Cross, and locks myself up for company like—there's lots of grand folk here every night, I can tell you. But may be they wouldn't like you, so I'll get the key."

He groped back, with his shambling, inconstant gait, and the humorous leer his wild face ever gleamed with, leading his reassured charge to the western entrance, near which the verger kept the key, and the strange couple walked forth into the silent streets, the trembling form of the lady contrasting strongly with the quaint outline of the uncouth, but unflinching idiot."

—From "Lays and Legends of the West," by FRANK CURZON.

Bowling in Devon.

ERNEST J. STROUD (Devon County School 1884) has been elected first Captain of the recently formed "Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake) Bowling Club." The club has been granted a suitable site for a bowling green on the Hoe, "upon which," the Secretary alleges, "the game has not been played since the ever-memorable time when Sir Francis Drake first sighted the Spanish Armada." Everybody is familiar with the tradition of Drake's sublime bravado on that occasion through the graphic description in Kingsley's famous novel, *Westward Ho!* and the picturesque representation in Seymour Lucas's no less famous picture, but Henry Newbolt's fine poem, "Admirals All," is not so well known as it should be:—

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls,
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

Other old boys (connected with the same school) noted as bowlers, are Charles Newland (1875-9), who has won many trophies in New Zealand; and C. R. Doe (1877), who is one of the best players in the Torrington club—the champion club in the county, and the only one with a continuous history from the days of Drake himself.

From the "Devon County School Register," October, 1907.



The Sweet Vales of Devon.

Through the lovely vales of Devon,
Radiant summer takes her way,
Scattering her choicest treasures
As she passes, day by day;
Clustered fruit and clinging berries,
New-mown hay with sweet perfume;
Fragrant roses, dainty lilies,
Twined with honeysuckle bloom.

We have seen the vales of Devon
Robbed of all those blossoms fair;
Heard the north winds' surly whistle
Echo through the frosty air;
Seen the snow-like tors majestic,
With the lonely moors between;
Rugged trees all bare and leafless,
Dreary meadows shorn of green.

We have sought the vales of Devon
In the spring-time, fresh and sweet;
Watched the tender buds and blossoms,
Plucked the daisies at our feet;
Seen the playful lambs a-sporting,
Felt fair April's fickle showers,
And have loved the changing seasons
That have brought the sweet May flowers.

But the lovely vales of Devon
In their summer robes are best,
Adding rich transcendent beauty
To the glory of the West;
We shall see the golden harvest
And the fulness of her sheaves
Ere the autumn strews the valleys
With a wealth of fallen leaves.

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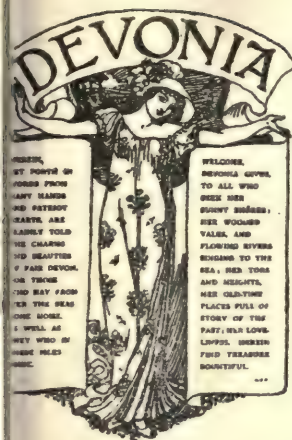
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THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF
THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

January 18th 1908

Dear Sir

as President of the United
Devon Association I venture to
appeal to your sympathy, and
to ask for your financial assistance
to present, what I venture to think,
will be regretted by all Devonians,
the closing of the work of the Association.
In consequence of the failure of the
printers of Devonia (Hussey Nash & Co

of Bourne-mouth) in October 1906.

The contract for printing has since been entrusted to Messrs Underhill of Plymouth, to the entire satisfaction of the Council and subscribers.

Contracts with advertisers which were then running had to be completed, and for these the Association are creditors in the liquidation of Messrs Nash's affairs for a sum of £113 - 4 - 10.

Meanwhile the cost of printing Devon has to be met and pending a final settlement with Messrs Nash the individual members of the Council have made themselves personally

liable for an overdraft - at their
Bankers amounting to £150.

They have taken on themselves this
liability in the interests of the Association
and the County, which it serves, and
I feel that those who recognise
the value of the work which the
Association is doing in introducing
into the County desirable visitors and
residents, and who remember the
deep interest - taken in the work
of the Association by its founder
the late Mr W J Richards, would
not wish that this financial responsibility
should rest on them alone.

I therefore appeal with confidence
for a donation or subscription from

you for this purpose which may be
remitted to me or to the Hon: Secretary
at the head office.

I remain
yours truly
Clifford



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VIII.]

FEBRUARY, 1908.

[No 2.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



Mr. Gay .

- - - John Gay and Barnstaple. - - -

“THE Gays of Goldsworthy were an ancient Devonshire family, tracing back in direct descent from a John Gay, already seated in his warm nest at Goldsworthy, in Parkham, near Bideford, a parish that nursed as well the Giffards of Halsbury and the Riscons of Babley. But if Parkham nursed these families it did not keep them; Giffards, Riscons, Gays are all gone, and the Gays had sold Goldsworthy before Risdon wrote his *Survey* between 1605 and 1630. But the Gays still retained the old priory of Frithelstock, which they held on a long lease from 1602, and where lived the widow of a Gay in 1822, when Lysons published his “Devonshire” in *Magna Britannia*.

John Gay (the poet) was the son of William Gay, fourth son of John Gay of Frithelstock. William had married the daughter of a dissenting preacher named Hanmer, in Barnstaple, and there John was born on 30th June, 1685. William Gay died when John was but ten years old, and he was brought up by his mother in Ivy Street, Barnstaple, and sent to school to Robert Luck, a would-be poet, who wrote Latin and English verses, in one of which “The Female Phaeton,” he depicted the career and lapse of a fast young lady of fashionable life. Gay was bound apprentice to a London mercer, but, his health failing, he returned to Barnstaple, where he dwelt with his uncle, the dissenting minister, John Hanmer. The association must have been most unsuitable to both. John, “*toujours gai*,” with a poet’s fancy, a buoyant heart, what more incongruous than to be lodged under the roof and nourished at the table of a sour and moody Puritan?

* * *

“As a man, Gay was amiable and winning in manner. He had a foible, indolence. Nevertheless, he had several thousands pounds at the time of his death, which occurred in the house of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, in Burlington Gardens, in December, 1732, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey.”

* * *

“Rather over eighty years after the death of Gay some unpublished poems of his were found in an old armchair which had belonged to the poet, and after his death had been retained, with other relics, by the surviving members of his family. The history was fully narrated, immediately after the discovery, in a little book, called *Gay’s Chair*, along with the life of the poet and a selection of the poems discovered; some were too broad in humour for publication.

It appears that at a sale in 1818 of the effects of a man called Clarke, who had kept an old clothes and curiosity shop in Barnstaple, an antique chair was disposed of. It is described as of mahogany, with the seat, back, and arms stuffed and covered with brown leather and studded with brass nails. There was a long drawer under the seat, and two other drawers were fixed on pivots, so as to turn back under the arms and were fitted for writing materials, with

a brass candlestick attached to each, and a wooden leaf for reading or writing. It was knocked down for a few shillings, and being rather dilapidated, was sent to Mr. Crook, Cabinet Maker, to be repaired. Whilst doing this he found that the drawer under the seat did not extend the full depth of the seat, and that when this drawer was taken out it disclosed another behind it. This concealed drawer was crammed with MSS. and paper. These were submitted to inspection, and found to consist of some unpublished poems, together with a variety of other documents and accounts. This discovery caused much local sensation at the time. It was ascertained that the chair had been purchased some years previously at the sale of the effects of Mrs. Williams, a descendant of Catherine, the poet's sister, who had married Anthony Baller. She had come in for Gay's



GAY'S CHAIR.

furniture as next-of-kin, and it was then considered as proved beyond all reasonable doubt that it had been Gay's property. Mr. Henry Lee edited the poems, and they were published in 1820, with a frontispiece representing the chair (see illustration).

Mr. Chanter says: 'Now all this seems like clever fiction introductory to a book, and indeed the idea of finding papers in a concealed drawer or cabinet has been used so often as to become threadbare. I have therefore taken pains to verify the story, gaining further details from Mr. Crook himself, who is still living, and fiction-like as it appears, it is strictly and literally true.*'

* The Early Poetry of Devonshire, in the *Transactions* of the Devonshire Association for 1874, by J. R. Chanter.

One of the poems found in the chair is "The Ladies' Petition to the House of Commons," the suffragettes of the day. Gay wrote:—

"Sirs.—We, the maids of Exon city,
The maids—good lack! the more's the pity!
We humbly offer this petition
To represent our sad condition,
Which, once made known, our hope and trust is
Your honoured House will do us justice.
First you shall hear—but can't you guess
The reason of our sad distress?

A maiden was designed by nature
A weakly and imperfect creature,
So liable to err and stray,
She wants a guide, requires a stay:
And then, so timorous of sprites,
She dreads to be alone at nights;
Say what she will, do what she can,
Her heart still gravitates to man."

and much more to the same effect.

[The above is abridged from a chapter on "The Beggars' Opera" and Gay's Chair, by the Rev. S. Baring Gould in his latest work, "Devonshire Characters," recently published by Mr. John Lane. To the latter we are indebted for the portrait of Gay, the picture of the chair, and the view of the Barnstaple Grammar School, where Gay was educated.—Editor, *Devonia*.]



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BARNSTAPLE, where GAY was educated.

— Bidlake House. —

“**B**IDLAKE HOUSE is a very interesting example of a simple mansion such as suited the small squires of Devon in the seventeenth century. It is Elizabethan and has a quaint old garden at the back. Like so many old houses, the aspect was not considered, and the sun pours into the kitchen, but hardly a gleam can reach the hall and parlour. But our ancestors had their reasons for burying their mansions at the foot of hills, and turning their backs against the sun. The great enemy was the south-west wind, which they could not exclude. It drove through the walls. Therefore, by preference, they planted their houses under the lee of a bank of hill that intervened between them and the south, and turned their backs, like horses, against the driving rain.

The Bidlake family can be traced back to the thirteenth century. Their original seat was Combe, or Combebow, in the parish of Bridestowe, where they had a mansion on a knoll of limestone, rising out of a narrow valley. The site is of interest. The old Roman road, probably a pre-Norman road from Exeter to Launceston and the West, ran through this contracted glen, on the south-east side of which rises steeply a lofty chain of hills cut sharply through by the Lew River.

If I am not mistaken, here was the scene of the final contest of the Britons against the Saxons in 823; fought at Gavulford, when the former were routed. This was, in fact, the best position along the road into Cornwall at which they could make a stand. That the Saxons considered it a point of importance is shown by their erecting here a *burh*, or burg, in addition to the powerfully entrenched prehistoric fortress. The knoll in the valley below was also probably fortified, but all traces have been swept away by quarrymen, who have dug the hill over for lime, only sparing one point that was heaped up with the ruins of the mansion of the Combes. William de Combe early in the fifteenth century had a son John, who moved to Bidlake, built himself a house there, and called himself John de Bidlake.”

—Extract from “Devonshire Characters,” by Rev. S. Baring Gould.
Electro of illustration kindly supplied by Mr. John Lane, Publisher.

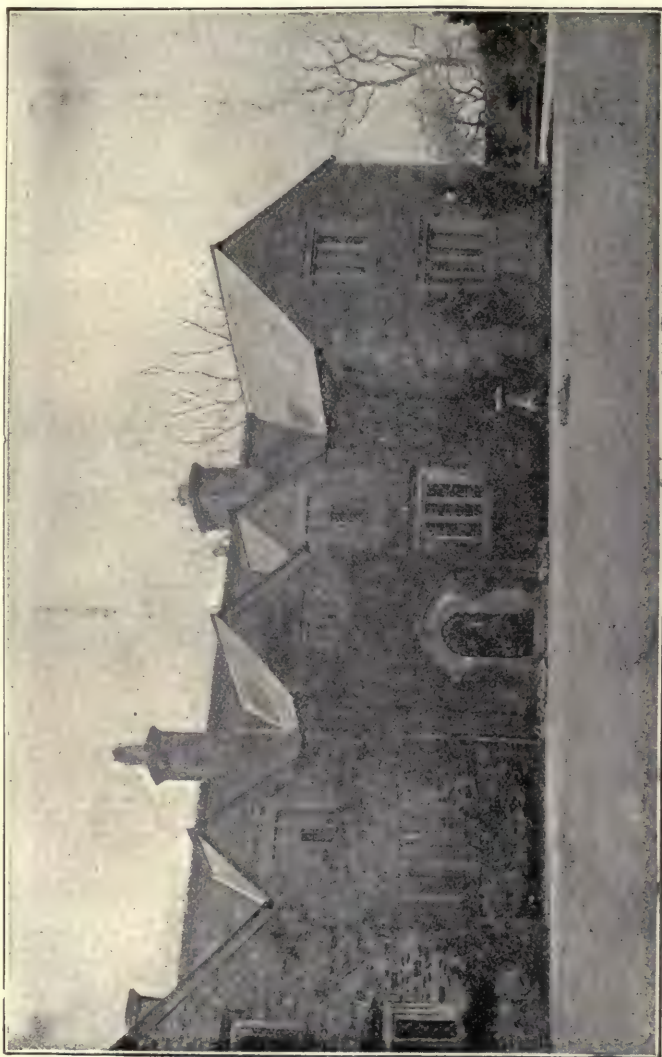


Dartmoor.

THE pathos of an olden time,
The splendour of romance,
In curfew breathe, in winds a-chime,
Where moonlit pixies dance;
And ever up the ramparts green
That guard yon hallow'd waste,
The sunsets fall in serried sheen,
The wheeling peewits haste.

Brave yesterdays that light the path
Of this our dullard life!
How glad this moorland aftermath—
With treasure-trove how rife!
O heather'd steeps! O seaward view!
O parting waters' call!
The ages filch our best—but you
They spoil not, spring nor fall.

—From “Versiculi,” by W. A. WALKER, Okehampton.



BIDLAKE HOUSE.

In Devonian Lanes

THE picture gallery of woodland and rural life yields a wealth of interest to many people, and especially to the Devonian. Danton, the noted French prisoner, exclaimed while in his dungeon confinement: "Oh, if I could but see a tree!" and the late Lord Beaconsfield remarked, "he was not surprised the Ancients worshipped trees." Grand specimens of every variety may be, and indeed are, found in some other counties, but that which appeals most to a "man of Devon" is the commingling of tree, lane, and rural life generally met with in lovely Devon. It was the writer's good fortune to spend the earlier years of his life there, having first seen the light at Buckfastleigh, which is close to wooded portions of the river Dart. The scenes were not appreciated to the full in boyhood, but after removal to the great Metropolis an intense longing for communion with Nature's wildest haunts established itself, and so the description of a Devonshire lane by Mr. Mr. F. G. Heath proved seductive reading after an advance of years. Mr. Heath wrote: "The entrance from the main road is wide, but rapidly narrows and gets more beautiful in its winding course. Here is a lane within a lane, and we pause spellbound by the loveliness this turning reveals—the blue sky is only just seen through the delightful canopy of quivering leaves, while flowering plants and grass carpet cover the ground. Who could resist the temptation to plunge into this bower containing varied kinds of flowers? Onward and still onward it winds until becoming buried with a glorious mass of vegetation, where fern fronds compel the visitor to stoop for many yards. Oh! the keen enjoyment found in this delicious cool subterranean avenue, where before the age of carts pack-horses traversed." It should be added that the "main road" mentioned refers to one a short distance out of Totnes. When in the hill lanes the visitor should never omit to notice the grand panoramic views obtainable from the field gateways in the vicinity of Torquay, Teignmouth, and Paignton. Under a cloudless sky Torbay, and other bays, may often be seen looking perfectly blue, while inland the glories of the Dartmoor range and their rugged tors are in full view and are most beautiful by reason of the varied tints which usually flood the district under suitable weather conditions. In some of the lovely lanes of Devon lonely cottages are encountered, situated amid romantic dells. Devonshire cottages are distinguished for their pretty gardens—some have roses clambering upwards to the thatched roof of the abode—a small gate leads to it, nearly hidden with overhanging jessamine, giving out faint refreshing perfume. The garden is gay with flowers, and beehives are placed each side of a window surrounded with honeysuckles; the tall hollyhock may be seen to perfection, for it thrives in the red soil of Devon; stocks, carnations, and china asters flourish too from the same cause.

Beauty is associated with flowers under all conditions, but methinks an orchid house has not such attraction to a Devonian as have the flowers which he annually seeks in his secluded lanes, where white violets are sheltering among leaves, mosses, and ferns, and discovered only by their sweet perfume. As for primroses—

"Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory."

By the by, was it not at Torquay that Mrs. Brydges Williams presented Mr. Disraeli with a bouquet of primroses? and did he not ask her gardener to yearly send him a basket full in memory of his visit to the residence situated on one of the heights of that distinguished town.

Blue is called the poor man's colour, and so the bluebell is a favourite flower in the springtime with the Devonshire labourer who plods through his long lanes of "no turning," the same applying later in the season to the foxgloves standing erect as sentinels amid the nut bushes of the high hedges.

Emerson speaks of "Nature's great estate," that "no man holds the title deeds," and this suggests the thought that the great Creator wants all to share and enjoy the delights which that estate realises. Flowers are made to gladden the heart of man; communion with Nature refreshes the spirit, and gives a repose to the mind and body; and so as we are strongly imbued with the rural feeling, long may we be permitted to saunter in *Devon Lanes!*

"Someone gave me a picture—
A little glimpse of the sea,
I smell the salt and I feel the swing:
Cliff and surf and a gull a'wing—
How it comes back to me!

"Someone gave me a picture—
A bit of a country lane,
Tangle of flower, and fern, and vines,
Under the shade of the purple pines:
O! to be there again!"

—By Meribah Abbot, and published in "The Outlook,"
an American publication.

A. G. WING, Weston-Super-Mare.



North Wyke.

“**I**N the parish of South Tawton, about three miles from the village and church, and midway on the west road to North Tawton, stands the ancient and interesting mansion of North Wyke. A house so named was there as early as 1243, but experts are at variance as to the age of the several parts of the existing structure. It formed an inner court, two sides of which were stables and offices, and a front court enclosed within high walls, and with gate-house, porter's lodgings, and domestic chapel. Though the house itself lies in a somewhat sheltered situation, the drive down from the lodge commands a lovely prospect; and from the top of North Wyke Quarry a panorama of three quarters of a circle extends over miles of undulating country, from the blue sky-line of Exmoor to the three conspicuous heights of the north-east angle of Dartmoor—Yes Tor, Belstone, and Cosdon—the last crowned with a cairn from which beacon fires have flared out many a warning message to arm against a foe, both before and since the coming of the Armada. From Belstone Cleave bursts forth the River Taw that borders the North Wyke lands for fully a mile and a half of its course. After rushing in foaming stickles from under Pecketsford, *alias* Pachsaddle Bridge, but before reaching Newlands Weir, the river is joined by a meeker stream that bounds North Wyke on another side. There is said to have been much fine timber on the land before the alienation of the estate.”

—Extract from “Devonshire Characters,” by Rev. S. Baring Gould.
Electro of illustration kindly supplied by Mr. John Lane, Publisher.

Raleigh—A Sea-King of Devon

Sons of Devon, sea-kings,
 (Hail to her ancient name!)
 Ye who have fought her battles,
 Ye who have won her fame,
 Riding the storm-swept billows,
 Right in the teeth of the gale,
 Straight in the path of duty,
 Hail to ye, Sons, all hail!
 Swift sped a merchant vessel,
 "Spaniards have hove in sight!"
 Drake o'er the bows was stooping,
 Glanced he to left and right,
 Over the harbour waters,
 Out from the Hoe afar,
 Said: "We have time to finish."—
 Then turned from Sport to War.

Raleigh, thou kingly hero,
 Well may thy tale be told!
 Heart of a stag had Raleigh!
 Heart of the purest gold!
 Soul to his sovereign loyal,
 Leader where'er he came,
 Sailor and courtier, poet—
 Who shall indite thy fame?

Long in the Tower's sad chambers
 Pent was that eager soul,
 Then o'er the wide waste waters,
 Straight for his Western goal;
 Swift as the eagle stoopeth
 Far from her eyrie's height,
 Steady and strong in pinion,
 Ever the prize in sight.

Back to the shores of England
 Hopeless the leader sailed,
 Leaving his young son lifeless,
 Sadly the winds moaned, "Failed!"
 Far o'er the pathless waters,
 Sailed into Plymouth Sound,
 There was his traitor-kinsman
 Waiting on English ground.—

* * * * *

"Captain, oh, worthy Captain,
 Fain would I take my flight,
 Now is your good ship ready.
 Carry me hence by night;
 Yet have I sore misgivings,
 Shall I do RIGHT to flee?
 Captain, most worthy Captain,
 Tarry one day for me!"

* * * * *

Borne by his traitor-kinsman
 Far from his Devon home,
 Caged was the strong-winged eagle,
 Never again to roam.
 "'Tis a sharp medicine," smiled he,
 Feeling the axe's blade,
 "Yet will it cure all ailments,—
 Think'st thou I am AFRAID?"

Sixteen miles to the westward,
 Sixteen and no more,
 Sadly the traitor perished,
 Hidden on Lundy's shore;
 Perished his name from Devon,
 Gone from beneath the sun,
 Raleigh, THY fame burns brighter
 Ever as ages run!

Hail to ye, Sons of Devon,
 Ne'er shall your glory wane!
 Devon of field and woodland,
 Devon of cliff and main!
 Devon and Cornwall, England,
 Joining with heart and hand,
 Hail to the soil that rears them!
 Hail to the English land!

St. Piran,
 Collings Park, Plymouth.

C. WINIFRED JAMES.

Devon Pillow Lace.

THE children in Sidbury receive a very thorough lace training, and the output of lace from the district is distinctly promising. Though now little larger than a village, Sidbury, like Coryton, can look back to an important past. It is within easy reach of Sidmouth, and its little lace shop brings many visitors over from there during the season. A very interesting piece of lace may be seen in the parish church. The design shows a conventional scheme of grapes and tulips. The tulip is a very favourite lace pattern in this district, which is, no doubt, the reason why the artist introduced it. Devonshire lace is so admirably adapted for symbolism that it is surprising that so little use should have been made of it for church work. Among recent designs of any note are a passion-flower chalice veil—true to nature in every detail; a bordering for an altar cloth, consisting of seven motifs, the three centre ones being round, in symbol of eternity, with "I.H.S." in the centre, "Alpha" and "Omega" on either side, the two next on right and left drawn four square, as representing earth, and showing the cross, crown, the palm of victory, and the lily of purity; the seven motifs joined together with trefoil, lilies and palm. Very beautiful sprays of grapes and corn have also been recently made for a chalice veil, but the original design was taken from a priest's robe bought in Flanders, and although it would puzzle an expert to say decidedly that the lace was not Devon, it cannot be actually claimed as such. At Sidmouth, though there are several lace shops, there are few actual lace makers. It is always in the villages that the pillow reigns supreme; in the towns laundry work, dressmaking, and charring seem to be formidable rivals.

Only a stone's throw from the room where the children have their lace lessons to-day stood the old lace school of Beer, where their grandmothers were "learned" at a fee of one penny a week. Next door to the school lived a "twisty and disformed" man, who eked out a scanty livelihood by making and decorating bobbins. Twelve hours a day was not thought too long for the lace workers' day, and a three years' apprenticeship was general before a girl began to earn anything for herself. The severe discipline of a former age had already passed away. The teacher no longer sat in the centre of her class armed with a long white staff with which to prod into renewed energy the worker whose bobbins rested. If she was severe upon the maker of discoloured lace, she yet allowed many a courtship to be carried on during the long winter evenings. Nothing pleases the old women more than to tell of the lads who, waiting to accompany the girls home, stood leaning against the walls, whittling at the bobbin, which, with its entwined hearts, was intended to mark a further step in his wooing, if not a definite declaration to the lady of his choice. Who could have had the heart to reject the lover who carved on a ringed bobbin with a reckless expenditure of labour the words—

"The ring is round and hath no end,
 So is my love for you, my friend."

But it was a poor-spirited swain who wrote—

You may go out
 And walk about
 When I am quite forgot.

The fisher lads would take their sweetheart's bobbins to sea, carving them with ships, mermaids, fishes, and posies. The indentations were filled up with red and black wax, and a broken piece of glass was used to file down any unevenness. Most of the bobbins have hearts entwined, giving the initials of the lovers and the date of the year. On St. Valentine's Day it was no uncommon thing for a little packet of half a dozen decorated bobbins to be thrown in through the cottage door. . . . The bobbins have played an important part in the life of the lace worker, and are bound up with some of the dearest events of their lives.

—Extract from "Devon Pillow Lace: Its History and how to make it";
 by A. PENDEREL MOODY. London: Cassell and Co.

Torquay.—In Dull November.

How well I know what I mean to do
 When the long, dark Autumn evenings come,
 And where, my soul, is thy pleasant hue?
 With the music of all thy voices, dumb,
 In Life's November, too!

So sang Browning in that exquisite poem "By the Fireside," and the vista opening far and wide led him to Pella and "where Alp meets heaven in snow." But Italy is a land far off. There is sunshine and blue sky nearer home. And were one to ask us where *our* "soul's pleasant hue" was in dull November, we should emphatically speak for Torquay. "You have given us 'Pictures of Travel' in the North, why not give us a 'Picture of Travel' in the South?" said a lady reader, and we here try to fulfil her request.

I.

Paddington Station, which seemed of yore so remote and difficult of access, is almost at our doors in Dulwich. Electric trams to Victoria, electric trains to Praed Street, put you there in a marvellously short time compared with the old routes. So journeying, as Pepys says, one chill November morn, a trace of fog in the air, an atmosphere of gaunt depression in the streets, we caught the 11-50 South Devon express, and were soon sweeping out of the noises and worries and mazes of our great Babylon, and passing the western suburbs. The dull sombre pall which overhung London soon gave way to clearness as we got into the open country. The autumn tints of red and russet still lingered on tree and hedgerow, and the rich colours, the wide pastoral landscape, the gleam of waters were as anodynes to us escaping from the "giant factored city gloom." How tranquil seemed the horizon, though lonely, grey, and solemn. A few hours "non-stop" swift and comfortable travel brought us within sight of the Cathedral city of Exeter; thereafter we touched the sea, and saw the breakers dashing over the ruddy cliffs of Dawlish as we coasted the shore. And so, to Torquay.

II.

We sat in full sunshine on the hot rocks by a little cove from which the tide was receding in translucent gleaming ripples, leaving behind a wet strand of glistening agate-like pebbles, veined, banded, beaded, with crystal quartz. The morning papers told us of King and Emperor moving in dim procession, through a fog of intense and gloomy character. Yet here were we, hardly 200 miles away, living and moving in clearest, purest sunshine, as 'twere in another world, above it all. The bay rippled, the waters wimpled and crisped outside, the gulls bathed and dried themselves, flapping about in supreme enjoyment. Sails gleamed on the horizon, the sky was blue as in an Italian "drop scene," a few white fleecy clouds hung like pearls above.

III.

The afternoon sun is strong here—even in November. One wanders along by the Rock Gardens, with their cacti and palms, their clusters of red-berried shrub; lilies and fuchsias are yet in full and abundant bloom. The fisher boats from Fowey and Looe are going out one by one through the harbour mouth. A huge four-funnelled cruiser lies off the breakwater. An air of quiet and content and satisfaction pervades the place. The few sitters, in the cosy seats, are deep in novels, or papers, or needlework. It is difficult to think that in London, at the moment—as we learn next day—it is cold, clammy, and depressing.

IV.

In the gloaming, Torquay always seemed to me like "many-towered Camelot," and as the light mist clung about it one could easily picture it a true Arthurian town of romance. The steep precipitous cliffs, the lights twinkling from the rocks, an overhanging balcony, all made up elements that suggested the "Idylls of the King." The influence of Tennyson, indeed, hangs over Torquay. It suggested the close of "Audley Court," and some lines in "Enoch Arden," and it was of Torquay that he wrote in later days describing it as "at that time the loveliest sea village in England."

V.

There is a high tide and the wind is sweeping up the bay. The moon is bright on the tumbling waters, and the swish and gurgle makes a rare music. The searchlights of the cruiser are sweeping the bay, from Berry Head to Torquay; the clouds are driving fast over the moon. Hark! how the waves dash up against the solid walls. One bolder than the rest mounts the bastion, and flies in spray across the road. Another follows, and we, with other promenaders, have to take the far side. With every advancing wave the tumult of the waters becomes greater, and soon the walls are veiled with continuous spray. From a little gate, protected by a buttress, we look down into the seething, boiling breakers, ravenous and furious as an enraged tiger. How they hiss and roar and shriek as if in pain! How different from the morning ripples and the smiling beach!

VI.

I gathered a handful of gem-like stones on Oddicombe Beach, bright and glowing with surf and foam. How beautiful, fresh, clean. But when I looked at them on the table an hour or two afterwards, they had little more beauty than the pebbles one might see anywhere. Where had it gone, the glory and the gleam, the faerie radiance born of the sea foam. 'Tis an allegory of life! You seize the flower, its bloom is fled. Nor can I hope to reproduce in words the glow and charm of Torquay, of Anstey Cove, of the deep cliffy walks round Oddicombe Beach. When one puts pen to paper the fairy gem becomes the common pebble, the light fails, the western glory fades to grey ashy hues.

Such are a few vignettes of Torquay in dull November.

By T. McCULLUM.



Birds of Devon.—The Raven.

RESIDENT, and up to forty years ago numerous, but now only occasionally seen, except in places where a few pairs still breed on the cliffs of the sea coast, on the rocky tors of Dartmoor, and on trees in some woods in North Devon; this powerful predator is still not uncommon around the south-west coast, where he occupies a nesting-station (to which the same pair return year after year) on some of the high cliffs, and there lives a life of almost constant warfare and bickering with the peregrines and his other near neighbours. Ravens also inhabit and nest in some of the Dartmoor tors, from whence young birds are annually brought into Plymouth for sale. Although preferring rocks and cliffs for their eyries, they occasionally place their nest in a wood, generally choosing some tall Scotch fir, where they construct an untidy edifice, sometimes contenting themselves with enlarging a deserted crow's or sparrow-hawk's nest, and are amongst the earliest birds to lay, often having eggs before the end of February. The eggs are very small in proportion to the size of the bird.

We noticed on Lundy a daily encounter between a pair of ravens and a pair of peregrines, and one morning a very fine raven was picked up lying dead on the "sidlings" with no visible mark of injury upon him. The verdict was pronounced at the time was that he had probably been choked when engaged in resisting the attack of the falcons. A young bird from Dartmoor, that was under our care not long ago, whenever he observed us take a spade to do some gardening would join us intently, watching our operations and greedily devouring any large earthworms we happened to turn up. When not engaged in such serious work as pulling up the marks for seeds and nipping off the heads of carnations, or any other bright flower which attracted his attention, he would look about for amusement. Coming quietly up behind our unsuspecting tabby, he would inflict a sharp pinch on her tail, and when she fled from his too pressing attentions would pursue her with such gigantic hops that she had to put on her best speed to escape from him, thoroughly frightened.

A friend of Mr. Gatcombe's scraped acquaintance with a raven inhabiting the wild cliff at Tintagel, which became so familiar with his presence that it really seemed pleased with his company, and would actually fly to meet him every morning when he approached the place, and alight within a few yards of his feet, eying him knowingly all the while, without exhibiting the slightest symptom of fear.

I found ravens plentiful among the magnificent cliffs at Ilfracombe, and on one occasion saw a flock of seven or eight flying by the celebrated Tors Walk. It is very curious to watch the singular evolutions performed by a pair of ravens when disturbed in their haunts, more especially during the nesting season. At such times they will rise croaking above the intruder's head, pass and repass, rising, falling, and tumbling almost over in the air as if hit, and disappearing behind a projecting crag, will reappear from quite a different quarter over the brow of a cliff and continue their manœuvres until the invader has left the spot.

When fishing on the Torridge in April, 1889, we encountered a pair of ravens in a wood some couple of miles above Torrington, and found them at the same spot as we returned late in the afternoon. Their angry gestures and notes as we passed their tree made us pretty certain that they had young ones at hand.

—From "The Birds of Devon," by D'Urban and Matthew.

A Devonshire Hill.

Oft have shepherds enamour'd, in pastoral lays,
 Sweetly sung of the grove, grot, or fountain,
 No scene that is rural, but loudly its praise
 They have echo'd from mountain to mountain;
 Some delighted have been with a meadow or vale,
 But with these my taste never could tally;
 The meadow is pleasant, enchanting the dale,
 But a hill I prefer to a valley.

For prospect extended, and landscapes most rare,
 With health-giving breezes inviting,
 No daisy-pied mead with a hill can compare,
 No garden field sweets more delighting,
 As a mole heap 's excelled by a mound that's raised high,
 As a street may exceed a small alley,
 Even so to my mind, when these objects are nigh
 Is the hill I prefer to a valley.

But the hill of all hills the most pleasing to me
 Is famed Cotton, the pride of North Devon;
 When its summit I climb, O, I then seem to be
 Just as if I approach'd nearer heaven!
 When with troubles depress'd to this hill I repair,
 My spirits then instantly rally;
 It was near this bless'd spot I first drew vital air,
 So—a hill I prefer to a valley.

JOHN GAY.



The Faces of the Rocks.

"FROM the granite fastness of the Vixen, where its battlements and towers ascend above Walla, peer forth many faces of man and beasts, and monsters that are neither one nor other. The giant rises brokenly to its double crown. Certain low slabs about the foundations are succeeded by blocks that now appear to have been piled of set purpose, but in truth are weathered out from the primal mass. Then rise escarpments around the main bulk of the tor. The Vixen stands above a hundred feet high, with precipices round about and ledges and crags on every side. To the west these grow less formidable, for time has dealt roughly with them; immense boulders, as large as haystacks, have been torn from aloft and the colossus is robbed of half its members. These piles of stone now lie round about deep buried in the turf, and tell of ages when the body from which they fell was mightier far than now, and when its components lent to the whole a contour widely different from that at present lifted before men's eyes. Through the dim shades of prehistoric time conscious intelligence beheld these rocks in the desert, and perchance traced upon their brow and verge the likeness of living things it knew; but the very stars have wheeled into different patterns since those primal people passed, and Vixen scowls or smiles with other faces than they saw.

To-day, viewed from the north, this mass resembles a weary giant sitting with his back against a stone greater than himself. His immense head is bent forward, and the lines of neck and shoulders suggest a being forlorn and unhappy. Seen from Watta's eastern bank across the valley, the tor presents a countenance snake-like and sinister. This presentment brings to the mind a gargoyle, half ape, half fiend, that broods over Paris from the heights of Notre Dame. From beneath a flat diadem the creature's sloping brow protrudes, runs into a pointed nose, and ends in a full deep muzzle that bulges, like a tiger's. Upon mighty shoulders this evil pate is perched, and before the idol, like a company of worshippers at some demon shrine, extend squat thorn trees in a scattered row along the breast of the hill. Viewed from elsewhere, the tor takes shape as a sphinx, or shows the wide-eyed Ethiop, Memnon, slayer of lions and lover of women. Him Achilles slew; but here his immense image still stares east and broods over the rising of the god he worshipped; here fair Æos still sheds mother tears that glitter up her son's feet in the grey twilight of the morning."

—From "The Mother," by Eden Phillpotts. London: Ward, Lock and Co. 1908.

A Devonian Switzerland.

NEITHER Lynmouth in the "Cleave," Lynton on the "Cliff," nor even the beautiful tracts of country bordering the Lyn Rivers East and West, owe their present popularity and prosperity, as many people imagine, entirely to *Lorna Doone* and the magic touch of R. D. Blackmore. Long before that wonderful romance made its appearance the praises of the "little haven of Lynmouth" had been sung right lustily by Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, while no less an authority than the great Gainsborough had proclaimed it to be a veritable paradise for painters. As far back as James I. reign Thomas Westcote waxed eloquent over "the little inlet, which in these last times, God hath plentifully stored with herrings"—the capricious fish destined to bring fortune to the Lynmouthians till their sudden disappearance caused the manufacture of warp to become for a time the principal prop of both Lynton and Lynmouth.

It was just a century ago that the enterprising Mr. T. Litson conceived the idea of making the twin villages independent alike of herrings and wool and commenced building the hotels which were speedily patronised by the wealthy; Mr. Thomas Coutts, the fashionable Marchioness of Bute, and a great many other well-known people. Blackmore had still to be breeched and become a "Blundellite" (as he always called it) when Coleridge declared "the land imagery of the North of Devon" to be most delightful; while his brother-in-law, the Laureate, not less emphatically pronounced Lynmouth to be "the finest spot, except Cintra and Irrabida" he had ever seen. The De Wichehalses had migrated to the shores off North Devon from their original homes by the Zuyder Zee, long before Blackmore spelled their name with an additional h, and drew the marvellous picture in which we see Will Watcombe, the great authority on the Gulf Stream, living at Lynmouth, Jeremy Stickle giving his pursuers a loud halloo at the founts of Lyn, and John Ridd and Uncle Reuben paying their visit to Ley Manor. Robert Southey it is true compared the scenery of Lynmouth to that of Switzerland, and we are indebted to S. T. Coleridge for the phrase "land imagery," but Richard Blackmore only alludes vaguely to "the little haven of Lynmouth, whose inhabitants dwell in huts, and depend for a livelihood on the curing of herrings." It was certainly fortunate that worthy Mr. Litson had fairly set the ball rolling, and that the twin villages were able to take advantage of the keen interest which was soon to be centred in every locality indicated in the soul-stirring passages of *Lorna Doone*.

Lynmouth and Lynton at the present moment deservedly enjoy such wide-spread popularity with every class of holiday maker that the improved facilities for getting there provided by the recent opening of the shortened route to the west *via* Castle Cary and Langport are sure to be keenly appreciated. Notwithstanding their isolation, they are accessible from every quarter. The great majority of travellers probably prefer the Great Western express to Minehead and the coach journey thence to Lynmouth, through Porlock, run in connection with it, and pronounced on all hands "the finest drive in all England." The road winds through a picturesque and fertile valley to Porlock, passing on the way Selworthy Lane, a charming stretch of rural scenery; Holnicote, the seat of Sir T. D. Acland; and Allerford. A halt is generally made at the "Ship" before the steep ascent of Porlock Hill is breasted, and a climb in which you rise over a thousand feet in the course of a single mile, brings you to the edge of the uplands which extend westward almost as far as Countisbury. You are still high up on the purple moor when the Devon boundary is reached, and you look down on Glenthorne, one of the most charming spots on the shores of Severn Sea. Amongst the combs which alternate with the hills you soon catch glimpses of the Devonian Switzerland, into the midst of which you plunge by an incline almost as precipitous as that of Porlock. Steamers leave Cardiff and Bristol daily for Weston-Super-Mare, Lynmouth and Ilfracombe. A line of light railway, passing through very pretty scenery, and affording those who patronise it a delightful series of panoramic views on either side of it, unites the outskirts of Lynton with Barnstaple in the North Devon hinterland, and has intermediary stations at Parracombe, Bratton Fleming, and Woody Bay.

The twin villages illustrate very forcibly within a circuit of less than half a dozen miles that strange diversity of climatic and other conditions which characterises Devonshire as one of England's pleasantest playgrounds. One might pass the day in the Lynmouth lowlands and sleep in the more bracing air of the Lynton highlands, or *vice versa*. The sanitary condition of both is irreproachable, and to the purity of the water supply must be attributed the phenomenal healthiness enjoyed by the inhabitants of both the Cleave and the Cliffs. Lynton and Lynmouth have all the possibilities of a winter season, and these are greatly increased by the presence of the cliff railway, which unites both places and obviates the necessity of the once dreaded scramble skywards by the coach roads, or the somewhat less steep ascent through the wooded slopes by the zig-zag path. For the possession of the cliff railway Lynton and

Lynmouth have chiefly to thank Sir George Newnes, whose house crowns one of the peaks of Holiday Hill. Cars run constantly every day between 7 a.m. and 8-30 p.m., and in July, August, and September until 9-30 p.m. Even the theological proclivities of holiday makers are thoughtfully provided for, the time table on Sundays being in a measure regulated to suit the convenience of church and chapel goers.

—From "The Shire of the Sea Kings," published by the
Great Western Railway Co.

Teignmouth and its vicinity.

An Appreciation.

To some of us who love the West it seems as if it were at Teignmouth that it properly begins. For here is the first of the true West Country ports, a little town huddled in the warmest corner of the hills, where neither west nor east wind can bite it or molest it, a tidal estuary left almost bare twice every day, a harbour of floating seaweed and green limpid water, where half a dozen ships lie canting over in the shallows, a race of honest, kindly, slow-speaking people, to whom the soil and climate seem to have communicated their own warmth and geniality. Such is Teignmouth, a place of which the very memory carries with it a warm ray of sunshine, and the salt odour of the wind that rushes up the valley when the tide begins to flow.

Teignmouth has not the glorious past history of Plymouth, Fowey, or Dartmouth. Nature denied it a deep-water harbour; and unless the entrance has altered vastly for the worse, the sandbanks, which leave only a shifting channel, must have been an effectual impediment to any such greatness as was attained by those ports which the largest ships can enter at any hour of day or night. And so Teignmouth was not the starting-place of great expeditions; nor does it seem to have tasted the fearful pleasures of private war, such as often drew Fowey and Dartmouth into battle with the French when the rest of England was at peace. However, the town had its share of tribulations, having been burnt in 1340 "about Lammas" by some French, who are naturally described as pirates, though knowing what we do about the gentle ways of Devon sailors in past ages, we need not set down the piracy as existing only on one side. It was three centuries and a half before the French were seen again in Teignmouth, at a moment of deep shame for England, when her captains, having sallied out together with the Dutch to fight De Tourville, held aloof and left the Hollanders to be crushed. Devotion to the Stuarts was probably the motive of this base action, for William of Orange was newly seated on the throne, and the allegiance of the people was divided. Never had the coasts of Devon been in greater danger, but the peril roused the courage of the West. . . . Here is Labrador, when we have hardly got up the first hill, calling us off the road to clamber down its steep cliff path and sit in the pretty tea-house, where so many lads and lasses go from Teignmouth on summer evenings to eat cream and whatever fruit may be in season, and talk of heaven knows what, while looking out over a sea view as fine as any it is possible to find in the region of rocks, which, to use Barham's pungent expression, "Look like anchovy sauce spread upon toast." It is so rare to find culinary language fitting scenery that the acute perception and nice taste for colour shown in this comparison deserve ungrudging recognition. We have no sooner torn ourselves away from Labrador than a lane appears upon the other hand, inviting us to stray down to the lovely villages seen nestling among trees at the foot of the ridge, and, having steadily pushed past this peril, there is a constant succession of diversions. Maidencombe, where there is a waterfall on the shore; Watcombe, which owns the best red potter's clay in England, as the Romans knew, who used it largely; and Babbacombe, where man has tried to paint the lily, and has spoiled it in the process, as he always does. All these are places where everybody lingers, and lingers wisely; for indeed there is no end to the sunny beauties of this warm red coast, whose peculiar property it is to break into inlets of shape more exquisite than can be seen elsewhere, from Portland to the Lizard. We must go past them all, past even Anstey's Cove, that exquisite bay, which, if seen when a warm sun is sinking low on a still evening, seems fitter for some unsubstantial fairyland than for a portion of this solid earth, and so one passes on towards Hope's Nose and stands at length upon the point itself, looking down upon the great expanse of all Torbay lying at one's feet.

—From "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall," by A. H. NORWAY.

Devonians in Exile.

THERE are still numerous gatherings of Devonians in various parts of the Kingdom to record, and some even in far distant lands; but it unfortunately happens that the organizers of these gatherings either fail to notify us of them, or else send the information too late to be of service. May we appeal for more detailed information in future?

The old boys of Allhallows School, Honiton, held a successful dinner at the Trocadero Restaurant, in London, on Wednesday, January 15th, under the chairmanship of Mr. Robert C. Nesbit, the president of the club. There were about forty members present. Some excellent speeches were delivered by the Rev. F. N. Berry, Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, Mr. Middlemist, the Head Master, and others.

The old boys of the Devon County School held their annual dinner at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, London, also in January. Special interest attached to the gathering, for it celebrated the jubilee of the establishment of the school, and to grace the occasion the first Head Master of the school (the Rev. J. H. Thompson, Rural Dean of Southmolton) went up specially from Devonshire to preside. The proceedings were of a most interesting character, Mr. Thompson giving an address on the early history and progress of this, one of the most successful of the many educational establishments of the west country.

The annual dinner of the Old Kelleian Club took place on Wednesday, January 8th, at the Holborn Restaurant, London. The Rev. H. J. Marsh presided, and in a humorous speech gave reminiscences of his own school days soon after the founding of the college, when the system both of work and play was more primitive than at the present day. He predicted for the college an era of even greater prosperity than heretofore, under its new head (the Rev. E. J. A. Phillips), who would enter into the fruits of the labours of his predecessors. Mr. Phillips, in reply, spoke of the debt of gratitude all connected with Kelly College owed to his predecessor, Mr. David.

Devonians in Birmingham held their fifteenth annual dinner at the Grand Hotel, on the 14 of January, 1908. Mr. J. Barham Carslake was the President, and he was supported by the Right Hon. Jesse Collings M.P.; Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C.; Lt.-Col. Halse, J.P.; Dr. Douglas Heath; Mr. Frank Huxham; Mr. T. W. Hussey (hon. secretary); Mr. T. F. Culley; and many others from the old county. The speeches were even above the average, which is saying a great deal, particularly that of Mr. Duke, who was the guest of the evening. The repast was excellent, the catering good, and the feast of reason and the flow of soul left nothing to be desired.

Devon Notes.

THE Port of Plymouth. A record consignment of mails, consisting of 3,251 bags, was landed at the Great Western Docks on the arrival of the White Star Liner *Oceanic*, on December 14th. Two tenders were provided for the mails, and thirty-eight minutes after their arrival at the Docks the whole of the bags were transferred to the special train, the journey to Paddington occupying four hours nineteen minutes. A separate tender was provided for the passengers, of whom ninety-nine were landed and conveyed by special trains to Bristol and Paddington, the latter point being reached in four hours twenty-eight minutes.

The American liner *Philadelphia* arrived at Plymouth on the morning of December 18th, and landed passengers and 1460 bags of mails. A special train left Plymouth at 11.45 a.m. and reached Paddington at 4.5 p.m.

—"Great Western Railway Magazine."

MISS URSULA RADFORD, the youngest daughter of Mr. G. H. Radford, M.P., and niece of Sir Charles H. Radford, Mayor of Plymouth, was a prominent figure at the Children's Ball, given by the Lord Mayor of London last month. There were over 1500 guests present. Miss Radford appeared as "The Ancient Borough of Plymouth." Her dress represented the sea, carried out in folds of blue and green chiffon over silver tissue. On an embroidered surcoat appeared the town arms, the green St. Andrew's Cross (or soltire vert), with four black castles on a white satin ground, the heraldic silver, a naval crown in gold with the ship's sails in silver on her head; and she carried a silver staff surmounted by a ship, copied from the earliest known seal of Plymouth or Sutton.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTT's latest story of Dartmoor life, entitled "The Mother," is the finest conception that any modern novelist has yet found. A simple woman of the yeoman class, whose nature is attuned to such noble purposes that even after her death her influence survives in the lives of those around her. And while she lives she becomes to the reader an infinitely pathetic figure, moving among the stormy passions of those who are near and dear to her with what controlling care she can, wise in her simplicity and entirely noble in her sympathies. We reserve a fuller notice of this powerful novel.

Falling Leaves.

CRIMSON and tawny and sere the leaves once more cast down their mantle upon the bosom that bore them, and the dominions of the bough paid back their due to the kingdoms of the root. In withered clouds and companies the flying legions hurried through air and over earth. The rustle and whisper of them was as the murmur of little ghosts; and heart of man, according to its mood, read sorrow into the sound, or the seemly music of obedient multitudes hastening to pay a debt. The flights of the leaves were scattered in constellations above the forest and blown breast-high above the channels of the lanes; they were caught by the rivers, and their ruby and amber argosies danced in masses to brighten foaming waterfall and silent pool; they were drifted against the trunks of ancient trees and banked along the hedgerows; they filled the rabbit-holes and made nightly work for the conies. Like children to mother earth they returned and nestled in the lap of her who had known the end from the beginning; who had waited through bourgeoning and budbreak for the fall of the leaf; who had ordained the destiny of every glade and dingle and laughing canopy of green. The leaves were paying for the pageant of the year, heaping their sweetness upon the earth, and returning the precious things garnered at tree-top to the hidden workshop that lifted and maintained each unit of the forest realm. To them had belonged springtime and the song of the thrush; theirs were the silver rain of May, the glow of July sunshine, the moist kisses of the night wind roaming to welcome another day. They knew the red moon that swam up over the forest edge, cast off the tinctures of air in her ascension, then turned an argent shield to earth and set the dim dew flashing. Theirs were the visions of meadow and wold and the uplifted desert of the moor; the riot of the storm and the thunder; the punctual progress of the months. And theirs also was that night so strange, that emotion so terrific, when through each emerald court there passed a presence at coming of late September. Day indeed banished the shadow and the sunshine stayed their fear; but a stain had brushed the whole forest and written a new thing there, whose name was Death. Now in wisps and canopies they leapt or fell, ruddy and pale. They flew by night or dropped heavily at the touch of still dawn's finger. The russet, the scarlet, and the etiolate leaf, that had lived its little life in shadow, now came together and joined hands in a death dance; fell and flew and flitted and twisted in the gigantic breath of the autumnal equinox; gyrated upward on sudden whirlwinds in lonely places; and sinking at last to the earth, yielded up their treasures in the alembics of the latter rain. Only beech leaves and oak leaves, like weak souls, clung to dead joy and parent boughs that knew them no more. And it seemed as though the brown spikes that held next year's glory cried to them in the voice of the wind: "Depart, ye auburn shadows and cease your sobbing; for ye also have won your meed of life's feast from earth and sky. The spring and summer hidden in time are ours. Therefore vanish and haunt the cradle of life with images of Death no more."

—From the opening chapter of Eden Phillpotts' "The Mother."
Ward, Locke and Co. 1908.



Oversea.

From West to East.

From news recently received, it is apparent that India is now enjoying a period of perfect weather, which is inducing large numbers of tourists to spend the winter months in one or other of the great towns. The season, in fact, shows every prospect of being a record one, and the hotels are rapidly booking up their accommodation.

Every year greater numbers of English people are ging out to the East, away from the damp and the fog of London to the blue skies and more acceptable climate of Bombay, Karachi, Colombo, Calcutta, and other fashionable centres. Already, too, the Ellerman City Line steamers from Liverpool have this season carried out large complements of passengers, and owing to the magnificent accommodation provided on the vessels. The *Hesperian* is a twin-screw steamer, 502 feet in length, 60 feet in breadth, bookings are being rapidly made. A first-class passenger by a City Liner may now avail himself of a reduced fare to India, the ticket allowing the holder to return within twelve months. The cost covers the voyage to Bombay, with rail fare to Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares, etc., and the return from Calcutta, via Colombo, or vice versa.

Egypt is also claiming increasing attention on the part of tourists, and so nicely have the sailing dates of the City Line steamers been arranged that it is possible for

passengers to spend the whole of the winter months in Egypt or the Holy Land. The average passage to Port Said from Liverpool is just about eleven days, and at this point, beautifully situated at the entrance to Suez Canal on the Mediterranean side, passengers for Cairo disembark. Egypt is a land of absorbing interest, and inland tours can be easily made to innumerable places of beauty associated with the history of the ancients.

THE new Allan Liner *Hesperian* has recently been successfully launched at Linthouse; the naming ceremony being performed by Miss Winifred Lander, granddaughter of the late Mr. Alex. Allan. This is the third new steamer built for the Allan Line, last year the trio being completed by the *Corsican* (11,500 tons) and the *Grampian* (10,000 tons), both of which have quickly earned the reputation of being fast and comfortable vessels. The *Hesperian* is a twin-screw steamer, 502 feet in length, 60 feet in breadth, 41 feet 6 inches in depth to shelter deck, and of about 10,000 tons gross. She is practically a sister ship to the *Grampian*, the engine equipment of both vessels being in every respect similar. She is fitted with every appliance designed for the comfort of her passengers, and is replete with all the modern luxuries of ocean travel—typical of the vessel which at once gains popular favour with passengers. In the arrangement of her accommodation the most thoughtful care has been devoted to provide all those minor, but important, details which go towards making a voyage across the Atlantic a real pleasure. Spacious and handsomely appointed dining saloons, music rooms, smoke rooms, libraries, etc., are provided for each class of passenger, the various apartments being tastefully decorated. She has accommodation for 500 first and second cabin passengers and about 1400 third class, whose wants will be catered for by expert chefs with the latest kitchen appliances, including electric fire roasters, silver grill, etc. The ship is lighted throughout with electricity, and in addition to natural ventilation the 'tween decks and third-class quarters are heated and ventilated on the thermo-tank system. She has a large cargo capacity, cooled by refrigerating machinery. The *Hesperian* has been built by Messrs. Alex. Stephens and Sons, to British Corporation classification, and is specially strengthened for the north Atlantic trade. She will make her maiden voyage during the early spring.



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Board Residence for Lady with Widow Lady, charming neighbourhood. Principal, Beech Villa, Newton Abbot.

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DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

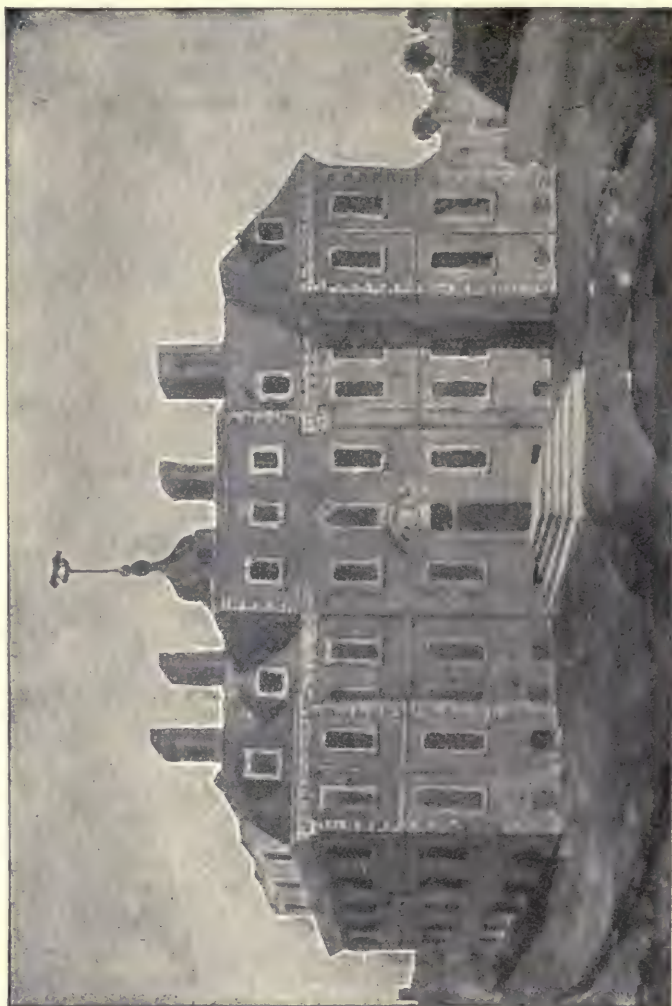
It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Mr. Frank Underhill, Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



OLD TETCOTT HOUSE.

— The Arscott's of Tetcott. —

THE junior branch of Arscott was settled at Tetcott in 1550, where it continued until 1783, when died John Arscott of Tetcott, the last of that stock, whereupon the Tetcott estate passed to the Molesworths through the descendant of a great-aunt. Tetcott House—the older—remains, turned into stables and residence for coachmen and grooms. A stately new mansion was erected in the reign of Queen Anne; but when the property passed to the Molesworths this was pulled down and all its contents dispersed. The family portraits, the carved oak furniture, the china, fell to the contractor who demolished the mansion.

John Arscott, of Tetcott, was born in 1718 or 1719. He lived all his life at the family mansion, and was a mighty hunter before the Lord . . . There exists a fine ballad on the "Hunting of Arscott of Tetcott," in which Simon (a notable retainer of Arscott's) is mentioned. The ballad above mentioned begins as follows:—

"In the month of November, in the year fifty-two,
Three jolly fox-hunters, all sons of the Blue,
Came o'er from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,
To take their diversion with Arscott of Tetcott.
Sing fol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

The daylight was dawning, right radiant the morn,
When Arscott of Tetcott he winded his horn;
He blew such a flourish, so loud in the hall,
The rafters resounded and danced to the call.

In the kitchen the servants, in the kennel the hounds,
In the stable the horses were roused by the sounds.
On Blackbird in saddle sat Arscott, 'To-day
I will show you good sport lads, hark follow, away.'

The belief that he is to be heard winding his horn and in full gallop in chase through the park at Tetcott is still prevalent, and there are those alive who assert positively that they have seen and heard him.

When the full moon is shining as clear as the day,
John Arscott still hunteth the country, they say;
You may see him on Blackbird, and hear in full cry
The pack from Pencarrow to Dazzard go by.

When the tempest is howling his horn you may hear,
And the bay of his hounds in their headlong career;
For Arscott of Tetcott loves hunting so well
That he breaks for the pastime from Heaven or Hell.

—From "Devonshire Characters and Strange Events," by
S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. London: John Lane.

Walter Crane's "Recollections" of Fair Devonshire.

WHAT a curious thing is memory! It is as if the stream of life, flowing through the mind, reflects upon its surface, often but dimly and partially, notable scenes and personages as they pass, soon to be effaced by others as shadowy, while it bears along upon its surface, in all the crispness of clear reality, trifles, like the image of some fallen leaf or toy boat, which ever comes in port of the dimly outlined shapes of more important incidents in a life's story. Thus it is often that the impressions of childhood are borne along with the course of one's life, retaining all their freshness and distinctness when many later ones have faded or passed out of view, like mountains or castles in the distant landscapes of a river's banks.

* * *

I daresay my early efforts with the pencil may have been encouraged by some of my father's friends, who visited at Laureston Villa (the Upton house). I remember he and a few other artists formed an evening sketching club, meeting at each other's houses or studios, and making sketches in charcoal by lamplight. Among these friends was Field Talfourd, a sketch of whose head I recall, made by my father in charcoal on toned paper, and heightened with white chalk. There were also two brothers named Stockdale, of whom he did similar portrait sketches. Mr. Walker, an artist of more advanced years, who made rather a special line in charcoal landscapes, used to visit the house about this time, but I am not sure whether he belonged to the sketching club. The years went by happily enough at Upton, at least from the irresponsible child's point of view, pleasantly varied by excursions on donkeys, combined with picnics in the pleasant and romantic places with which the neighbourhood abounded, such as Anstey's Cove and Babbacombe. These outings were an institution on birthdays, and as there was no great disparity of years in the little family of five, we could all join in the same childish pleasures and were quite companionable. My father was very fond of walking, too, and often took us for long rambles among those pleasant Devonshire lanes and hills. There was the quarry hill, and a hill we called "The hill with the rock on," a green hill having a ruined castle, a conspicuous feature of which was a round tower, which was commonly called "Cæsar's Tower." Most of these were visible from our windows. Then there was the quarry, where we watched the men laboriously drilling holes with crowbars for blasting; and the ropewalk along the side of the same hill, where an old weather-beaten more or less seafaring sort of man, with a belt of hemp around his waist, used to walk to and fro, twisting the fibre into rope, while his boy turned a wheel at the opposite end.

I remember in some of our walks coming upon gipsy encampments. There was a favourite spot on the broad grassy margin of the road to Newton Abbot bordered by a wood. Here one could see the low-pitched, semi-circular, arched tents, canvas over hooped sticks, somewhat like the tilts of waggons placed upon the ground. Swarthy children tumbled in and out of their dark interiors, where now and then an old camp follower would be seen sitting smoking. The iron pot suspended on three sticks, with a fire crackling beneath, figured in front. Donkeys and large ponies browsed near by. Dark brown men with slouch hats, long ringlets, and bright orange scarfs, sleeve waistcoats and corduroys hung about, and perhaps a dark-eyed and black-haired handsome gipsy woman would come forward smiling and show her white teeth as she offered to tell your fortune for a small consideration. These were the boundaries of our little world, and in such scenes with the usual quickly passing child-like joys and troubles life's early chapters were soon run through, and the first school days commenced.

Living, as we did, near the harbour, it was natural in the constant sight of ships and sailors and the life of the quays to become interested in nautical matters and all that belonged to the sea, and we prided ourselves on correctly distinguishing the different rigs of the various types of vessels.

It was immense fun, when, finding a good-natured skipper, we children were allowed to ramble over a ship as it lay moored to the pier or quay, especially if it were a large barque or "three-master." An especial favourite was the *Margaret*, of Torquay, with a kindly captain; and it was a sad event, when in a gale we saw this vessel stranded upon the sands, as she was making for the harbour on a return voyage. Every year there was the Torbay Regatta, generally, I think, in August, for one associates it with bright, hot weather. This was for us, perhaps, the great event of the year. The sound of brass bands was in the air from early morn; the ships in the harbour and bay gay from stem to stern with strings of bunting in all the colours of the rainbow. The quay was transformed, rows of yellow vans were drawn up along the edge of the quay with their backs to the harbour. Gorgeous pictures of fat women and strong men hung aloft. There was the never-failing attraction of Punch and Judy; there were merry-go-rounds and shooting galleries; there were oranges and nuts, and innumerable seductive ways of getting rid of pocket money.

—From "An Artist's Reminiscences." Methuen and Co

Lord Clifford's Appeal for the United Devon Association.

January 18th, 1908.

Dear Sir,

As President of the United Devon Association I venture to appeal to your sympathy, and to ask for your financial assistance to prevent, what I venture to think, will be regretted by all Devonians, the closing of the work of the Association. In consequence of the failure of the printers of *Devonia* (Messrs. Nash and Co., of Bournemouth) in October, 1906, the contract for printing has since been entrusted to Messrs. Underhill of Plymouth, to the entire satisfaction of the Council and subscribers. Contracts with advertisers which were then running had to be completed, and for these the Association are creditors in the liquidation of Messrs. Nash's affairs for a sum of £113 4s. 10d. Meanwhile the cost of printing *Devonia* has to be met, and pending a final settlement with Messrs. Nash the individual members of the Council have made themselves personally liable for an overdraft at their Bankers amounting to £150. They have taken on themselves this liability in the interests of the Association and the county, which it serves, and I feel that those who recognise the value of the work which the Association is doing in introducing into the county desirable visitors and residents, and who remember the deep interest taken in the work of the Association by its founder, the late Mr. W. J. Richards, would not wish that this financial responsibility should rest on them alone. I therefore appeal with confidence for a donation or subscription from you for this purpose which may be remitted to me or to the Hon. Secretary at the head office.

I remain, yours truly, CLIFFORD.



Slanning's Oak.

From an oil painting by A. B. COLLIER, 1855.

THIS ancient tree is associated with a tragic incident which occurred in the neighbourhood of Tavistock on the 4th June, 1599, on which occasion Nicholas Slanning, of Bickleigh, was stabbed by John Fitz, of Fitzford. Monuments to the Slannings will be found in Bickleigh Church. A full account of the tragedy is given in "*Devonshire Characters*," by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, published by John Lane, who has supplied the illustration.

Old Grannie's Story.

Now don't 'ee bide there 'pon the drexel, come right along 'een, Maister Will,
 I be terrible proud vor to zee 'ee, vor I be a bed-lier still.
 I be too old vor housework at eighty! I laives all the charin' to Jane;
 Her'th had a gude trainin' hath Jenny, an' her knowth how to keep the plaace clain.
 Come 'een, Maister William, an' welcome; I know'd yu was zertain to come,
 I've a loked vor 'ee that I can tell 'ee ever zince that I yurd yu was home.
 Well, how du 'ee git on to Collidge? I be towld yu be middlin' cliver;
 But I 'opes they there buikes an't a spailt 'ee, they be dangerous truck howzomeiver.
 'Tis the Bible, and nort but the Bible, that du shaw us poor zimmers the way
 Vrom zin an' destruction to Heaven, zo bide by its taichin' I say.
 Where be the 'Scribe,' the Disputer? Corinthians wan, verse nineteen;
 Just raid thicky verse, Maister William, plainer taichin' can niver be zeen.
 The wisdom o' God in a mystery! Dawn't 'ee trust to a passel of larnin';
 But stick to the Word like a laich, lad, an' list to an old wumman's warnin';
 'Til right vor to raid, an' to study, ef yu du veel called vor to praich,
 But mind they there bukes don't a spoil 'ee, until yu've got nort vor to taich.
 There's many gone scat up to Lunnou—in this wecked, free-thinkin' age,
 Through thicky there darin' young Campbell! Now there I be bilin' wi' rage!
 But 'tis wisht when perfessin' Belaivers du get all puffed up like wi' knowledge,
 An' I fear that there's many young praichers a ruined by thicky old Collidge!
 I often du think, Maister William, of all the Lord's gudeness to me,
 I do lie 'pon the baid an' go awver the days that be past, du 'ee zee;
 Sometimes I do zim I be playin' wance more in the medders an' yields,
 A gatherin' daisies an' vilets, an' my heart du graw light as a cheeld's,
 Vor though I be up over eighty my mimory's windervul clear;
 And I loves vor to think of my childhood, when all was zo sweet an' so dear,
 Then zoon I was grawed to a maiden, an' John come a courtin' o' me.
 I zim he'd a masterful way wi' 'un, vor zoon I wuz married to he.
 Us had a dear little cottage, right up to the end o' the laane;
 'Twas always my pride, I can tell 'ee, to kaip the plaace cosy an' clain.
 Then come the children. How many? Well there I be shamed vor to tell 'ee;
 Lebben us had altogether, but us buried our Tom an' our Nellie:
 'Twuz hard vor to lose 'em, the darlins', but 'twuz the Lord's will du 'ee zee;
 There's a purpose in these 'ere chastizements, which b'ant always plain-like to we;
 Us shall know bye-an-bye all the mainin' o' things that du puzzle us here,
 "In the world us must have tribulation," but the Zaviour zaith: "Be of gude cheer!"
 But that were a terrible trouble, when dear John was a-tooked away,
 'Twuz weeks 'fore I shed any tears lad, an' it zeemed no use vor to pray.
 I felt all a-stunned-like an' silent, an' my heart it were bitter indeed,
 But Faith did come back to sustain me, an' I turned to the Lord in my need:
 An' how He've a helped an' a cheered me!—'Tis windervul zure, iss it be.
 'Tis nort but Religion can help 'ee a sailin' on Life's tossin' sea.
 "Paice be still!" zaid the Master, an' mark you, the word o' His Power's still the same,
 Us don't want no bukes vor to prove it—I know 'tis a fact "bless His Naame!"
 Yes nine o' my children be livin', an' grown up an' married an' all.
 Bill's a Policeman to Lunnou—a strappin' girt chap, strite an' tall;
 Jacky an' Zummy be Zailors. They'm stiddy an' drawin' gude pay.
 Jane?—Well o' course her's still single, an' her tendeth me by night an' by day.
 Her might have been wed, but her vancies her duty's to bide long wi' me,
 An' nothin's no trouble to Jinny, her wuz always 'bout Mother you zee.
 The rest be all braave an' happy. Grandchildren? Aw iss by the score!
 Vorty-nine altogether I believe 'tis—an' like enough wan or two moore:
 Taint aisy to mind sich a number, but Jane's got the names all wrote down,
 And I often gets news alla bout 'em vrom hamlet, an' village, an' town.
 Well that's my life's tale, Maister William, 'Tis nothin' that's great or that's grand,
 I be but a simple old Grannie, an' there's lots as I can't understand.
 But I know what Love is, I can tell 'ee, an' so I han't lived all in vain.
 An' I trust in my Heavenly Father though our Life's vull o' sorrow an' pain.
 Now offer a prayer 'fore g'waine homelong, an' think o' my words when I'm gone,
 How I told 'ee to stick to the Gospel, an' laive thicky Cambell alone:
 Praich the Word, an' be instant in Saison, an' you'll be a winner o' men,
 Now mind yu be zure to remimber, ef old Grannie don't zee 'ee again.



Sketch of Newcomin's House, Lower Street, Dartmouth, before it was demolished.

See "Devonshire Characters," by Baring Gould.



Devon Notes.

THE *Cornubian and West Countrie Annual* for 1907-8 (No. 5 of the series) is a capital production, and in its get-up reflects the utmost credit upon its publishers. But its scope is far too wide, its interests too extended. Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset; four large counties are surely too wide an area to be treated satisfactorily in an Annual. The matter is good, the contributions are excellent, but Devon and Cornwall would, to our thinking, have been more successfully dealt with than four large counties, each having an important sphere of influence.

* * *

WEST Country people in all parts of the world will find a good deal of pleasure in the "Sketches" compiled, for the most part in the peasant-speech of Devon, by the Rev. W. Gregory Harris, a native of Tavistock, and for many years a resident in Devon or Somerset. Mr. Harris has had the good fortune to enjoy the confidence of many dear old "granfers and grannies" in village homes; and he knows how to reproduce their stories as studies from the life. Some of these stories are pathetic; others humorous; all are worth preserving. Among his *lialect* sketches is an amusing episode of Bampton Fair, and poems on the Parish Councils Act, Scientific Agriculture, and other fruitful topics. Among the prose sketches is the following:—

A SQUEAMISH VISITOR.

Taking a cup of tea in a little West Country cottage, the hostess noticed that one of her guests (a lady) was not making progress, and exclaimed:—

"Bain't 'ee veelin' well, my dear? yu bain't gettin' on at all wi' yer tay!"

"Somethin' in yer tay, du 'ee zay? (Looks in cup). "Zo there be, my dear; here stop, I'll taken 'en out vor 'ee!" (Puts her forefinger in the cup, and removes a "foreign body")

"Now, there; you'm all right now, my dear. Drink up yer tay. Lor, how delicate you town ladies be. Why t'was nort but a earwig!"

The Golden Hynde.

It was on July 25th that, with a boldness we can hardly realise, the course was laid. Their instruments for finding latitude were far from perfect; longitude it was practically impossible for them to determine at all; the variation of the compass was ascertained with childish crudeness. But straight across the Pacific (for sixty-eight days without sight of land) Drake pushed his way as it were by inspiration.

I.

With the fruit of Aladdin's garden clustering thick in her hold,
With rubies a-wash in her scuppers and her bilge ablaze with gold,
A world in arms behind her to sever her heart from home,
The *Golden Hynde* drove onward, over the glittering foam.

II.

If we go as we came by the Southward, we meet wi' the fleets of Spain!
'Tis a thousand to one against us: we'll turn to the West again;
We have captured a China pilot, his charts and his golden keys;
We'll sail to the Golden Gateway, over the golden seas.

III.

What shall we see as we sail there Clusters of coral and palm,
Oceans of silken slumber, measureless leagues of calm,
Islands of purple story, lit with the westering gleam,
Washed with the mystic whisper, dreaming the world-wide dream.

IV.

There will be shores of sirens, with arms that beckon us near,
As they stand knee-deep in the foam-flowers with perilous breasts and hair;
Sweet is the rest they proffer, yet what should we gain of these,
When we gaze on the Golden Gateway, that shines on the golden seas?

V.

Wound in their white embraces, couched in the lustrous gloom,
Gazing ever to seaward through the broad magnolia bloom,
We should weary of all their kisses when, under the first white star,
Over the limitless ocean, the Golden Gates unbar.

VI.

White hands will strive to hold us; but we must rise and go
Down to the salt sea-beaches, where the waves are whispering low;
White arms will plead in anguish, as the sails fill out to the breeze,
And we turn to the Golden Gateway that burns on the golden seas.

VII.

We shall put out from shore then; out to the Western skies,
With the old despairing rapture and the sunset in our eyes;
What shall we gain of our going? What of the fading gleam?
What of the gathering darkness, what of the dying dream?

VIII.

Only the unknown glory, only the hope deferred,
Only the wondrous whisper, only the unknown word,
Voice of the God that gave us billow and beam and breeze,
As we sail to the Golden Gateway, over the golden seas.

[We print the above by permission of the author from "Forty Singing Seamen and other Poems," by Alfred Noyes. Blackwood, London, 1907]



VIEWS OF LIFTON.

Fox Hunting on Dartmoor.

As the wild red deer is to Exmoor, so is the wild fox, the old aboriginal large grey fox, to Dartmoor. And if you want to know Dartmoor as it ought to be known, scorning guide-books and antiquarian researches into Druidical remains which the freaks of nature have bountifully supplied for the dilettanti, you must hunt this fox. You must not refrain from following after him, and where he goeth you must go, even into the bogs. Getting into a bog on horseback causes a curious sensation that no man who has any respect for science ought to neglect. We have given up limiting ourselves to five senses, and a sixth has been authoritatively announced. If a philosopher could be induced to hunt the fox on Dartmoor, he would experience an entirely new sensation, utterly unlike any other, when he rode his horse into a bog, which he would be bound to announce as a seventh. It is an old tradition, and a well-known fact, that no man or horse was ever hurt in a bog, though it must be allowed that it requires an educated taste, as in the case of Wagner's music and some curious old wines, to like it. But to the past master, the man who has come out in honours, what hunting can be compared to it. It is true that you may take a very high degree in Leicestershire and find yourself at the bottom of the class, if a bog may be made classical, at the University of Dartmoor; and this, no doubt, carries with it its vexations. To lead the field with the Quorn and have to follow a roughish-looking moorman, albeit very well mounted, with the Dartmoor hounds is humiliating. But everybody knows that humility is a very good thing, and it is not less so in fox-hunting than in any other walk, or gallop, in life. To run one of these great grey foxes from the large coverts at Stowford Cleave, on the Erme, near Ivybridge, across the moor to the still larger coverts at Benjay Tor, on the Dart, near Holne Chase, ten miles off, is the perfection of hunting to a really hunting man who is not a common rider to hounds.

There has been a revival of hunting, as there have been other revivals, and hunting has its ritualists as well as other more solemn institutions. The vestments are gay and lively; the tall hat, the neat tie, the scarlet coat, the white leather breeches, the top-boots, and the spurs, with every buckle and button in the right place, makes a cheerful sight on Dartmoor with a pack of hounds, and set off the scenery with great effect. Not to know the names of the hounds; not to know their tongues; not to know their different merits in drawing or in chase, with a huntsman as a high priest of the mysteries is a misery which civilization has happily as yet spared Dartmoor. Sir Francis Grant once said to Count d'Orsay, "That was a fine run." Run!" said d'Orsay, "It was an epic poem."

Such is a run from Stowford Cleave to Benjay Tor. The first stave is sung by Susan. She has already signalled to the huntsman by a feather of her stern that the fox is there, and the fox's delicate ear has caught a warning sound. He has moved at once from his kennel, and soon Susan proclaims him on foot, doubling her tongue in a high-pitched key, like the utterance of a wild cry of delight. He has heard Susan's tongue before, and Sontag's her dam's too, for that matter, a season or two ago, and although you may call it music, he thinks it Billingsgate, and puts her down as a common scold and no company for him. He will get out of hearing as quickly as possible, and being of a rather decided character, as all good foxes are, will not wait to be tally-ho'd and screamed at by the vulgar, but goes away at once. The meets at Ivybridge on great occasions sometimes number three hundred. But there are laggards amongst them, and if the fox breaks quickly they are not all up. The moorman on his small lean thoroughbred-looking mare, with power in the right place, leads the way down what he is pleased to call a path, perpendicular, embossed with boulders, through a dense copse, into a ravine, at the bottom of which is a foaming river. He knows the crossing-place, and you must condescend to follow; not only that, you must descend at the same pace as he does, which is no condescension at all. In any other country this would look like a break-neck piece of business, but on Dartmoor it is only a common-place every-day transaction, and nobody ever breaks his neck.

This is a Dartmoor cleave, coombe, or valley, cleft by the waters, and it is very beautiful. The stream is too large to be called a brook, but the trees nevertheless meet over it, and the dense mass of copse defies the fisherman. The moorman must be followed on the other side, for he knows the way out, and he must go to the moor as quickly as possible. He will tell you that there is not a moment to spare, and not to be in a hurry, which is good advice, though it sounds ambiguous. He means that you must be as quick as you can be, but you must not hurry your horse; for if you impart your hurry to him and set his heart beating, he will not "show you the run." As for the moorman, he goes on at a perpetual easy, deliberate gallop. The hounds are ahead he knows well, but he cannot afford to bustle his mare, and once on the moor he will get to their sterns somehow. He cares not who passes him, he has only one object in view, and that is to see the run, which, if a good moor-run, will demand all his skill and horsemanship, added to the staying blood of his mare.

The moorman scuttles up an unpromising unsportsmanlike-looking lane, and you had better put your pride in your pocket and do the same. Suddenly you emerge on the moor, and you have before you what looks like a vast expanse of fine turf, short furze, and heather, backed, it is true, by dark-looking hills, with tors on their tops, and a suspicion of granite rocks scattered about; but where you are is ground fit for a race-course. You are on high land, and if you are so foolish as to look behind you, Plymouth Sound, with the ships at anchor, the Channel, and a lovely country, rich with meadow, woods, rivers, and pleasant-looking mansions, lies several hundred feet below. Thanks to the moorman, you find yourself on pretty good terms with the hounds, the high enclosures having hindered them a little; but now they are racing as hounds on Dartmoor only do race, with a straight-running fox before them, and under them the old primeval turf which has never known the plough, and a soil on which the gentle dews of heaven never cease to drop. This seems an exceedingly pleasant hunting country, and nothing can be easier than riding to hounds. It is still rising ground, but it does not look very steep, and now would be the time to ride at the tail of the pack. But you have been warned to keep your eye on the moorman, and you see him going on the same easy gallop as before, with his mare's ears pricked forward, hearkening to the hounds. It is exactly the pace she can keep up for ever. You are not long in getting over this fine ground and reaching the black-looking tors. The ground has been gradually rising, and most of the three hundred who had somehow got to the moor have tailed off. The scenery is very wild. The enclosures are out of sight, except in the distance, where the sun is smiling upon them. There is sound footing round the tors, but the high table-land is hopeless bog, from which trickle the streams that scoop out the deep coombes, and joining their forces form into rivers. Many a horse will do the first hill gallantly, and perhaps the second; but the third is the stopper, and when you have got to the top of that and find that your horse can gallop, you may put him down as a Dartmoor hunter, and you may be sure he comes of a long line of sires of the best staying families in England. You may be very proud of your horse, but the moorman will ask you, "Can a' continny?"—which being interpreted means, "Can he continue to gallop for ever?" If he cannot his mane and his tail and all his other beauties are held in scorn. No stranger can go here; you must know every inch of country or you must follow someone who does.

There are three sorts of bog—the impassable, the just passable, and the sound though deep—indistinguishable except by personal experience. This the moorman has; it has been the business of his life and he has been in all of them. He takes a very decided line and soon gets on the jobber's path, on which drovers have driven their cattle for centuries, as sound ground in the midst of the bogs. He keeps the hounds well in sight and hearing by virtue of this path, but suddenly leaving it, he rides down a boggy precipice with the inevitable granite, improving his pace a little, to the river Awne. It is the Awne in Dartmoor, but the Avon "in along." It is a bad river to cross, but he knows the best place, and half cheats the opposite hill by riding up a little coombe with a stream in it. The hounds have crossed about a quarter of a mile above, the worst of Dartmoor has been passed, and you are upon the best galloping ground on its borders. The hounds are still going a terrific pace, and you must ride all you know. You are on high land, and away on your right you can see the valleys and thick woodlands leading down to the Dart; beyond, the rich land, with Teignmouth and the Teign in the extreme distance. Before you, some way off the moor, lie Holne Chase and Buckland-on-the-Moor, two of the most lovely places in Devon, opposite one another, with the Dart rolling and roaring between.

—From "Country Matters in Short," by W. F. COLLIER. Duckworth and Co.



West Country Verses.

A COPY of a charming book of West Country Verses, by Arthur L. Salmon, has just reached us. It is published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, and the price is three shillings. The volume contains a number of poems which have appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, *Longman's*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *Lady's Realm* and other periodicals, besides a selection from two previous volumes entitled, "West Country Ballads and Verses" (1899), and "Lyrics and Verses" (1902). Many of the pieces are in the Devonshire dialect, and are mainly illustrative of rural life and character. Some of the titles suggest this, viz., "The Parish Clerk," "The Old Schoolmaster," "A Village Celibate," "A Village Spinster," "The Old Sexton," etc., etc.; while several, such as "Tackling the Curate," "The Old Wife to the New," "A District Visitor," and others, show the religious thoughts and feelings of the rustics in the villages of Devon and Cornwall. The patriotic and descriptive pieces include "A Song of Devon": a beautiful lyric; "The Mouth of the Lyn"; "Sunset by the Exe"; "Ilfracombe"; and several old-world legends of the Western Shires. Reciters in the Devonshire dialect will find ample material for their talents in this delightful volume, which appeals to all tastes.

Devonian Dinner in Calcutta.

THE annual gathering of the Devonian Society took place last night in the Dalhousie Institute. There were some sixty men of Devon and their guests in all at the dinner table, and the speeches which followed upon the honouring of the usual loyal toasts were both humorous and effective. The President, Sir Frederick Upcott, proposed the Society which has taken such deep root here, and Mr. W. H. Sparkes gave "The Guests," to which Sir Francis Maclean responded. Mr. Elworthy's proposal of the health of the President and Chairman was warmly honoured. The Devon dialect was much in evidence, not to mention the junket and cider. The honours recently conferred upon Sir John Hewett and Mr. Elworth were the subject of general congratulation. Devon seems to hold an unique place among the counties in England, for societies to promote the welfare and friendship of members exist in all parts of the Empire. This is attributed to the well-known devotion of Devonians to the beautiful county they come from, and the clannishness which obtains among them in whatever part of the world they are found. What better motto could they have than "Semper Fidelis?"

The Chairman, Sir Frederick Upcott, said it was a great honour to him to propose the toast of the Devonian Society in Calcutta. He remarked that it was only a few months ago the United Devon Association held their annual dinner in London with Lord Fortescue presiding. Although the Devonian Society in Calcutta, he said, was affiliated to the parent society in England, its aims were not quite alike, the Indian Society exists specially for the promotion of friendship between all Devonians in India and for helping them when necessity arises, and in this it is both prosperous and successful. In reading a book called *Devonia*, the official book of the parent Association, it may be noted that that book preaches the gospel of Devonshire to outsiders, and advises them to go and visit Devonshire and live there. Whereas the one object of the exiled Devonian was to go back there and they needed no incentive, for all Devonians have a common interest in their county, its moorlands, its valleys, its tors, its combes, its rivers, and its sea, and for those who are many thousands of miles away, these beauties of nature have a very special fascination and call them back to the land of their birth. Another common bond is the Devonshire dialect, and there is probably nothing so delightful to a Devonshire man when he goes home as to hear the familiar speech once more. The Chairman here related an amusing account of an interview with an old friend in the Demshur dialect, and went on to suggest that the dialect should never be allowed to die out from the ordinary speech of any Devonians of whatever rank, and specially urged those living abroad not to let it get rusty for want of use. He instanced Mr. Sparkes as an example of one who probably not only spoke, but thought in that dialect. The privilege of being a Devonian can, the Chairman said, be only inherited by birthright, but long residence in that county might possibly result in a claim to that inestimable privilege, and he commended the possibility of attaining this privilege to the attention of the guests, who might, although they belong to the outer world, by going to Devonshire and by living there, hope to qualify themselves as almost Devonians. But those who are really Devonshire men, and for good or evil had to spend the best of their life in India, they looked forward to return to their country once more, but whether they had many years of further absence to face, or whether they were nearing the limit of the exile, the Chairman knew they would always have the interests of the Devonian Society at heart, and he asked them to drink to the toast of the Devonian Society and its continued prosperity and success.

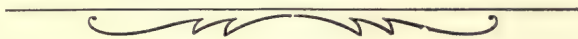
Mr. Sparkes, in proposing the health of the Guests, desired first to take up the challenge of the President as regards the Devonshire dialect, and remarked that to his accustomed ears he could draw no distinction between the language he used when he attempted to profess the Devonshire dialect and when he was speaking what he called English. This, he thought, was a very high compliment to his attainments in the familiar tongue. He referred to a former dinner and certain remarks concerning himself that were made in the speeches, and he had endeavoured during his residence in Devonshire lately to ascertain in what estimation he was held there. This he gave in an amusing account of a cricket match spoken in the well-known vernacular. Turning to the proper subject of his speech, Mr. Sparkes paid a high compliment to the Chief Justice, and to the esteem and affection which existed between him and the rest of the legal profession both within and without his court, and said that the presence of the Chief Justice in Calcutta during the hot weather greatly tended, as he was informed, to alleviate the discomforts that Society endured. To Archdeacon Luckman, to Mr. Wilkinson, and to Sir Ernest Cable, Mr. Sparkes gave a hearty welcome, and endeavoured to connect their success in life to some benign influence originating in Devonshire. The Lord Chief Justice of Bengal (Sir Francis Maclean) and Archdeacon Luckman both responded.

Mr. H. Elworthy then proposed the health of the President of the Devonian Society in Calcutta, and drew attention to the fact that the former President (Sir John Hewett), when in Calcutta before, was in charge of the Commerce and Industry Department, and that he and Sir Frederick Upcott, Chairman of the Railway Board, had both been instrumental in their official careers in the development of India and its trade. They were both Devonians and had given the best of their lives to the interests of the public service in India. Sir Frederick Upcott briefly responded.

—Extract from the *Pioneer*, (Calcutta), dated Wednesday, 15th January, 1908.



TEIGNMOUTH.



EXMOUTH.

Exiled Devonians.

SINCE our last issue several notable gatherings of West countrymen have been held in various parts of the country, and these are duly chronicled in the pages of the *Illustrated Western Weekly News*, from which we glean the following:—

The first annual dinner of the Devon and Cornwall Association for the County of Surrey took place at the Angel Hotel, Guildford, on February 26th, 1908, under the presidency of Mr. P. E. Pilditch. The "Angel" is an ancient hostelry, and those living in the old counties of Devon and Cornwall who at any future time should pay a visit to Surrey should not omit to go to Guildford to see this fine old place, for there is nothing in England to compare with it. The President made a racy speech, of which the following is a *résumé*:—

The Chairman, in proposing "The West Countree," referred to the loss the association had sustained by the death of their first president, General Sir John Crease. He supposed the majority of his audience were Devonshire or Cornish people born and bred, and that they had the feeling now and then that, in spite of the delightful things which Surrey had to offer—such as scenery, and sometimes wives—(laughter)—and they were but sojourners in a far land. When he went to the station at Weybridge in the mornings and saw the L. and S.W. lines stretching away to the west, where the lines converged and diminished and lost themselves in the haze, the towns and cities of the far West would often rise before his mind. He could see the grand old Cathedral at Exeter, the red cliffs of the south coast at Sidmouth and Dawlish, and the beautiful scenery of the Dart and Totnes. Sometimes, too, he would fancy himself going down the north coast over wind-swept Dartmoor, through Okehampton, on to Plymouth, where he saw Mount Edgumbe, Drake's Island, and the glittering sea, with ships passing in and out. Then one passed over the Tamar into Cornwall by the old bridge at Saltash, where one saw the leviathans at anchor that were at present in the hands of a fellow-Devonian, Mr. George Lambert, the Civil Lord of the Admiralty. (Cheers.) Entering the delectable Duchy one passed through Liskeard to Bodmin Moor—a very good imitation of Dartmoor. (Laughter.) Then on one went to Truro, with its great new Cathedral, and Mounts Bay, St. Michael's Mount, and St. Ives, and finally to Land's End, where one could fancy one saw the Scilly Isles out across the Atlantic. (Cheers.) He felt in an awkward position in proposing a dual toast, because it was like proposing to two ladies at the same time. (Laughter.) He was born in Devon, in sight of Cornwall, and had fought a political fight in Cornwall, and during his campaign was often called "Maister Pilchard." (Laughter.) He felt it no light task to propose the toast of the counties that had given birth to such men as Drake, Raleigh, Grenville, King Arthur of Round Table fame, Sir Humphrey Davy, Bishop Trelawny, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Henry Irving, and Lord Courtney. (Cheers.) But there were some things he had never been able to settle, and wished to ask some questions of Devon or Cornish people. First, was it Devonshire or Cornish clotted cream? (Cries of "Devonshire" and "Cornish.") He believed it was really introduced by the Phœnicians. (Laughter.) He would quote them some lines on the clotted cream.

Nothing on earth, or in poet's dream,
Is so rich and rare as your Cornish cream,
Its Orient tinge like spring-time morn,
Or baby buttercups, newly born;
Its balmy perfume, delicate pulp—
One longs to swallow it all at a gulp.
Sure, man had never such gifts or theme
As your melt-in-the-mouthy Devonshire cream.

(Cheers and laughter.) His next questions were:—Where did Plymouth end, and Stonehouse begin? (Laughter.) What was the capital of Cornwall—Bodmin, Launceston, or Truro? Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence had said it was Truro. Who was the most hospitable, a Devonshire farmer or a Cornish fisherman? Which was the most beautiful, a Devonshire lane, a Cornish moor, or a Surrey common? There was no answer and they dared not answer, because they knew one was as beautiful as the other—or very nearly. (Laughter.) Who was the most beautiful—a Devon, or Cornish, or a Surrey lass? Which was the finer view—the Plymouth Sound from the Hoe or that from the Gurnard's Head? It was easy to test a man to see if he were a Devonian. He must be asked a question. If he answered "yes" he was no Devonian, but if he said—(here the speaker drew back his breath, giving a sound similar to the letter "f")—(loud laughter)—then he was a Devonshire man. (Applause.) A Devonshire man would say: "Wheer bee gwain tu, ma dear?" To test a Cornishman he should be asked: "My dear, d'ed 'ee ever see a duck clunk a gay?"—(laughter)—and if he was a true Cornishman he would answer, "Larn thy granny to lap ashes." (Laughter.) Fifty years ago it took four days to go from Plymouth to Penzance by coach, and now they could go—thanks to the G.W.R.—from Paddington to Penzance in a few hours. The Cornish language was last spoken at Mousehole by Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1768, and he wondered whether anyone present could translate the following lines for him:—

Ma' lel an lav, ma'n cledha mas
 Ma'n golon lowen, gwir!
 Tis matern jams wra convedhas
 Pandr allo kernow Sir!
 Vercow Trelawny bras?
 Verow Trelawny bras?
 Mey igans mil a dis kernow
 A woffette il an cas.

Which translated read:—

The lard is loyal, the sword is good,
 The heart is merry, true!
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornwall sure can do!
 And shall Trelawny die?
 And shall Trelawny die?
 Then twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why!

(Cheers.) There had been some delightful Westcountry books written during the last few years. Had they ever read "The Mayor of Troy," "Wild Life at the Land's End"; or the stories of Eden Phillpotts' "Tales of Dartmoor," the Rev. R. Stephen Hawker, of Morwenstow, or the Rev. Baring-Gould? Of course, they had read "Lorna Doone," but perhaps they had not read a charming book, recently written by an American, on "Some Interesting English Towns" (W. D. Howell). He gave them the dual toast, "The West Countree," and might the descendants of him who gave them water never want wine. (Cheers.)

Other speeches were delivered by Mr. W. Pardon-Howe, Mr. C. D. Collins, Mr. J. P. Roberts, Mr. H. T. Michell, Mr. W. J. Davies, and there was a capital musical programme. Mr. H. T. Michell is the Hon. Secretary.

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Westcountrymen in Hampshire foregathered at Southampton at the end of last month, and although the prevalence of influenza in the borough kept away many who would otherwise have been present, the gathering was, according to the *Southern Daily Echo*, a merry and enjoyable one, being, as one speaker put it, like a whiff from the Devonshire moors. Mr. Edward James, of Plymouth, presided, and was well supported. Mr. A. Broomfield (Hon. Secretary) proposed the toast of "Southampton, the County of our adoption," and told some capital stories in the "Demshur" dialect. He read a letter in the vernacular which he had received from Colonel Swalm, who had previously accepted the invitation, but was "down" with influenza. It ran as follows:—"Maister Broomfield.—I do be roight glad to coome an' have sum'at to eat with ye on the day for'nt, me being in condicion at the day. It be a rale kindly thing in ye thinkin' on me, fr the hour of the meeting o' the men o' Devon, an' I'm beholden to 'ee fr it. I'll toggle me out in me black an' be on the hour awaitin' yet at the Tavern ye name. So greet'n ye I am, yer servant, Albert Swalm." The Mayor, the Chairman, and others spoke, and a capital musical programme was gone through.

* * *

Devonians in Bristol held their annual dinner on the 28th of February. The President (Mr. W. Redwood, Tiverton) occupied the chair, and the company numbered one hundred and twenty. The guest of the evening was Mr. George Lambert, M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty. In response to a toast proposed in a capital speech by the Rev. A. Blatchford, of "Devon, our County," Mr. Lambert, who was given an enthusiastic welcome, said he was proud to be associated with Devonians in that flourishing West-country port, and glad that he had left the scent where that afternoon—he hoped without carnage—(laughter)—had been fought the battle of the sexes. (Renewed laughter.) The Phœnicians of old came to Devon and Cornwall in search of tin, and he hoped the men and women of Devon who had come to Bristol had been successful in their search for the same article. (Laughter.) It was customary to sing the praises of their native county, but to sum it up shortly he should say that Devonshire was the first county of the first country in the world. (Applause.) The history of Devonians was inseparably connected with the history of the British Empire. (Applause.) There was hardly a part of the British Empire that had not been colonized by Devonians. As to the department to which he had the honour to belong, he would say, in response to the words of Mr. Holman, that pending the arrival of those halcyon days when the nations of the world were prepared to turn their swords into ploughshares, it was the duty of the Admiralty, irrespective of party, to keep our navy in a state of adequate strength and matchless efficiency for the defence of our empire. (Applause.) Reference had been made to the seadogs of old. We had, he believed, Devonians and Englishmen in the Navy to-day who, if the opportunity arose—pray God it might not arise—would be as staunch and as strong in the defence of the country as were those men of Devon who

added lustre to the annals of the county in years gone by. The stock survived to-day, and when the Admiralty called for the larger number of recruits for the Navy he was proud to think that Devonshire was one of the first counties to respond to the appeal, and it was always looked upon by the Naval recruiting agents as being the county from which they got the best recruits. (Applause.) They could best show their respect to their ancestors by emulating their good example. They must not trust, they did not trust, to their ancestors alone, but they hoped they could trust to themselves. They did not want to be likened to the potato, the best part of which was underground. (Laughter.) If they went into rural Devon they would find a stock worthy of the Devonians of past days.

Mr. W. A. Roberts proposed "Bristol, the city of our adoption." Mr. W. Howell Davies, M.P., responding. The Mayor of Exeter (Mr. H. Gadd) gave "The Society of Devonians in Bristol," and the President replied; and Councillor Mosey proposed "Our Visitors," and Mr. J. Sanders and Mr. J. V. Biddington replied.

* * *

Westcountrymen in Reading held their annual dinner and annual meeting during the last week in February, and had a very successful gathering. The Rev. G. F. Coleridge, formerly of Cadbury, presided. Mr. Clement Tregay and Mr. W. Lobb are the Hon. Secretaries of this flourishing Devon and Cornwall Society.



TEIGNMOUTH.

A Wanderer in Devonshire.

Mr. Bart Kennedy is well known as a writer; he has made some very acceptable contributions to twentieth century literature, but none more entertaining than his "Wander Pictures," published by Cassells a short time ago. Mr. Kennedy is essentially a wanderer. He picked up his education (we quote from *Who's Who?*) "in knocking about the world. Reared in Manchester; was a half-timer at the age of six in a cotton mill; worked up to the age of twenty in mills and machine shops in Manchester; went to sea before the mast; been a labourer and a tramp in the United States; lived and fought with Indians; gold-mined up in Klondyke long before the gold rush; became an opera singer and an actor; been a good deal round the world generally; drifted into writing." Mr. Kennedy visited Devonshire one summer, and has given his impressions of the locality and the people in his own inimitable manner in "Wander Pictures." We give a few extracts:—

"England really is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Here in Devon the sky is as clear and as blue and as luminous as the sky of the south of Spain. And there is not the oppressive heat.

* * *

Exeter is a clear-aired town with a blue sky and a foreign look. The people you meet in the street are civil and obliging, with none of the abruptness and harshness of manner that is alleged to be typically English. In fact, the people of the south-west of England are very nice people indeed.

The Devonians are especially a good people to get along with, and they are fine and healthy looking. The women are especially good to look upon. They are well formed and pleasant looking, and their complexion is as clear and beautiful as their own blue sky.

The Devon voice falls clearly and pleasantly upon the ear. In fact, to hear the people speak makes one realize that England after all has a graceful and musical language."

He then goes on describing his walk from Exeter to Moretonhampstead:—

"Exeter lay down beneath me, and up above me and over the distant hills the sky was clear and cloudless and blue. The air was filled with the glorious aroma of summer. And down along by the stretching road were valleys green and richly tinted and shaded. Off from me the road stretched and curved up over the hills. It was a road always going upwards. But I went along, not minding. I was going up in the midst of the air and the beauty and the light. Always going upwards. I was now on the slope of the far-off hills that I had seen far off from Exeter. The vital, sustaining air kept the fatigue from me. Off through a gap in the hills I could see the stretch of the great Dartmoor—a treeless wild stretch with wild hills. And at last I was in a valley. Off from me a river ran down over small, glistening waterfalls. My destination was now about five miles away. But it was five miles 'mostly gin th' collar,' as a Devon man who was passing told me. Through the gaps in the hills the great moor was now plainly to be seen to the south-west."

He describes Moretonhampstead as "a white, compact place shining in the sun."

"Here I was in the white, compact town on the edge of the moor. It lay on a plateau on the slope of the hill. A small place off out of the world, with a life and character of its own. The faces of the people looked easy and tranquil of expression."

He stayed at a comfortable and pleasant little hotel kept by pleasant people; and "after a chop—a genuine English chop that had the flavour of the moorland about it—and a bottle of claret, I went out to view the world of Moretonhampstead."

He protests strongly on the fact that an awful German band was making the town hideous, "destroying the poetry of the beautiful little town with their dreadful discordance."

On leaving Moretonhampstead our wanderer made his way to Princetown, taking what his obliging landlord called a short cut, which in his case proved a very long cut, as he nearly lost himself on the moor. He confesses that he had no particular interest in exploring the prehistoric remains that the landlord informed him he would find *en route*, as he lacked the historic sense. Eventually he reached the high road across the moor, hot but not weary, for there was a gentle and refreshing breeze blowing over the moor which tempered the heat.

"Whether it was so or not, I don't know, but the road seemed to lie up on the highest part of the moor. It would appear off and along and around for miles and miles dominating the wildness and loneliness. It was as if it were living. A long, stretching white road shining in the brilliance of the sun. The moor was full of sound and life. I was in a world outside the sway of the reign of man. Men had built the white, shining, stretching road—and the road here was over all—but it was as if it were now a thing outside and greater than the builders of it. How small was a man as he went slowly along it.

The moor gave the effect of a place that had once been a plain. In it were immense sweeps and hollows and great stretching rises, the tops of which were crowned with rock foundations—the tors. It was as if this moor were once a dead level plain, and as if it had risen up in innumerable places from the sudden working of a seismic convulsion. The plain had been raised up, but it had not been broken. It had held its surface as the ocean would hold its surface as it blenched and rose under a sudden burst of wind. But these land waves were mightier than any waves of the ocean. And they had been struck suddenly to stillness as the under power had risen them. This was the impression the great moor brought to my mind. A place strange and primal, and giving forth a sense of unbroken vastness, a place over which a road reigned—a long white road that shone in the brilliance of the sun. The air was pure and strangely clear. An air invigorating and refreshing. Off from the road were the stone circles—irregular circles of stone that had been laid out by the men of England when they worshipped the glowing, life-giving Sun-god. Within these sacred circles had stood the invokers of the light of the day.”

“I had walked six miles to the south-west, and here was the lonely inn to the right of the road on the moor. I went in and sat down, and soon I was talking over good Devon ale to a burly, blue-eyed farmer, who had come in to quench his thirst and take his ease at the inn. He had always lived on the moor, and there was something in the look of his eyes such as one sees in the eyes of the men who sail the oceans in ships. In them was pictured the vagueness and the mystery of the great, rolling moor. Men are as the places wherein they live. Here was an old primitive bridge of great flat stones over the Dart. I was now some way along the road from the inn, and I was standing on this bridge of great flat stones. The Britons had built this bridge for the passing of their war chariots over the river. It was simply made, and it had the power and lasting strength of simplicity. Just great flat stones resting on supports of stones rising out of the water and fitted deftly one over and one into the other. And over this bridge the men who worshipped the sun had gone forth to war. Over it they had gone to fight the dread legions of mighty Rome.

Higher and higher up lifted the road over the moor. And the sun fell more and more to the west, and the heat began to pass out of the clear air. And the great moor was flooded with gold and the stretching road beyond began to lose its sharp, hard line. It still stood out clearly, but a softness had come into its line. The larks sang in the blue clearness up above the moor.

“Here again was the Dart—the winding river of the moor. It was going as it had gone before the coming of man—a winding river. And there came through the air the toll of a bell. It carried clearly through the distance. And it was gone. And it came again. It sounded softly and clearly, but there was in it a mysterious suggestion, as if some menace lay behind its tone. And as I walked along the road, which still wound upwards, the greyness of twilight began slowly to settle over the face of the great moor.”



PRINCETOWN CHURCH.



TIVERTON ON THE EXE.



COVE BRIDGE, NEAR TIVERTON.

“DEVONIA” APARTMENTS LIST.

*Applications to be inserted in this List should be made to the,
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and the benefit likely to be great.*

DEVON. Bridgerule.

Part of Farm house, 3 bedrooms, Sittingroom, Kitchen, Pantry, Southern Aspect, William Paddon. 5-7

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Comfortable Apartments. Board optional, three miles private water on dart, Salmon sea trout, reel and brown trout. Mrs. Nichols, Furzleigh. 5-7

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To Let, furnished Apartments or Board lodgings. North Cornwall. Miss Cowling, Manaton, Wide-mouth Bay. 8-7
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DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VIII.]

APRIL, 1908.

[No. 4.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Messrs. Underhill & Co., Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.

Editorial Notes.

WITH the present number *Devonia* starts under new, and we confidently believe improved, auspices. Difficulties which were experienced during the previous year have either been entirely removed or considerably modified. The burden of financial responsibility which formerly rested upon the Council of the U.D.A. has now been undertaken by the printers, Messrs. Underhill and Co., who have taken up the work in a business-like spirit, and are determined to spare no effort to make the enterprise a success.

On their behalf, and on behalf of the Association generally, we solicit the help of all concerned, in order that the work of the U.D.A. may be carried on with vigour, untrammelled by financial considerations, and that *Devonia* may become, as it ought to have proved from the first, a good commercial undertaking.

To bring this about, several things are required.

First, contributions are needed for the magazine pages of *Devonia*. We solicit articles, stories, poems, descriptive and humorous sketches, notes from towns of past or forthcoming events; in fact, any information that may prove attractive to visitors and residents. We also solicit prints and photographs for reproduction.

It is our intention to continue from time to time the series of "Beautiful Homes," which was so popular a feature in previous volumes; to deal with the "Rivers of Devon" which have not been already treated; to give occasional articles on the principal industries of Devon, to wit, cider making, pottery, lace, and so forth; also to give brief biographies (accompanied by portraits) of Devonshire worthies; and to introduce to our readers occasional tit-bits of local literature from the works of the leading Devonian authors, both in prose and poetry. This is a fairly large programme, but with the hearty assistance of our members at home and abroad, we feel confident that we can carry it out.

Secondly, we solicit from hotel keepers, lodging-house keepers, and tradesmen generally, advertisements for the business portion of *Devonia*, as by this means alone can our printers recoup themselves for the heavy cost of production. It must be remembered that we print and circulate five thousand copies of *Devonia* per month; that our little magazine is to be found on ocean liners, in clubs and hotels in foreign countries, and everywhere else where Britons congregate. It should therefore be an excellent medium for advertisers, and especially for those who cater for tourists, visitors, and temporary residents in the beautiful land we delight to call "Fair Devon."

Finally, we desire to enlist the cordial support and practical help of honorary local secretaries and correspondents; of the officials of Devonian and West Country Associations in other districts as well as in the Colonies, and we wish to impress upon all such that an obligation rests upon them inasmuch as *Devonia* is the only medium of inter-communication between "Devonian exiles" and the dwellers in the old homeland. By inducing their members to become subscribers to the U.D.A., or to subscribe to *Devonia*, much good may be done, and the work of the Association may be carried on more fully, more completely, and more satisfactorily than was ever dreamed of by our revered founder, the late Mr. W. J. Richards, whose programme was indeed a liberal one. We look with hope to the future.

Beautiful Homes — of Devon. —

• • LYNEHAM. • •

Seat of W. E. P. BASTARD, Esq.

Written especially for "DEVONIA."

THE old historian Prince, writing in the year of grace sixteen hundred and ninety nine, says of this charming and ancient place in his "Worthies of Devon" that it is "a pleasant seat by the side of the river Yaum or Yalham in the parish of Yaumpton." Evidently our forbears thought less of distance than do we folk of to-day, for as a matter of fact the pleasant heritage really lies a considerable distance from the river, and only at the far end of the terrace, a quarter of a mile in length, can one catch the glint of water as it glides downward to join the sea by



THE PORCH.

Newton Ferrers and Noss. The existing house is not that spoken of by the chronicler of great and notable Devonshire men either, for old Prince, of happy memory, speaks of the former mansion as "an antient house which being grown weak and decrept thro' age, is now a repairing, or rather rebuilding." The annals of Lyneham give its date as seventeen hundred and one, so that this rebuilding evidently was a couple of years in the doing, and has some of the material of the older house wrought into its being.

Fashioned of good local granite, and enduring local marbles, it is an eminently lovable old house, though in these latter days of wildernesses of masonry, it is undeniably small—taken as a country mansion. What it loses,

however, in mere size it gains in individuality, and the rooms have each a charm of their own, utterly lacking in many houses covering a greater area.

From the drawing-room, with its delightful old china, its rare Bartolozzi prints and ancient plenishings, one looks out from either of its three windowss upon the soft beauty of the South Hams country. The sun shines pleasantly upon the green sward and lights up the group of ilex trees over against the drive. Tall trees rise skywards, and in one of them lives a little colony of white owls, one learns. The foliage of rose and jasmine shows where presently there will be sweetness and colour all about the old grey walls. Ivy clusters round the broken arches above the doorway and gives an impression of great age, so that the mind quite naturally inclines to a backward glance, and one muses awhile over the old days when a certain Sir John Crocker, cupbearer to King Edward the Fourth was born, and had his home here (in the former house, of course), his posterity flourishing after him "in worshipful degree," to quote again from quaint old Prince.

This ancient Saxon race, so considerable a family here in Devon before the Conquest, by and bye were allied in marriage with another old Devonshire house, that of Bulteel, these lands finally coming to the last-named family from whom they were bought by an ancestor of the present owner.

This family of Bastard was in other days possessed of very extensive properties in the county. Old records show that Efford, Stonehouse, Meavy, Bickeston, Haraldshore and Blacheurde belonged to William le Bastard in the twentieth year of William the Conqueror. With the incoming and outgoing of the generations these great possessions have changed hands many times—after the fashion of all mutable things, and the head of the family was seated now here, now there, until Kitley came to them by a marriage of one of its sons with the heiress of Pollexfen of Kitley.

But to return to the old house of Lyneham as one sees it to-day. The porch was added not very many years ago, the arched entrance being from the older building, without a doubt. It is of the good Devon granite, with the mullion perfect after all these centuries, as are the mullion windows of the basement on the other side of the house. Mr. Bastard's own room is interesting with trophies of the chase and pictures of sport, and books relating to the estate and to sport. In Mrs. Bastard's room there is a very good Adam mantel-piece, and everywhere there is wood panneling, and fascinating old furniture, with the polish which centuries of use have given it. A "tall boys" with gleaming brass handles, a special treasure of the chatelaine of Lyneham is this, and charming antique cabinets for china, for silver, and for *bibelots* generally.

Fragments of the ancient house still stand, the walls of a great thickness; but of the old-time chapel, of which Prince wrote, there is no trace—it is gone with the years. There are still the walls of the old pleasure, with roses running over them as though they loved these sun-smitten bits of masonry of a long past day. One such mellow old wall enclosed "Lady Elizabeth's garden," where grew the flowers, the simples, and herbs of a bygone time. Just beyond it is a well; with some picturesque fragments of worked stone, suggesting the architecture of the vanished chapel. Indeed there are probable survivals of the actual fabric of the chapel in various parts of the grounds, the doorway of the stable, for instance, might well have been a bit of it.

The rose garden is a hobby of its fortunate owners; it is flanked by an old orchard on rising ground; indeed there are ancient lichen'd apple trees here and there still, with roses climbing up into the branches. Besides roses white, roses pink, and roses ruby red, there are palms, bamboos, and a big gunera, all growing and prospering mightily out of doors in this Riviera-like garden, watered by a little stream fringed with ferns, snowdrops, and daffodowndillies. It seems sheltered from all the winds that blow, save and except the south wind, which comes up the valley from the sea. It looks out upon swelling woods and emerald park land, and one hazards the opinion that one might surely live on for ever here if so willed. Space, flowers, trees, running water, the song of



LYNEHAM HOUSE.



THE GARDENS.

birds, and a great peace combining to make it beautiful, happy, healthy, and eminently desirable.

The terrace leads one by degrees on to the woodlands, where is a beautiful old avenue of beeches, once the main approach to the house. It is March, and they are burgeoning in anticipation of the full springtide of a few weeks hence. Looking down the long vista they remind one of nothing else so much as a majestic gothic cloister, exquisitely proportioned. Coming back through the spring sunshine one sees white violets growing wild like daisies; periwinkles, white as well as blue, running riot among the underwood; pale, shy primroses and down-drooping daffodils, quite a wealth of wild flowers. Away there among the trees rises the smoke from the chimneys of Kitley, this old habitation of the Bastards and the Pollexfens before them, adjoining the Lyneham demesne,



THE WOODLANDS.

and making up together an area of some nine thousand acres. The low-lying parts are watered by the rivers Yealm and Kitley, and there is probably no fairer scene in all the West of England than the Yealm estuary, where branching creeks open up peeps at woodlands which are beautiful exceedingly. The Kitley Caves are upon this estate, and are amongst the marvels of South Devon; they are sometimes shown by courtesy of Mr. Bastard.

These caves were discovered in 1834, when the limestone quarries were being worked. In one were found some animal remains, which, with a lamentable lack of intelligence on the part of the finders, were thrown away and so lost. In the second cave, where stalactites and stalagmites have been carefully preserved, the bones of a large animal were found embedded in the rock. What is supposed to be a lion's tooth still remains; and several skulls of the hyena were found from time to time. According to an undoubted authority, Southern Devonshire in the immediately preceding epoch to the "Great Deluge" harboured ravenous quadrupeds which preyed—after their kind—on another race of the harmless or herbivorous kind, for in these caves have been found the bones and teeth of the horse, the ox, the rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, fox, sheep, rabbit, hare, and polecat. In these interesting caves pebbles such as one finds near the sea or by rivers were found at intervals, also the breccia or hard masses of stone.

[We are indebted to Mr. W. R. GAY, of South Brent, for the pictures which illustrate this article. EDITOR, *Devonia*.]



Some Portions of
OLD EXETER

Sketched by Octavius Pulling M.S.A.
1885.



See page 76.

Bits of Old Exeter.

HE sheet of illustrations of Old Exeter is copied from a pen-and-ink drawing recently acquired by the Editor of *Devonia* in Plymouth. It was executed by Mr. Octavius Ralling, Architect, of Exeter, just twenty-three years ago. The four corner sketches are in that quarter of the city in the neighbourhood of the Church of St. Mary Steps, and are recognisable now, although somewhat altered since these drawings were made. The centre shows two fine old houses which formerly stood in North Street, but have long since disappeared, having been removed for street widening. "Father Peter," who formerly stood in a niche at the corner of North Street, has not moved far, having gone to a higher niche in a new house adjoining. The mention of Father Peter reminds one of a clever humorous sketch, entitled, "Father Peter's Soiree," written many years ago by Mr. Frederick Thomas, a well-known tradesman of Exeter, now residing at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and we are glad to say in excellent health. Mr. Thomas recited this piece, which is full of reminiscences of old Exeter, at a recent gathering of Devonians.



Dartmoor.

Oh! how I love the hills and dales,
The winding streams, the rocky vales,
Before thy grandeur all else pales,
Oh! Dartmoor.

The heather growing on the moor
Makes a sweet-scented, purple floor;
The place that's nearest Heaven's door
Is Dartmoor.

At any season, any hour,
In snow or mist, in sun or shower,
I love each stream, each hill, each flower
On Dartmoor.

'Tis there the air with song doth ring,
As birds and brook their praises sing
To God, their great Almighty King,
On Dartmoor.

MAVIS DORIEL HAY (Age 14).

[Associate's Prize Poem in the *Gentlewoman* for "Four Verses on the place where I would like best to live."]



Golf and fine Scenery.

WHERE in the West of England would you find finer air and more beautiful scenery than on the Woolacombe Bay Golf Links? they extend about one and a half miles "out" to the tenth hole, and eight holes home run parallel with the Atlantic. The club was formed in August of last year, under the presidency of Earl Fortescue, taking over the existing nine-hole course, three of which have to be given up, leaving twelve new greens and tees to be made. The course, which will be playable at Easter, will be one of the most sporting courses in the kingdom. The "Biarritz Hole," No. 13, and the "Parlour Hole," No. 7, not forgetting the 18th, "Jacob's Ladder," are to the golfer worth a visit alone. The "Round Green" is sure also to be a favourite; in fact, all holes are good and require real golf. Nearly all the holes are guarded by good hazards, slicing and pulling being severely punished. The course being sandy, is playable at any time of the year, and the station for these links is Morte Hoe.

Romance and Reality at Princetown.

PRINCETOWN is so named in honour of the "First Gentleman in Europe," who found good entertainment here with his friend, the Warden of the Stannaries, Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, and made love in the royal way to one Dolly Copplestone.

Now Dolly had a lover, a thick-headed dumpling-faced Devon lad, who took it into his stupid brains that it would be better for Dolly to be an honest man's wife than anything "The First Gentleman in Europe" could make of her. So the stupid fellow spoiled sport, and whisked Dolly off to Lydford Church and really married her. This is a little country romance, which had a simple country ending, and no tragedy came of it. "Dolly's Cot," in ruins now, is at Dartmeet, where she lived to a good old age, and lived so pure and sweet a life that when she died the tanners stopped work and carried her coffin to Widemouth Church; and the women of the moorside walked in the procession, wearing "white skirts and white kerchiefs pinned across their shoulders."

Princetown has been a prison for a century. Before the latest *entente cordiale* French prisoners of war were here in plenty. There was not much trouble taken to guard prisoners, who roamed about pretty much as they pleased, and were glad enough to return at meal times. Officers on parole were allowed to live in towns and villages, within certain limits, and were only fined if found fishing up streams past certain boundary stones. It really wasn't very bad to be a prisoner of war if one had a little money with which to buy things, and to grease the palms of men who saw one roaming and fishing out of bounds. People come here now and pay for the privileges which broke the hearts of patriotic Frenchmen to endure.

The prison is now a national institution for the restoration of unfortunate men corrupted by society. Patients wear uniform marked with the "broad arrow" to distinguish them as national property, and every care is taken of them lest they should lose their way in a fog. When anyone is reported "missing," a search is made with as much diligence as though the Koh-i-noor were missing from the Tower. An old lady living in a lonely part of the moor once informed the officials that there were "broad arrow" marks around her roost. There were, sure enough, on the soft ground. A Princetown treasure must have escaped. Whilst they were talking and examining, a flock of geese waddled along. The counterfeit presentment of the broad arrow was theirs.

Sometimes men wearing the broad arrow are anxious to be lost to official sight. They tire so quickly of studying the beauties of nature from one spot—sometimes they do not care for the study at all, and would rather be in streets and walk on pavements. Life becomes monotonous to men restless and inventive, and willing to shake hands with society once more and forgive!

The Chaplain tells a tale of two gentlemen in broad arrow uniform getting clear in a mist and wandering to a gentleman's house. In the dining-room they discovered the goodly remains of a big supper—ham and turkey, cheese, sweets, and wine. They were grateful and departed, but only to fall into the arms of prison warders, who restored them to their anxious guardians. The kindly Chaplain noticed that one of his flock was depressed.

"Is there anything on your soul? Does conscience trouble you, my man?" he asked kindly. The man was touched.

"I shall never forgive myself—not having had another slice of that ham!" said he.

Sometimes Society is not prepared to accept forgiveness, and gives information when the broad arrow uniform makes its appearance. Even families do not rejoice at untimely visitations and reunions.

One day a native escaped and made a bee line for his wife's cottage. The lady was at home, but not in the mood to forget and forgive and live happily evermore. She expected a visit and locked her door.

"I want to come in," said the man.

"Not likely, you don't come in here. The policeman is about the place, and I don't want 'ee," said the woman.

Then the man tramped back to the National Institution and regained admittance. There was one place in the world where he was welcome!

All sorts and conditions of men come here. Not so long ago the *Prison Service Review* printed the "Lay of the Lagged Minstrel," an ambitious effort, concluding—

God save the Queen, and may He send down blessings on her head,
She may make me Poet Laureate when Alfred Austin's dead.

Another poet grumbled at the fare. The air of the moor is so appetising, and the men in such splendid health, that they can eat more than is provided.

The nation provides six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel for breakfast, and the same quantity of bread with cocoa for supper, and meat three times a week for dinner—half a pound each man. Many struggling men condemned to pay income tax would rejoice if their "bread was certain and water sure" every day on so liberal a scale.

Sunsets on the moor are very beautiful. If you tramp about a good deal you are not likely to see many sunrises. A holiday trumper doesn't want to see sunrises, his eyes are too heavy with the weight of dreams to open when the sun gets up. To enjoy sunrise one must make a night of it.

I saw sunsets in all tints—light golds and saffron, reds and purples; and I saw the hills and combs and rocks in all lights and shades, and for the very life of me I can't set down on paper what I saw. I am like the schoolboy who knows the answer quite well, but can't say it. I know the poor boy is sent down, and I must be sent down, too.

If you are caught in a "wisht" place in a storm with thunder and lightning, you are likely to remember that also, and get some sort of an idea of what it means on the moors to people who tell you that the hounds of hell are let loose to hunt lost souls across the wastes on certain nights in winter. I would not have missed the sight, because it gave me insight—or so I fancy—and enabled me to understand the legends of Wisht Hounds and Gabriel's Hounds, and Dinham's Dogs, and what suggested them, and how they spread, and why they keep their place in the folk lore of the county among a population not given to fertile invention—not like their cousins across the Tamar.

—From "My Devonshire Book," by J. HENRY HARRIS.



An Appreciation of the U.D.A.

"THE splendid results attending the work of the United Devon Association in developing the county is everywhere acknowledged. Among the many recent doings of the Association (too numerous to mention in detail) is the publication of excellent guides for Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton, Bideford, and Westward Ho! Okehampton, Liskeard and Looe, Launceston, and the Exe Valley. The Association are now getting sets of lantern slides dealing with the county, and have communicated with various Devonian Societies and West Country Associations with a view to arranging for the circulation of these slides during the winter. We are glad to see that *Devonia*, the Association's monthly magazine is, under the vigorous editorship of Mr. W. H. K. Wright, becoming of greater interest with each number. Those of our readers desirous to be in touch with the Association should apply to the Hon. Secretary, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter."

—From the *Cornubian and West Country Annual*, No. 5, 1907-8.

Salmon and Trout Fishing.

THE following particulars, which have been recently compiled, will be of service to intending visitors. Up to going to press we have received all the information we can get, but in some instances we have not received replies to our enquiries, notably with reference to the price of tickets on the Tavy, and the particulars of the fishing on the Exe below Thorverton and above Tiverton and in and around Dulverton. These we hope will come to hand for publication in the May number. The Editor invites any correction of errors which our readers may discover.

AXE

(Axminster).—

Fishing mostly preserved, but two or three miles on both banks of river belonging to Mr. W. H. B. Knight (Agent, Mr. George Harris, Axminster). Close to Axminster Railway Station; and on Shute Estate (Shute Estate Office, Axminster) can be obtained.

On Mr. Knight's lands the season commences on Thursday before Good Friday, or on 1st April, and ends on 1st October (inclusive). Artificial fly only. No trout under eight inches to be taken. No wading. Season ticket, 30s.; monthly, 15s. Best trouting months, April and May.

SHUTE ESTATE.—Season, Trout, March 15th to October 1st; Salmon, March 15th to November 1st (Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday only).

Tickets, season, £3 3s.; month, £1 11s. 6d.; week, 15s. after May.

Artificial fly only, except season ticket holders, who may use minnow after 1st July for salmon, peel and trout over fourteen inches. No wading. No trout less than nine inches to be retained. Number of tickets limited. Apply Shute Estate Office, Kilmington, S.O., Devon.

Axe Conservators licence required—Salmon, including Trout, season, 10s.; Trout, season, 2s. 6d.

AVON.

(South Brent, Plymouth).—

Avon Fishing Association.

Season.—No worm before 1st June or at any time between Gara Bridge and Bickham Railway Bridge. No minnow before 15th July. No minnow for salmon after 1st October. Fish under seven inches to be returned. No wading before 1st April or at any time below Loddiswell Bridge.

Tickets.—Season, £2; month, £1; week, 10s. Not more than thirty season tickets issued, except to Riparian owners. Not more than two monthly nor more than five weekly tickets to be running at the same time. Secretary, C. E. Turner, Esq., Solicitor, Salcombe.

Licenses required from Avon Board of Conservators—Salmon and Trout, season, £1; Trout, season, 10s.; week, 5s.; day, 2s. W. Beer, Esq., Solicitor, Kingsbridge, Clerk to Board.

CAD.

(Plymouth, Bickleigh).—

The best trout fishing is in the neighbourhood of Ditsworthy Warren up stream past Plym Steps. Ditsworthy Warren is about five miles from Bickleigh Station. The lower portion runs from a mile below Cadover Bridge, two miles and a half from Bickleigh Station, and fish up stream. For particulars as to tickets and licences apply to Messrs. Hearder and Son, Tackle Makers, 195 Union Street, Plymouth.

DART

(serving Totnes, Staverton, Buckfastleigh, Ashburton, Dartmeet, Two Bridges, Princetown).—

Dart Angling Association.

Left bank of Dart from Mouth of Hems below Totnes Weir to Austin Bridge, Buckfastleigh. Right bank from Railway Bridge below Austin Bridge down to Hood Bridge. Both banks of the Hems from By Cellars above Littlehempston to junction with Dart. No fisherman to take more than thirty fish in one day or any fish less than seven inches. Worm prohibited before 1st April.

Season.—1st March to 30th September inclusive.

Tickets.—Salmon and Trout, season, 20s.; week, 7s. 6d.; day, 2s. 6d. Trout—season, 10s.; month, from 1st May, 5s.; day, until 1st May, 2s.; after 1st May, 1s. Hon. Sec., Mr. Colin M. E. May, Staverton, Totnes. The fishing above Buckfastleigh to the Moor is preserved, but facilities may probably be obtained on enquiry at Ashburton.

Licenses required from Dart Board of Conservators.—Salmon and Trout, season, 20s.; week, 7s. 6d.; day, 2s. 6d. Trout—season, 10s.; day, 2s.; after 30th April, month, 5s. Mr. E. Windeatt, Solicitor, Totnes, Clerk to Board.

The Duchy of Cornwall issue tickets for fishing on the Moor at the following prices:—Salmon, season, 10s.; week, 2s. 6d.; day, 1s. Trout—season, 2s. 6d.; month, 1s. 6d.; day, 6d. Application should be made for these at any of the Moorland resorts, e.g., Princetown, Two Bridges, Postbridge, Chagford, Belstone, Okehampton, Bridestowe. Mr. Aaron Rowe, of the Duchy Hotel, Princetown, will be pleased to answer enquiries.

ERME

(Plymouth, Ivybridge, eleven miles east of Plymouth).—

The best fishing is from Ivybridge to Harford Bridge, a distance of two and a half miles, rather woody, above Harford Bridge it is open. The trout are numerous, and in the pools and falls among the rocks at Ivybridge run to a good size. A few salmon and peel occasionally find their way into the upper waters. For particulars as to tickets and licences apply locally or to Messrs. Hearder and Son, Tackle Makers, 195 Union Street, Plymouth.

EXE AND TRIBUTARIES.

(serving Exeter, Stoke Canon, Thorverton, Brampford Speke, Silverton, Bickleigh, Bampton, Dulverton, Winsford).—

Lower Exe Fishing Association.

Up to going to press our enquiries for information have not been answered. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. Staddon, Innkeeper, Brampford Speke, who will doubtless reply to any enquiries.

Upper Exe Fishing Association.

Season.—Salmon, 1st March to 19th October. Trout.—1st March to 31st August inclusive. Worm and wading after 1st June.

Tickets.—Salmon and Trout, £3 3s. Trout, season, 3rs. 6d.; half-season (from 1st May), 21s.; monthly, 15s.; weekly, 7s. 6d. Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. R. Cumming, Thorverton.

Tiverton Fishing Association.

The Trout fishing around Tiverton is restricted to residents (season ticket, 30s.) Fly only and not more than 20 fish per day Salmon are reserved by Riparian owners.

The fishing around Dulverton and Winsford in Exe and Barle is excellent, but up to going to press our enquiries for detailed information have not been answered. Mr. Nelder, Carnarvon Arms, Dulverton, will be pleased to answer any enquiries. Licences from the Exe Board of Conservators required.—Salmon, season, 30s.; week, 7s. 6d. Trout, season, 5s.; week, 2s. 6d.; day, 1s. Mr. H. Ford, Solicitor, Exeter, Clerk to Board.

EAST AND WEST LYN

(Lynton and Lynmouth).—

Salmon and Trout. The trout fishing is excellent; the ten miles of Association water are well stocked, and the trout usually sport freely.

Tickets, 2s. 6d. per day; 7s. 6d. per week.

The Lynton Urban District Council Advertising Committee or Mr. Edward E. Hole, of the Cottage Hotel, Lynton, will on application supply further information.

MEAVY

(Dousland, Yelverton, Tavistock, Plymouth).—

Quarter of an hour's walk from Dousland and half an hour from Yelverton stations. Trout fishing very fair. At Yelverton one can drop down on the river in a few moments and fish up stream as far as agreeable, and down stream as far as Shaugh Bridge, one and a half miles from Bickleigh Station.

For particulars as to tickets and licences, apply locally, or to Messrs. Header and Son, Tackle Makers, 195 Union Street, Plymouth.

.OTTER

(Exeter, Honiton, Ottery, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton).—

A lovely stream noted for its trout fishing, which is, however, practically entirely reserved by Lord Clinton and other Riparian owners, but application by local visitors may result in facilities being given. Enquiries should be made of the Station Master at Sidmouth Junction, or the Proprietor, Rolle Hotel, Budleigh Salterton.

PLYM

(Plymouth).

Commences at Shaugh Bridge, where the Cad and Meavy join, and runs through Bickleigh Vale to Cann Quarry, Plym Bridge, into the Cattewater, Plymouth. The whole river is private property, and permission must be obtained from the Riparian owners, Sir Henry Y. B. Lopes, Mr. Walter Radcliffe, and Mr. Henry Clark, of Efford Manor.

TAVY

(Plymouth, Yelverton, Tavistock, Bridestowe, Okehampton).—

One of the best rivers, and late in the season celebrated for peel fishing. A good day's fishing can be had by fishing down the river from Tavistock to where the Walkham joins and then up the Walkham to Horrabridge.

Denham Bridge is a favourite spot for peel, two and a half miles from Horrabridge Station, and two miles from Roborough Rock for a carriage drive from Plymouth. Suitable night accommodation at Denham Bridge or Buckland Monachorum. Berealston is also a convenient station for Denham Bridge.

For particulars of tickets and licences apply locally or to Messrs. Header and Sons, 195 Union Street, Plymouth.

TAW

(serving Exeter, Crediton, Lapford, Copplestone, Eggesford, Portsmouth Arms, South Molton Road, Umberleigh, Barnstaple, Bideford).—

The proprietor of the Fox and Hounds, Eggesford, has twenty miles of good trout fishing and three miles of salmon fishing on Mid Taw and Little Dart. Number of trout limited to twenty per day and eight inches.

Season.—Trout, 1st March to 30th September. Salmon, 1st April to 31st October. Fishing free to visitors at the hotel.

Our enquiries as to the upper waters of the Taw around North Tawton have not up to going to press been answered, but the proprietor of the Gostwyck Arms, North Tawton, will, no doubt, be pleased to answer any enquiries.

Licence required from Taw and Torridge Board.—Salmon, season, 24s. Trout, season, 5s.; week, 1s.

Clerk to the Board, Mr. W. H. Toller, Barnstaple.

TEIGN AND TRIBUTARIES

(Serving Teignmouth, Shaldon, Dawlish, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Chudleigh, Dunsford, Bovey Tracey, Moreton, Chagford, Exeter).—

Lower Teign Association.

(From Teignmouth to Dunsford some reserved).

Season.—Salmon, 2nd February to 31st October. Trout, 3rd March to 30th September inclusive.

Above Newbridge fly only before 1st June (between Bridford Weir and Bridford Bridge fly only during season). Below Newbridge minnow and fly only until 1st June. Wading prohibited below Newbridge and between Ashton Weir and Bridford Weir. Gaff prohibited before 1st May. Fish less than seven inches to be returned.

Tickets.—Season, 25s.; month, 15s.; week, 7s. 6d.; boys under 16 at half rates. Hon. Secretary, Mr. Harold G. Michelmores, Solicitor, Newton.

Upper Teign Association.

(From Dunsford to Chagford).

Season.—Salmon are reserved by Riparian owners. Trout, 3rd March to 30th September inclusive. No wading except between Clifford Bridge and Steps Bridge, Dunsford. Worm prohibited before 1st June. Fish under five inches to be returned.

Tickets, season, £1 1s.; daily, 2s. 6d. Hon. Secretary, Mr. Colville G. Hayter Hames, Chagford.

Licences required from Teign Board of Conservators.—Salmon, season, £1; day, 2s. Trout, season, 5s. Messrs. Hacker, Michelmores and Wilkinson, Solicitors, Newton Abbot and Chudleigh, Clerks to Board.

TORRIDGE

(Torrington).—

The fishing is reserved by Riparian owners, but application by local visitors may result in permission being given.

WALKHAM.

(Walkhampton, Horrabridge, Yelverton, Tavistock, Plymouth).—

A celebrated trout stream, joining the Tavy near Denham Bridge. Rather difficult to fish on account of high banks and wood; it abounds in deep pools and stickles.

For particulars of tickets and licences apply locally or to Messrs. Hearder and Son, 195 Union Street, Plymouth.

New Takes on Dartmoor.

FROM time immemorial certain spots on the moor have been favoured, as lying to the sun, having shelter from the winds, as near springs of pure water, and as possessing tracts of somewhat deep soil. The first who settled in these pleasant spots were primeval colonists far away in the gloom that precedes history; but ever since, these sunny slopes have been held by persons who claimed a prescriptive right to the dwellings and the enclosures around. The holders of these tenements hold under the Prince of Wales. As little trout are devoured by great trout, so has it been on the moor. The Duchy of Cornwall has bought up these freeholds whenever it has had the chance. In 1344 there were forty-four; in the beginning of last century the number had shrunk by ten, and now is further reduced by ten

The tenants of these holdings enjoy great rights by custom. The heir of each and every one, on the death of each and every one tenant, has by custom the privilege of enclosing eight acres of the forest or waste ground, paying therefor one shilling annually to the "Three Feathers"; and this enclosure is called a New-take. No wonder that the Duchy of Cornwall does all in its power to rid itself of these encroaching neighbours. The New-take walls have wrought the destruction of the rude stone monuments; avenues of upright stones, circles, cromlechs; kistvaens have been ruthlessly pillaged and used as quarries. In a great many cases the largest upright stones have been seized upon as gate posts, or thrown across the leats and rivers as bridges, or have been utilised to prop up linhays, and the lesser stones that perhaps commemorated some insignificant tribesman have been left, whilst the great menhir set up in honour of his chief has disappeared. Sometimes the builders of the new-take walls threw down a great monolith with the intention of breaking it up, and then abandoned it because they found smaller stones more handy; sometimes they transported such big stones part way to the new wall, and cast them down as being too heavy for their arms to convey any further. The marvel is that so much still remains after over a thousand years of wanton ravage.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Pixies and Courting.

HEREWITH a brief story of a courtship on Dartmoor which was upset by the pixies in the days before the era of railways and motors on the moor. Then the "little people" used to churn the butter and "drash" the corn for the farm-folk when in a good temper; they used also, if there be any truth in local history, to burn the hayricks and harry the cattle, when in an ill temper. They were indeed held accountable for many and varied happenings in the course of a year.

Tom Willcocks, who lived at Crockern Farm, near the Saracen's Head, was courting—with the very best intentions—a buxom, comfortably circumstanced widow who lived at Dury, on the other side of old Bellivor. Whether or not the strong cider, aided by the sloe gin, which the widow gave him at starting, made Tom see things which were hidden from other mortals, is a moot point, but the moorman's story runs thus: "I war a comin' over thicky tor in the dimpses, quite comfortable, thoughts was pleasant like, and I'd 'low I'd 'ad a drop of summat to kip the nip o' the cold out. All to wance I seed a crowd of little figgers all wi' lanterns alight dancin' bout the ground. Sim to me 'twas a purty sight, sure nuff. Then some on 'em catched a hold o' me, an' made me dance so well. We toombled into bogs, and I had a bad vall or two min, 'mongst the clitters, and down awver thicky rocks. I wor theer vor hours pon hours, zim to me. Bime by I 'lowed they little varmint must be the "pisgies," zo I zes to meself: 'Nuff o' these yer May games,' and I up and turns my pocket inside out. The pisgies was all gone by magic like, and I found myself pon top of Bellivor Tor wisht and lonesome, sure nuff, wi' a hade on me buzzin like a whole hive o' bees. 'Twas a warnin'—I never went a courtin' agen, and zo long as Bellivor Tor is left a standin' I never means to.

The Village Philosopher.

Jan Chidgeys Views on Modern Science.

LIFE at Tavvycombe may seem to the casual visitor to be lacking in the elements which make for intellectual excitement, but those who know the place well think differently. Since the advent of Dr. Jenkins with his new and startling evolutionary theories, the young men of the village have made great mental strides. Jan Chidgey, especially, has been impressed with the sweet reasonableness of Dr. Jenkins' Scientific Gospel, and though he is somewhat bewildered by the doctor's exposition of the "nebular hypothesis," and rather scared by his descriptions of antediluvian monsters (the ichthyosauri in particular) he has grasped the main outline of the new cosmology, and gives abundant evidence of having risen to the full height of the great scientific argument.

Out o' the world?—Iss I reckon us be, but us baint no vules vor all that,
Us knows purty well what's a zaid an' a done—our intellects idden gone scat;
Though some of yu townsmen du vancy yourselves, an' think you do know more than we,
Us be up to daate I assure 'ee, gude vriends, an' that I will give 'ee to zee.

Us do mit wance a week up to my little plaace, an' doctor do zit in the cheer,
An' us talks away vree to each other, my vriends, 'bout science an' likes o' that there;
Doctor do zay us shu'd think vor ourselves, an' raid all the bukes that us can,
To larn what us be, an' have views, do 'ee zee, concernin' the wordle an' man.

Our Doctor's a bra' cliver man, they do zay he do know more than Passon do do,
Passon be all right vor sarmins an' soup, vor christenins an' berryins too;
But when it do come to hexplainin' o' things, an' raidin' the riddle-me-ree,
Why then th' Old Passon baint in it, my vriends, Doctor Jenkins' the veller for we.

Lor us do love vur to hear 'un, us chaps vrom the mine an' the plough,
Bill Doidge, Jan Tregaskis, Tommy Curnow, Joe Higgins an' me in a row;
Us opens our tatie-traps braavely at things that the Doctor do zay.
But them as do go in vor science must give the Professors vair play.

The Airth, Doctor Jenkins do tell us, was nothin' but gas at the steart,
A "nebuly-pothecus" somethin' like that—an' at first us was sartainly skeart;
When us lart that the Wordle us lives in, created itself—so to spaik,
An' went whizzin' round like them vireworks us zeed to gus fair Vriday week!

Well, after thick "nebuly-pothecus," vriends, the gas do condense, do 'ee zee,
An' vor millions of Ages a prawciss went on, till things did become what they be;
I axed Doctor Jenkins wan evenin', what zet things a gwain fust go off?
But he ded'n appear vor tu hear me, an' was tuk wi' a dreadful bad cough.

Well at last all the vireworks was awver, an' the Airth became solid an' cool;
An' then Doctor Jenkins did tell us— an' mark you the Doctor's no vule—
That Life did commence—by itself so to spaik—evolved out a zort of a jelly;
Now don't 'ee suppose I be gassin' my vriends—it's the zollum truth I do tell 'ee!

Wan evenin' the Doctor brought with un a buke vull o' pickshers—my eye!
What critters there wuz used to traapse 'bout the Airth, an' vlutter about in the sky!
Girt Dragons, called "itch-me-a-sore-eye," like padgypows, sixty veet long,
I bet you they gied I the shevvers, they did look so savage an' 'strong.

I vancied how wisht it wud be, vriends, ef wan o' they whackin' girt snaakes
Shu'd be waitin' vor me as I drove home vrom market!—O Lor what a jaakes
I'd be in, vor to zee un a rampin', an' lashin' about wi' his tail!
I'm glad they'm extinct I can tell 'ee—an' so be you too I go bail.

The night that I vust zeed they pickshers, I was creepy all awver, I tell 'ee,
An' I draimed I were like good old Jonah, clemmed up in a saurian's belly;
But we men o' science be 'customed to taake thicky monsters for granted
They was here 'pon the Airth back-along vriends, let's be thankful they'm no longer wanted.

Well how can I keep on a talkin'—You'll be took wi' a fit of the gaapes,
If I do start off for too argoo about they there "Anchovy" Apes:
Doctor Jenkins do zay us be simmy-uns,—an' simmin to us so us be,
Vor our skulls be the zaame shape as monkeys—that proves it right off, do 'ee zee.

I cu'd tell 'ee a lot if yu'd listen,—I've got it stored up in my haid,
But I think I've a vairly impressed 'ee with what I've already a zaid;
So go home an' think it all awver,—an' if in the midst of your thinkins
You gets just a little bit maazed like—Why, come out here an' ax Doctor Jenkins!

W. GREGORY HARRIS.

EXPLANATORY TERMS.

Itch-me-a-sore-eye—Icthyosauri, extinct marine monsters.

Nebulypotheus—The Nebular Hypothesis.

Gone scat—Gone to pieces.

Anchovy Apes—Anthropoid Apes.

Buke vull o' pickshers—The first number of Harmsworth's "Illustrated History of the World."

Simmy 'uns—Simians.

Padgypows—Newts.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "The Mother."

WE doubt if Mr. Eden Phillpotts has written a finer story than the above. It is Dartmoor, wild, grand, and undiluted; Dartmoor is the scene of operations; the characters are all of the moor, and their horizon is very circumscribed. Consequently we get a story of life as found amongst the small farmers and labourers of a district which has its centre at Vixen Tor and Merivale Bridge, and the scope of the tale rarely goes beyond this limit. We only hear incidentally of Plymouth and Tavistock, but to all intents and purposes these far-away places might be non-existent. But it is not so much the setting of the story, but the characters thereof which have the charm for us; and here Mr. Phillpotts has given us of his most perfect, most powerful creations, worthy to stand beside the characters in his earlier works, "Sons of the Morning," and "Children of the Mist," which they closely resemble. "The Mother" (Mrs. Pomeroy is one of the most delightful specimens of womanhood that our author has ever portrayed; gentle, yet firm knowing her son to be a scapegrace, but shielding him and overlooking his foibles, and in the end, although when her life was ended, bringing about his reformation. Avis, the young woman around whom much of the plot radiates, is also a well-drawn character, so also is Ruth Rendle, who, with the brothers Toop, reside at "The Jolly Huntsman" Inn, Merivale; and here, in the bar parlour much of the story is developed. Moleskin, the poacher, is evidently drawn from the life, so is the young schoolmaster. In the person of Ives Pomeroy we have a young man, wilful, headstrong, and self-opinionated, who gets entangled with several of the womenkind and causes the usual misunderstanding when it is a question of two maids and a man, or two men and a maid. But the characters are so many, and the story so complex, that it must be read to be realised, and so we recommend everyone who reads this brief notice to go to the book itself and they will have a rare treat. Although the local descriptions are fewer than usual, the whole story is redolent of Dartmoor and is in the best style of Eden Phillpotts, and that is praise enough. The publishers are Ward, Lock and Co.



A Philosophical Bridegroom.

SOME time ago a man came to the clergyman of a country parish and arranged with him to have the banns of marriage called in church for the three following Sundays. On the first Sunday the banns were called, but on the Monday morning the prospective bridegroom turned up at the Vicarage, and, on being shown into the parson's study, the following dialogue took place:—

"I've come, zir, to zee yu 'bout that there weddin'."

"Is there any difficulty?" inquired the parson.

"Well, zir," replied the rustic Lothario, "ef et dawn't make no defference tu vu, I've a changed my mind, like, and have a tuk up wi' another vemale—shan't have noan but she—the first wan wan't du 'tall. Dawn't 'ee raid out they there banns no more."

"This is very sudden," said the parson.

"Iss, zir, tes suddent, but I be ter'ble set 'pon this yer other wumman, an' dawn't keer a button 'bout t'other. But ther's wan thing I du want to ax 'ee, zir, ef I bain't troublin' of 'ee."

"What is it, my mah?"

"Well, zir, 'tes 'bout they there banns, zir, what have a bin raid out in church. I've a paid 'ee half-a-crownd already, and that's a braave bit o' money. I'd want to know ef I shall have to pay 'ee any more ef I do take up wi' this yer second vemale?"

"Why, of course," replied the parson. "You are upsetting the former arrangements entirely, and if you really persist in your idea of marrying this other woman of whom you speak, all your previous legal formalities will be null and void."

"An' if I had fresh banns draed out 'tween me and thicky vemale, what I do love zo well, shud I have to pay 'ee again for they?"

"Most certainly. You cannot play fast and loose in such a serious business as this," replied the parson, with a touch of severity in his voice.

"Aw, dear, dear, I never thought o' that," replied the distracted swain, t'wixt love and finance torn. "Zimmin to me, zir, there's a ter'ble lot of vuss an' expense bevaure a man can get hitched up to a vemale. However," continued he, "I've a paid my half-crownd, and I baint gwain to pay no more. It do go ter'ble agin the grain to drow away gude money; zo, ef yu plaize, zir, us'll let things bide as they was avore."

By W. GREGORY HARRIS, from "Sketches of the West Countree."

Devon Notes.

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his recently published work, "Devonshire Characters and Strange Events," relates the following:—"Mr. Tuckfield, of Little Fulford, by Crediton, was presumably dead and was laid in his shell, and men were set to watch through the night. They were plentifully supplied with candles and spirits. In the dead of the night one pulled out a pack of cards, and the two began to play, and as they played they drank, till they became intoxicated. Then said one to the other: 'I say, Bill, old Squire Tuckfield he did like a drop o' spirits in his day. I reckon it won't do him a crumb of harm to give him a drop now.' And taking his glass of almost neat spirits, he poured it down the throat of the deceased. Thereat, to their dismay, the supposed corpse gasped, opened its eyes, sat up, and said: 'Give me another drop, and I'll take a hand of cards with you.'"

—From the *Tiverton Gazette*.

* * *

DEVONSHIRE men in London are glad to know that it is proposed to confer the Freedom of the town of Bideford (his birthplace) on Mr. J. H. Lile, the well-known advertising agent and publisher, of Ludgate Circus. Mr. Lile is a J.P. of the City of London and Chairman of the City Lands Committee of the Corporation of London. For some years he was Hon. Secretary of "Devonians in London."

* * *

WE learn from Mr. J. Stanlake, Captain of the 4th Plymouth Company (St. Jude's Church) Boys' Brigade, that on May 7th the Company's handbell ringers will take part in the great Albert Hall demonstration. This is the first time the West has been called upon to be represented in the musical part of the proceedings. The Three Towns Association will have finished their season's programme by that time, but doubtless the Committee will consider in what way the youngsters' visit to town can be commemorated.

ONE of the most interesting exhibits* * * of the *Daily Mail* Exhibition of British and Irish Lace, now in progress in London, is the original model of Mr. John Heathcott's bobbin net machine. "To modern eyes," writes an expert, "this is a poor and crude affair in itself, but by its results it has proved to be one of the greatest inventions ever conceived by an Englishman." The inventor of this remarkable machine was, of course, the celebrated John Heathcoat, the grandfather of Sir John Heathcoat Amory, Bart. The model stands in a glass case less than three feet high, and it is carefully guarded by a special custodian who attended it from the Nottingham Castle Museum.

—From the *Tiverton Gazette*

Notes from Towns.

Tavistock.

It is proposed to hold a historic pageant at Tavistock in the month of June next in aid of the funds of the Cottage Hospital. The advantage to the trade of the town, both immediate and prospective, would doubtless be considerable. The following is an outline of the proposal communicated to the press by Mr. S. Claude Tickell, The Ramps, Lew Down, R.S.O., North Devon:—

A preliminary procession through the town, the central incident of each of the five ensuing scenes being depicted in a tableau on a car (e.g., Knighting of Drake by Elizabeth as central incident of Scene V.), the rest of the dramatis personæ of the scene riding or walking at either side of or behind the car. Then follow the five scenes in railed-in space opposite the police station, with porch entrance on the side nearest the Town Hall, and three posts on the side nearest the river as the two entrance-exits (the porch entrance being the entrance of the Abbey), the inhabitants of Tavistock and neighbourhood supplying the cast, and the inhabitants of Plymouth, Exeter, and other places, the audience.

Scene I.—Circ A.D. 950. Earl Ordgar hands over Abbey to Benedictine Monks.

Scene II.—Circ A.D. 963. Earl Ordgar's daughter, Elfrida, leaves her little son Edgar in charge of Abbot, who then denounces her approaching marriage with King Edgar, the King being the boy's godfather, and therefore a "spiritual relation."

[Note.—This incident is a probable inference from conflicting records, being based upon Archbishop Dunstan's denunciation of the marriage.]

Scene III.—A.D. 1525. "Revel" (or fair), with friars, soldiers, gipsies, and others, mediæval sports and instruments, Morrice songs and dances, and "first printing press set up in the West," terminating with Abbot's return from hunting, Vesper bell, Gregorian hymn, Abbot's blessing, and general departure to country dance.

Scene IV.—A.D. 1549. Abbey's hospitality dispensed to all comers, including pilgrims, escorted by knights hospitallers, part songs (rounds, catches, etc.), being sung, interrupted by arrival of Commissioner, with guard, and Royal Decree of dissolution, followed by departure of monks amid sorrowing crowd, and then of Commissioner amid threatening crowd.

Scene V.—A.D. 1581. Bedford, conducting Elizabeth to dais, entertains her with courtly and popular songs and dances, in midst of which Drake returns with sailors and trophies, from circumnavigating the world, and is knighted by Elizabeth, who then retires, after which general departure to country dance, Drake leading off with "belle of Tavistock."

[Note.—The knighting actually took place at Deptford, but seems more appropriate at Tavistock.]

The Old Schoolmaster.

'Tis written in tha gude ol' Buke, "There's nothing nü beneath the sun";
An't aint for me to conterdick tha cunning words o' Zolomon;
But if yü axes me my mind, I think 'twould be more trüly told,
Not zackly that there's nothing nü, but that they'm leaving nothing old.

They'm leaving nothing old, excep' a fü ol' men the like o' me,
And us be feeling out o' place in a this jimcrack company;
Us be forgot and unbeknaun; ther's nothing left for us to dü
But get away tü Kingdom Come, and let 'em make the world anü.

They think us proper natterals; it midden be polite to say
In reasonable language what us sometimes comes to think o' they;
Tha maidens an' the nappers what I eddicated tü the schüle
They think their ol' skulemaister now na better than a knaw-nort füle.

They've got a gert nü skule'ouse now, and taich a mighty lot o' truck,
Wi' algybries and chemistries tü babbies 'ardly left tü suck;
They gives a deal o' sküling there—they chuck'm full o' facks, na doubt,
But eddication is a thing they dawn't a-zim tü know about.

There's many a napper shüde a' helped his father tü tha farming work
As thinks 'eeself tü gude for that, and must be what they calls a clark;
But what the gude o' sküling is I never could pretend tü see,
Unless it fits a bwoy tü full the corner where 'ee's duty be.

An' for tha maids, they taiches them tha mattymatics an' pianner,—
I reckon vittle bean't a-cüked no longer in the gude ol' manner;
Tha ninny-hammer güses now just turn wi' mimpsey-pimpsey scorn,
An' proudness from tha wholesome lives their poor ol' mawthers lived avore'n.

Avore they had tha Boord-sküle built, when I was maister to tha sküle,
I taiched um how to read an' write, an' 'rithmetic by simple rule;
No jomettries an' algybries—I taiched according to my light,
Tü worship God and shame the dowl; tü spake the truth and dü tha right.

They didden larn for ornament, they larned for use and daily toil;
They larned that hands be made for work and feet must sometimes take a soil,
Tü train the 'eart is güder far than simply eddicate tha mind;
I've nort against tha Sküle-boord if it makes tha children gude and kind.

God bless tha little bwoys an' maids, I wuz a father tü 'um all;
I often sits an' thinks o' mun, what time tha dimpsy shadows fall;
I bean't a married man, yü see, and now that I be old an' grey,
I miss tha rowstering bwoys an' girls—I miss 'um more than I can say.

I often sits an' thinks o' mun, tü me they'm always girls an' bwoys,
Wi' cheeks so red as quarrenders, an' purty lükes an' merry noise;
They'm all grown men an' women now, an' some be gone across the sea,
An' some be in their churchyard beds; thy'm always bwoys an' girls tü me.

They tell me if I tried tü pass tha zamminations tü the sküle,
I'd just be in tha hinfaunts' class an' sit upon tha dunce's stüle;
Ah, well, I nivver did perfess such power o' intellecks as some,
An' jomettries won't be no use when I be gone to Kingdom Come.

Ya'll think I be a doting füle, a glumping 'cause I'm left alone;
But I'm no longer maister now, and I've no chillern o' me own;
'Tis time for goin home along, there's nothing left for me tü dü
In this desayteful wheedlin' world, where they be making all things nü.

United Devon Association.

THE Ninth Annual General Meeting of the United Devon Association was held at the Head Office, 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter, on Tuesday, March 31st, 1908. The President, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, took the chair. Others present included the Rev. E. J. Damen (Tiverton), Messrs. T. Canning Baily (Plymouth), H. Lascelles Mackenzie (Torquay), O. Ralling (Exeter), C. J. Ross (Exeter), W. H. K. Wright (Hon. Editor of *Devonia*), F. Underhill (Hon. Advertisement Manager), Cecil R. M. Clapp (Hon. Sec.). Apologies for absence were read from Dr. Rae (Devonport) and Mr. Edmund Spender (Plymouth).

The minutes of the last annual meeting, held at Plymouth on the 21st March, 1907, having been read and confirmed, the President moved the adoption of the Annual Report and Treasurer's Statement, as follows, which was seconded by Mr. W. H. K. Wright and adopted:—

In presenting their annual report for the year ended 31st December, 1907, the Council beg leave to call the attention of the members to the very serious anxiety which, through their inability to obtain payment of moneys due to this Association from Messrs. Nash and Co., Ltd., in liquidation, the financial position has caused them.

By the kindness and public spirit of Lord Clifford and other Members of the Council, however, the difficulty has temporarily been arranged with the Bank, and recent correspondence with the Receiver in the affairs of Messrs. Nash inspires hope that before long a satisfactory solution of the difficulties with them will be arrived at and payment made.

Since the close of the year fresh arrangements have been made whereby the Association will be released from heavy responsibilities in connection with *Devonia*, and facilities given for thoroughly testing, during the current year, the value of the interest taken in the work of the Association in the different centres.

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT.—Consequent upon his removal to Bournemouth, Mr. Wolfe severed his official connection as Secretary and Advertising Manager with the Association at Midsummer. Mr. Frank Underhill succeeded him as Hon. Advertising Manager, Mr. E. A. Wills, the Office Clerk, being appointed Assistant Secretary. In connection therewith a new arrangement was entered upon whereby all advertisements were taken in the name of the Association only, the accounts for same being rendered and collected quarterly direct from Advertisers, and commission to Agents paid direct.

The rooms occupied by Mr. Wolfe for residential purposes at the Head Office were at once let also for residential purposes.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS have been held at Newton Abbot, Tiverton, Torquay, and Exeter.

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—The Council are gratified with the general congratulations which they have shared with the South Western Branch of the British Medical Association upon the production of the beautiful work, "The Book of the South West," produced in connection with the annual meeting at Exeter in July and August last of the Members of the British Medical Association, and believe that the result of the visit must greatly influence the coming of many persons in the future to the County.

LANTERN SLIDES.—Through the kindness of the late Col. Amery, whose death they so much regretted, and his brother, Mr. J. S. Amery, of Ashburton, the local Committee at Newton and Torquay, Mr. W. R. Gay, Mr. Edmund Spender, and others, and by purchase, the Council have now obtained upwards of 400 slides, including the special beautiful set prepared by the Messrs. Amery, "The Rivers of the Moor."

Your Council will, as opportunities occur, add to this collection, their desire being to obtain sufficient separate sets with descriptive lecture to enable them to circulate at least one set in each of the British Isles, the Continent, Colonies, United States, and Steamship Companies landing passengers at Plymouth.

Their work would be materially assisted if any well wishers of the Association would lend negatives from which slides can be made or present slides for this purpose.

DANGEROUS HILLS.—In connection with the increased motor traffic into the County, representations have been made to the Devon County Council for the marking of dangerous hills and corners, and information supplied which may assist them. The matter is still under their consideration.

LOCAL BUREAUX.—The Directors of the Western Morning News Co. have kindly allowed their principal offices at Plymouth, Devonport, and Torquay to be used as local bureaux.

PROPOSED VISIT OF JOURNALISTS.—The Council have had under consideration a proposal that the railway companies and principal towns should be asked to co-operate in inviting the representatives of some of the principal English papers to make a tour through the County during the coming summer, so that the attractions of the County may be made known throughout the British Isles. Sir Francis Carruthers Gould and others were prepared to cordially assist in the scheme, but the Council regret that,

owing to the financial position of the Association already alluded to, they have not felt justified in promoting such a visit this year. They still have the matter under consideration, and hope they may bring it to a successful completion during the spring of 1900.

WESTERN COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.—At the Quarterly Meeting held at Tiverton in July last, a proposal emanating from Mr. F. J. Snell, was made that the Association should extend its work into Cornwall and Somerset under the name of the "Western Counties Association."

While they would welcome the affiliation of the U.D.A. with similar Associations in these counties, your Council feel that the area to be covered, extending from Bath to Penzance, would prove too large for a single Association.

POSTAL FACILITIES AT TORQUAY.—In co-operation with the Town Council and Chamber of Commerce of Torquay your Council have made representations to the Postmaster General and the Great Western Railway Company in reference to the earlier arrival of the north mail at Torquay in the morning, and are pleased to know that these have met with partial success. They are still co-operating in endeavouring to obtain the full measure of this appeal.

COMBINED ADVERTISING.—The Council have had and have under consideration a scheme for combined advertising of each town in co-operation with the railway companies and leading newspapers. Considerable progress has been made with a scheme which will shortly be announced and in which they sincerely hope every town will combine.

AMENDMENT OF RULES.—The Council are of opinion that it is desirable to increase the number of the Council by inviting the Chairman and Secretary of each Chamber of Commerce and Mercantile Association in the County (*ex-officio*) to become a member as well as the Editors of the newspapers and other representative persons. The amendment of rule 2 to provide for this will be proposed at the meeting.

UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Hon. Treasurer's Cash Account from December 31st, 1906, to December 31st, 1907.

RECEIPTS.			
	£	s.	d.
To Cash in Bank ...			
„ Cash in Hand.—			
Hon. Secretary	1	1	0½
Secretary ...	3	14	5½
„ Subscriptions: arrears	0	10	6
„ 1907	113	3	6
„ Other receipts.—			
Sale of Books ...	2	4	9½
<i>Devonia</i> Subscriptions	8	8	6
„ Rents (sub-tenants)			
„ Under Assignment (Nash & Co.)			
„ Advertisements in <i>Devonia</i> ...			
„ Balance due to Bank			

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries and Wages.—							
	A. Wolfe ...	9	14	1			
	E. A. Wills ...	43	5	0			
	T. Luxmore ...	6	13	6			
					59	12	7
„	Travelling Expenses.—						
	Hon. Sec. and Secretary	5	9	6			
„	Rent, Rates, and Taxes ...	108	4	2			
„	Editorial Expenses ...	10	0	0			
„	Printing and Advertising ...	217	19	6			
„	G. P. Butcher's Commission	22	12	2			
„	Other Expenses.—						
	Audit Fees ...	2	2	0			
	A. Satterley, slides	3	0	0			
	Mark Rowe & Sons	0	13	6			
	Cheque Book ...	0	2	6			
					5	15	0
„	Sub. refunded ...				1	1	0
„	Petty Office Expenses.—						
	F. Underhill ...	0	7	6			
	Repairs to Type-						
	writer ...	1	8	6			
	Ward & Co., coal	0	12	6			
	H. S. Eland						
	stationery ...	0	10	6			
	W. Pollard & Co.	0	6	6			
					3	5	6
„	Postages, Carriages, etc.	5	2	7½			
„	Cash in hand Hon.						
	Sec. ...	2	8	6			
„	Cash in hand, late						
	Secretary	1	3	0			
					3	11	5
					£482	16	5½

Examined and found correct.

THOMAS MARTIN, F.S.A.A., *Auditor.*

Exeter, March 20th, 1908.

In connection with the marking of dangerous hills and corners by caution boards, it was resolved that the several towns and villages should be communicated with, with a view to their making representations to the Devon County Council with information relating to the several localities.

VISIT OF COLONIAL JOURNALISTS.—Mr. T. Canning Bailly mentioned the coming visit of Colonial Journalists to England as the guests of Journalists at home, and bespoke the co-operation and assistance of the United Devon Association in extending an invitation to visit Devon, which was readily given.

POSTAL FACILITIES AT TORQUAY.—Mr. Lascelles Mackenzie spoke upon the necessity of improved passenger train facilities between 8-18 a.m. and 9-53 a.m. from Newton to Torquay, and the Association decided to approach the Great Western Railway Company upon the matter.

NEW ROAD TO LYNTON.—Mr. Edward E. Hole (Hon. Local Secretary at Lynton) wrote reporting that the new road from Dulverton to Lynmouth, the making of which had had the active support of the Association, is well in hand and would be ready for traffic in a few weeks. Other gradients and roads had been much improved, making the hills in that district easier for motor and other traffic.

AMENDMENT OF RULES.—The following amendment of rule 2 was declared carried:—In line 9 to add after the words "local Committee" the words: "The Council shall have power to add to their number such of the Chairmen and Secretaries of Chambers of Commerce and Mercantile Associations, Editors of newspapers in the County, and other representative persons as they may think desirable to elect."

The following appointments were made for the year 1908:—President, the Right Hon. Lord Clifford; Vice-Presidents, Sir Robert Newman, Bart. J.P., D.L., Exeter; Rev. G. Rogerson, Newton Abbot; Mr. W. E. P. Bastard, Plymouth; Hon. Editor of *Devonia*, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. Snow; Hon. Secretary, Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp; elected Members of Council, Mr. T. Canning Bailly, Plymouth; Rev. E. J. Damen, Tiverton; Mr. F. T. Depree, Exeter; Mr. A. Edmund Spender, Plymouth; Mr. C. J. Ross, Exeter; Dr. G. A. Rae, Devonport; Mr. F. Underhill, Plymouth.

The Hon. Secretary and Hon. Editor were heartily thanked for their services during the past year. Lord Clifford was thanked for presiding.

Delegates.

ASHBURTON—Major R. Tucker, The Hall.
AXMINSTER—Mr. W. E. Pitfield Chapple, The Shrubbery.

Mr. J. Gage, Clerk to Parish Council, Bank Chambers.

BARNSTAPLE—Mr. Henry Barrett, Portland Villas.

BIDEFORD—Mr. H. Sowden.

BOVEY TRACEY—

BRIXHAM—

BUCKFASTLEIGH—Mr. W. Hamlyn, Woollen Manufacturer.

BUDE—Mr. R. Foster Melliar, The Strand.

Mr. H. W. Harrison, 5 and 6 Belle Vue.

DARTMOUTH—Dr. Searle and Town Clerk.

DAWLISH—Mr. F. G. Avant, Strand.

DEVONPORT—The Mayor and Mr. W. D. Rutter.

DULVERTON—Mr. B. Bayly, Vine House.

Mr. C. W. Nelder, Carnarvon Arms, Hotel.

EXETER—Mr. F. J. Widgey, Queen Street.

Mr. O. Ralling, 9 Bedford Circus.

Mr. E. F. Stone, Fore Street.

EXMOUTH—Mr. Jago, Devon and Cornwall Bank.

Mr. G. Anderson, Rolle Street.

HOLSWORTHY—Mr. W. C. R. Peterson,

HONITON—Mr. J. C. Macaulay, High Street.

Mr. H. Banfield, Dolphin Hotel.

ILFRACOMBE—Mr. H. A. Palmer.

Mr. W. Rowe, U.D. Council.

IVYBRIDGE—Mr. E. W. Hawker, Beaconsville

KINGSBRIDGE—Mr. J. R. Gill, 101 Fore Street

LAUNCESTON—The Mayor, and Mr. Claude Peter (Town Clerk).

LYNTON & LYNNMOUTH—Mr. Edward Hole, Cottage Hotel.

MORETONHAMPTSTEAD—Mr. H. S. Neck, Court Street.

NEWTON ABBOT—Mr. P. C. Cornish-Bowden, 2 Courtenay Street.

The Rev. G. Rogerson, M.A.

OKEHAMPTON—Mr. Wm. Rowse.

Mr. J. D. Prickman.

PAIGNTON—Mr. N. G. Bridgman.

PLYMOUTH—The Mayor.

SALCOMBE—Mr. W. T. Ellis (Hon. Secretary Town Association, Fore Street.

SEATON—Mr. E. Terrell, Hon. Secretary

SIDMOUTH—Mr. T. Sanders, Fore Street.

SOUTH BRENT—Mr. J. R. T. Kingwell.

Mr. W. R. Gay, Moorland Park.

SOUTH MOLTON—The Mayor.

Mr. J. S. Hodge, Broad Street.

TEIGNMOUTH—Mr. H. C. Young, Bank St.

TIVERTON—The Mayor.

Mr. T. Lake, Ashley.

Rev. E. J. Damen.

TORQUAY—Mr. W. R. V. Webb.

Mr. H. L. Mackenzie, 2 Vaughan Parade

TORRINGTON—Major H. L. Mallet.

Mr. H. Grant, 42 South Street.

TOTNES—Mr. E. Windeatt.

The United Devon Association was started in the year 1898 as the result of meetings of the Mayors and Town Clerks of Devon, held at the New London Hotel, Exeter. The Head Office is at 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter, with local offices or bureaux in each principal town of Devon.

Offices where Local Information can be obtained—

- AXMINSTER—Mr. J. Gage, Clerk to the Parish Council.
 Mr. W. E. Pitfield Chapple.
 BARNSTABLE—Mr. G. Lindsley (Hon. Sec.), Golden Lion Hotel.
 BIDEFORD—Mr. W. B. Johns (Hon. Sec.), North View; or Mr. Stanley Heard, Royal Hotel.
 BOVEY TRACEY—
 BRIXHAM—
 BUDE—Mr. Harrison, 5 and 6 Belle Vue.
 CHAGFORD—Mr. G. Smith (Hon. Sec.), The School.
 CHULLEIGH—Mr. W. Cleave (Hon. Sec.), Chemist.
 CROYDE—
 DARTMOUTH—The Town Clerk.
 DAWLISH—Mr. F. G. Avant (Hon. Sec.), 26 Strand.
 DEVONPORT—Mr. W. D. Rutter, Public Library; or at Western Morning News and Mercury Offices.
 DULVERTON—Mr. C. W. Nelder, Carnarvon Arms Hotel; or Mr. R. Sowton Barrow.
 EXETER—17 Bedford Circus.
 EXMOUTH—Messrs. Crews and Son, Rolle St.
 GREAT TORRINGTON—Mr. G. M. Doe.
 HOLSWORTHY—The Clerk to the Urban District Council.
 HONITON—Alderman H. Banfield (Hon. Sec.) Dolphin Hotel.
 ILFRACOMBE—Clerk U.D. Council.
 IVYBRIDGE—Mr. E. W. Hawker, Beaconsville.
 KINGSBRIDGE—Mr. J. and R. Gill, 101 Fore Street.
 LAUNCESTON—The Town Clerk.
 LYDFORD—Mr. W. H. Symons, Post Office.
 LYNTON & LYNMOUTH—Mr. E. Hole, Cottage Hotel.
 MOREIONHAMPESTEAD—Mr. H. S. Neck (Hon. Sec.).
 NEWION ABBOT—Mr. P. C. Cornish Bowden (Hon. Sec.), 2 Courtenay Street.
 Mr. W. Maddern, The Free Library.
 OKEHAMPTON—Mr. Sprague, The Parade.
 Mr. J. Prickman, Solicitor.
 PAIGNTON—Mr. H. D. Higgs (Hon. Sec.).
 PLYMOUTH—Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Free Public Library.
 Mr. H. E. Ballard, "Borough Arms," Bedford Street.
 Western Morning News and Mercury Offices.
 PRINCETOWN—Mr. A. Rowe, Duchy Hotel.
 SALCOMBE—Mr. J. Fairweather (Hon. Sec.).
 SEATON & BEER—Mr. E. Terrell (Hon. Sec.) Seaton Improvement Committee.
 SIDMOUTH—Mr. T. Sanders, Fore Street.
 SOUTH BRENT—Mr. J. R. T. Kingwell.
 SOUTH MOLTON—Mr. J. S. Hodge (Hon. Sec.).
 TAVISTOCK—Rev. F. T. Astbury.
 TEIGNMOUTH—Messrs. T. Frost and Sons, Auctioneers.
 TIVERTON—Mr. F. J. Snell, M.A., 36 St. Peter Street.
 Rev. J. Damen, St. John's.
 TORQUAY—Mr. H. Lascelles Mackenzie, 2 Vaughan Parade; at the Public Information Bureau, Princess Pier; or Western Morning News Office.
 TOTNES—The Town Clerk.
 WOOLACOMBE—Mr. F. Beer (Hon. Sec.).

Honorary Correspondents—

INDIA—

- BOMBAY—Mr. W. Burn Maunder, The National Union Society, Ltd., of Bedford, England, 67 Meadows Street, Fort.
 CALCUTTA—The Hon. Mr. H. Elworthy, 12 Old Court House Street.
 Mr. R. W. Chubb, Hon. Sec., Devonian Society of Calcutta.
 MADRAS—
 SINGAPORE—Mr. E. F. H. Edlin, Solicitor, 10 Collyer Quay.
 CEYLON—Mr. Alexander Pitfield, Selegona, Natile.
 HONG KONG—Mr. Mowbray S. Northcote, Hong Kong Land and Investment Agency Co.

CANADA—

- BERMUDA—Miss Martin, Long Bay, Somerset.
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO—Professor S. John Ireland, 67 George Street.
 MONTREAL, QUEBEC—Mr. A. H. Harris, Traffic Manager, Quebec Southern Railway Co.
 TORONTO—Mr. Frank Yeigh (Illustrated Lecturer in Canada), 667 Spadina Avenue.
 ANTIGUA, W.I.—Hon. Francis Watts, B.S.C., F.I.C., F.C.S.

SOUTH AFRICA—

- CAPE TOWN—Mr. T. A. Cox, 30 St. George's Street.
 DURBAN—Mr. W. Glover Friggens, P.O. Box 339, Hon. Sec. and Treas. West Country Association.
 JOHANNESBURG—Mr. J. R. Williams, Box 503.
 Mr. R. Stokes, Hon. Secretary, Devonian Society.
 KIMBERLEY—Mr. Frank Ireland, Office of *Diamond Fields Advertiser*.
 Mr. E. A. Hodge, c/o Mr. Cooper, West End.
 KING WILLIAM'S TOWN—Dr. Doble.
 PIETERMARITZBURG—Mr. Geo. Bull, Prime Minister's Office.

PORT ELIZABETH—

AUSTRALIA—

- ADELAIDE, S.A.—The Rev. Canon Wise, M.A., Clergy House, W. Adelaide.
 Mr. W. Giffard Tate, Colonial Sugar Refinery Co., Ltd.
 BRISBANE, Q.—Mr. Chas. A. Clarke, Accountant and Insurance Broker, Queen Street.
 MELBOURNE, V.—
 NORTH QUEENSLAND—Mr. L. C. Woolrych, Townsville.
 PERTH, W.A.—Mr. E. Pretty, Manager, New Zealand Insurance Company.

HONORARY CORRESPONDENTS, *continued*—

AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, N.S.W.—Mr. J. St. Vincent Welch, J.P., Pitt and Hunter Streets.

EGYPT—

NEW ZEALAND—

AUCKLAND—Mr. T. L. Ross, c/o Direct Supply Co., Ltd.

LYTTLETON—Rev. E. E. Chambers, St. Saviour's Parsonage.

NEW PLYMOUTH—Mr. C. E. Baker, Devon Street.

WELLINGTON—Mr. T. E. Donne, Superintendent N.Z. Government Touring Arrangements Department.

Mr. Herbert Baillie, Chief Librarian.

TASMANIA—

HOBART—Mr. A. Wertheimer, Hon. Sec., Tourist Association.

UNITED STATES—

NEW YORK—

Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb Company (Incorporated) 25 Union Square (and at Boston, 305 Washington Street; Philadelphia, 1005 Chestnut Street; Pittsburg, 357 Fifth Avenue; Chicago, 223 South Clark Street; San Francisco, 61 Crocker Buildings; Portland, Ore., 225 Morrison Street; Los Angeles, Cal., 237 South Spring Street, European Manager; Captain A. Akin-Higgins, Office of International Sleeping Car Co., 20 Cockspur Street, London, W.).

BOSTON—Mr. G. B. Perry, 552 Broadway, South Boston.

SAN FRANCISCO—Mr. W. H. Woolcock, Assistant Librarian, Mechanics' Institute.

ARGENTINA—

BUENOS AYRES—Mr. Maitland S. Edye, 331-334 Calle Piedad.

LONDON—Mr. C. H. Brodie, Hon. Treasurer, Devonian Club, Bedford Hotel, Southampton Row.

Rev. Martin Anstey, 11 Mount View Road, Crouch Hill.

BARRY—Mr. Nicholas Welch, 30 Kingsland Crescent, Barry Dock.

BIRMINGHAM—Mr. T. W. Hussey, Conservative Club.

BRISTOL—Mr. S. Dent Chamberlain, 6 St. Stephen's Avenue.

BRADFORD—Mr. John Hutchinson, Commercial Union Assurance Co., Market Street.

BATLEY, YORKS—Mr. F. C. Badcock, 64 Providence Street.

CARDIFF—Mr. S. W. Culley, 92 Queen Street.

DROITWICH—Mr. Thomas F. Culley, Manager Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel.

FAKENHAM, NORFOLK—Mr. T. E. Pengelley, Post Office.

GLASGOW—Mr. Arthur W. Jeffery, F. R. Met. Soc., 71 Dixon Avenue, Crosshill.

LANCASTER—Mr. T. Gill, M.J.L., Observer Office.

LIVERPOOL—

MANCHESTER—Mr. Frank Short, Provincial Secretary, Polytechnic Touring Association.

NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. C. V. Martyn, Skelmorlie, Stow Park.

SWANSEA—Mr. S. T. Drew, Hon. Sec. Devonians' Society, Free Library.

WORCESTER—Mr. W. J. Pearce, 43 High Street.

YORK—Mr. S. Border, J.P., Grimston Hill, York.

Additions to this List are cordially invited.

Devonian Societies and Associations.

LONDON—Devonian Club, Hon. Sec. Mr. R. O. Hearson, 46 and 47 London Wall, E.C.

Devonians in London, Mr. R. A. Hearson.

Three Towns' Association, Mr. W. H. Smart, Hon. Secretary, St. Bride's Institute, E.C.

BIRMINGHAM—Mr. T. W. Hussey, Conservative Club.

BARRY—Mr. Nicholas Welch, Hon. Sec., 30 Kingsland Crescent, Barry Dock.

BRADFORD—Mr. Augustine Honey, 26 Blenheim Road.

BRISTOL—Mr. S. Dent Chamberlain, 6 St. Stephen's Avenue.

CALCUTTA—Mr. R. W. Chubb, Hon. Sec. Devonian Society of Calcutta.

CAPE TOWN (SOUTH AFRICA)—Mr. J. D. Thomas, P.O. Box 1169.

CARDIFF—The Secretary.

EASTBOURNE—Mr. W. P. Glanfield, Hon. Sec., West Country Association, Albemarle Hotel.

GLASGOW—Mr. Arthur W. Jeffery, F.R. Met. Soc., 71 Dixon Avenue, Cross Hill.

GLOUCESTER—Mr. John F. Leat, 7 St. Paul's Road.

JOHANNESBURG (SOUTH AFRICA)—Mr. R. Stokes (Hon. Sec.), Devonian Soc., P.O. Box 1957.

LIVERPOOL—Mr. J. R. Watkins, 5 Harrington Street.

MANCHESTER—Mr. W. L. Read, Highfield Terrace, Cleveland Road, Crumpsall.

Mr. A. R. Andrews, Hon. Sec., Wessex Society, Mosley Hotel.

NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. C. V. Martyn, Skelmorlie, Stow Park.

SOUTHAMPTON—Mr. A. Broomfield, Hon. Sec. Association of West Countrymen in Hampshire, 57 Atherley Road.

SWANSEA—Mr. S. T. Drew, Hon. Sec., Free Library.

WORCESTER—Mr. W. J. Pearce, Hon. Sec., 43 High Street.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE—Mr. T. J. Kerslake, Hon. Sec., Alexandra Parade.

Information from Secretaries gladly received at Bedford Circus, Exeter.



DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. VIII.]

MAY, 1908.

[No. 5.

— **Principal Officers:** —

President & Chairman of Council:

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CLIFFORD, J.P., D.L., UGBROOKE PARK, CHUDLEIGH.

Vice-Presidents:

SIR ROBERT NEWMAN, BART., J.P., D.L., EXETER.

MR. W. E. P. BASTARD, PLYMOUTH.

REV. G. ROGERSON, NEWTON ABBOT.

Hon. Editor "Devonia":

MR. W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. HIST. SOC., F.L.A., PUBLIC LIBRARY, PLYMOUTH.

Hon. Treasurer:

MR. T. SNOW, UNION OF LONDON AND SMITH'S BANK, LTD., EXETER.

Hon. Secretary:

MR. CECIL R. M. CLAPP, M.A., L.L.M., SOLICITOR, 17 BEDFORD CIRCUS, EXETER.

Assistant Secretary:

MR. E. A. WILLS, 17 BEDFORD CIRCUS, EXETER.

Elected Members of Council:

MR. T. CANNING BAILY, PLYMOUTH.

REV. E. J. DAMEN, TIVERTON.

MR. F. T. DEPREE, EXETER.

MR. A. EDMUND SPENDER, PLYMOUTH.

MR. C. J. ROSS, EXETER.

DR. G. A. RAE, J.P., DEVONPORT.

MR. F. UNDERHILL, PLYMOUTH.

Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Messrs. Underhill and Co., Advertisement Department, U.D.A., Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



This picture of Old Moleskin, the Dartmoor Poacher, forms the frontispiece to Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "The Mother," reviewed in the April number of *Devonia*. We are indebted to Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., for the loan of the block.

 Old Plymouth.


 HERE is a part of Plymouth, and a very interesting part, too, which, as a rule, escapes the ken of the passing stranger. I allude to the old Plymouth harbour, which lies just beyond the Barbican, at the mouth of the river Plym, and which was the old seaport from whence the immortal Plymouth captains set sail to conquer new worlds and do battle with the enemies of England. Long before the famous Sound was the renowned roadstead of the West, when the Breakwater was not even dreamed of, from the mouth of the Plym did stout Devon men put out to sea on buccaneering expeditions, from which they returned covered with glory and with pockets well lined. The world was young then, and the telegraph, the daily paper, and the special correspondent among the blessings to come. These gallant sailors, who went forth to harry their country's foes upon the high seas, were not very particular with regard to nationality. Education was at a low standard, and the knowledge of tongues, for instance, peculiarly deficient. We were always at war with some power, and if a deeply-laden galleon fell in these adventurers' way, the crew of which spoke no English, who was to determine whether they were not Spanish, French, Dutch, or whatever the particular nation happened to be that we were on pleasant throat-cutting terms with? There was nobody to send a letter to the papers in those times, reporting such outrages, for reasons above mentioned, and the buccaneers took precautions to prevent representations of their irregular practices in a manner which it is best not to dwell upon. We certainly owe them a good deal; but I am afraid in these days we should dub them pirates without scruple, and that an unappreciative judge and jury, with no sense of romance about them, would consign them to the public executioner.

Still, from that snug little harbour, lying below the Citadel, did Drake and his captains, leaving that historic game of bowls on the Hoe, sally forth to scatter the Armada, and shatter the power of the Spaniard for aye. Strange doings has that same harbour witnessed, and it is probable that during the early days of this century (the nineteenth), besides the privateering which was hereditary to the place, and handed down by tradition from the times of Elizabeth or earlier (they called it buccaneering then), there was a smartish trade done in Nantes cognac, laces, silks, etc., for the Devon men had much the same taste for smuggling that characterised the whole of the south coast in those days of heavy tariffs, and were bold sailors and keen traders to boot.

Down upon Plymouth Bar, as the quay running alongside the quaint little harbour is called, stands one of the queerest nautical taverns ever seen. There is no possibility of mistaking it for anything else. Even from the outside you can picture the interior—the sungly-curtained, latticed windows, the low, dark, unpolished mahogany doorway, are all indicative of the brass and dark-wood fittings within. You can see instinctively the cosy bar, fragrant with the perfume of lemons, wine, and old Jamaica; the old china bowls and silver-mounted punch ladles; the squat-stoppered, Dutch-shaped bottles that deck the shelves; the portentous sheaf of long clay pipes, slender-stemmed, deep-bowled fellows, such are not made in this country, but had evidently found their way across

from Amsterdam or the Hague. You knew there was a back parlour sacred to merchant-skipppers, where endless pipes were smoked, where mighty jorums of punch were consumed, and marvellous yarns were told with portentous solemnity, and received with unquestioning credulity. These men went "down to the sea in ships," and were cognisant of the strange things their class at times were witness to. It was no sailors' public house, nor could anyone have deemed so for a moment. It was a respectable tavern of the old kind, the frequenters of which, if they took a deal of liquor—and they did—knew how to carry it discreetly. Many of the *habitués* of the little parlour had their abode at the "Golden Galleon." Tradition said that the house had been built out of the spoil that accrued to some freebooter for his successful share in an attack on one of those famous Spanish argosies. These rough sea captains found the "Galleon" a pleasant resting-place during their brief holiday on shore. They met congenial society; they were handy to look after their own immediate business; the tavern had a thoroughly nautical air pervading it—the little parlour, for instance, was not unlike a ship's cuddy; and lastly, John Black, the landlord, was one of themselves. John Black had gone to sea as a boy, and worked his way up till he commanded first a small craft, and finally a clipper engaged in the Chinese trade.

—From "Struck Down: A Tale of Devon," by HAWLEY SMART.



Sunset by the Exe.

THE flood of light falls lingeringly
Where Exe flows out to meet the sea,
And through my heart the flood of dream
Flows deeper with the deepening gleam.

The sun hath touched with loving hand
The stretch of sea, the bars of sand,
And on each crying sea-bird's wing
His kisses still are quivering.

The world of spirits opens wide
The sea of soul that hath no tide;
A moment's passport comes to me,
Where Exe flows out to meet the sea.

I pass with sunset's passing gleam
Into the life that doth not dream;
The secret guarded gates unfold
Unto the self that grows not old.

The years that come with stain and soil,
The years of hope, the years of toil,
Pass by, and leave no least impress
Upon this inmost consciousness.

Only when life of long offence
Hath dulled the soul with chords of sense,
Rarer or none our moments be
Of glimpses at eternity.

And when the spirit's nobler need
Is sold for sordid aims or greed,
Its sleep unbroken covets not
The glories that it hath forgot.

Where Exe flows forth to meet the sea
This comfort hath been granted me:
The soul, though fast asleep it lie,
Grows never old, can never die.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

—From "West Country Verses." William Blackwood and Sons.

A new Granville Book.

THERE has recently issued from the "Bodley Head," Mr. John Lane's press in Vigo Street, London, a book entitled, "The King's General in the West." This work bears chiefly upon the life of Sir Richard Granville, Bart., 1600-1659 and the author is the Rev. Roger Granville, M.A., Sub-Dean of Exeter Cathedral, whose larger work, "A History of the Granville Family," issued in 1895, is widely known. The Sir Richard Granville treated of in this book, was the grandson of the famous Sir Richard, the hero of that great fight in the Azores, so graphically described by Sir Walter Raleigh, whose story has been so dramatically retold by the late



"THE KING'S GENERAL IN THE WEST."

SIR RICHARD GRANVILLE, BART.

Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson. The two characters are very dissimilar, both men of great courage it is true, but the later Sir Richard, disloyal, cruel, vindictive, and overbearing, both in public and in private affairs. Certainly the author of the book before us tried to gloss over the faults of his hero, but he cannot hide the imperfections of his character, or present him in a favourable light. It appears that in the first instance Sir Richard Granville deserted from the King to the Parliament, and later, when he was made Major-General of

the Parliamentary Horse, he treacherously went over again to the King, bringing his whole force with him. For his behaviour in the west he deserves execration, for he plundered everybody who came within his power, and his cruelties have no extenuating features.

The book is highly interesting, apart from the personal element, for it gives a full and graphic history of the progress of the Civil War in the West of England, and of the memorable siege of Plymouth, with which the "King's General" had a great deal to do. Granville's wife (Lady Howard), who, by the way, he treated very cruelly, is a notable character in West Country traditions; and a gruesome and blood-curdling story respecting her was long in vogue round Tavistock. She was supposed to ride every night for her sins in a coach made of the bones of her four dead husbands,—all of whom she was credited with having murdered,—from Fitzford to Okehampton Castle. As the clock strikes the midnight hour she starts from Fitzford gateway in her coach of bones, drawn by headless horses, and in front of the carriage runs a sable hound, with one eye in the middle of his forehead. Arrived at Okehampton, the hound plucks a blade of grass, and the *cortege* returns to Fitzford, where the blade of grass is laid on a certain stone. This is Lady Howard's penance, and it will last until every blade of grass in Okehampton Park is plucked, or the world comes to an end. Mrs. Bray, in her novel, "Fitz of Fitzford," tells us that a century before she wrote Tavistock folk were afraid to be out after dark, lest they should meet Lady Howard's coach issuing from the gates of Fitzford.

The book has several interesting illustrations, including portraits of Sir Richard Granville and Lady Howard, of which electros have been kindly supplied by the publisher.

W. H. K. W.



Climate and Health.

A very important element in climate is wind direction, and the quantity of ozone in the air. Taking a general average of the whole county of Devon, it can be stated that for about two-thirds of the year, or upwards of two hundred and fifty days, the winds are southerly and westerly in their direction, and blowing in from the sea. These bring with them the largest proportion of ozone, providing that exhilarating and invigorating stimulant so beneficial for the over-worked brain. The mean annual percentage of ozone always present is over fifty per cent., but during the prevalence of the fresh, moist, southerly and westerly winds as much as seventy-five per cent. is measured.

There is around the coast a notable absence of electrical atmospheric disturbances, heavy thunderstorms, lightning, and thunder being quite unusual, and, from a medical point of view this aspect is important for epileptic patients and invalids in general. It may also be stated that always in periods of abnormal weather or extremes of temperature prevailing over England, Devonshire is certain to get the benefit of about ten degrees of temperature. That is, of course, in periods of extremes of either cold or heat. In winter during cold periods Devonshire will be ten degrees warmer, and in summer during heat waves ten degrees cooler than London, the Midlands, and the North.

Mr. F. C. Bayard, F.R.M.S., in his paper on "English Climatology," directs attention to two great facts which have a special bearing on the climate of Devon, owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream waters of the Atlantic, viz., "(a) the great influence of the sea and its tendency to increase the temperature of the sea-coast stations in winter, and diminish it in summer; and (b) that the temperature rises much more rapidly than it falls, that is to say, that the average rise in temperature between April and July is from twelve degrees to seventeen degrees, whilst the average fall between July and October is only from eight degrees to thirteen degrees." And again he says: "With respect to mean temperature the sea-coast stations are warm in winter and cool in summer, whilst the inland stations are cold in winter and hot in summer."

It is an undoubted fact, verified by reliable observations, that the warmth, the equable temperature, and the large prevalence of soft ozonic winds on the coast of Devon are largely due, as another medical expert has said, "to the warming influence of the waters of the Atlantic," or in effect to the constant touch throughout the year, but especially in the winter months, of the Gulf Stream waters.

Devonshire

Artists.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

IT is an indisputable fact that Devonshire heads the list of provincial districts as an art-producing land. Out of 438 distributed amongst the several English counties, Devon claims 33. The reason for this preponderance is not easily explained, for although there is, or was, a well-grounded belief that the inspiration proceeds from climatic causes, and that the beauty of our Devonshire scenery has operated to a considerable extent in the development of artistic taste, yet, considering that Devonshire is the third largest county in England, and that nearly all the artists enumerated lived within the nineteenth century, the number is but small, and the soundness of the belief is not borne out by the investigation of the facts.

Narrowing the scene still further, we may venture a suggestion that Plymouth and its immediate district can boast of a larger number of really great artists than any other city or town in the Kingdom. Here are a few names as a sample, others might be enumerated: Sir Joshua Reynolds (born at Plympton), first President of the Royal Academy; Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy; Benjamin Robert Haydon; Samuel Prout; James Northcote; Solomon Hart; Ambrose Bowden Johns; Philip Hutchins Rogers; William Pike; Philip Mitchell; and many others.

At present we propose to deal only with Sir Joshua Reynolds, reserving the others named for subsequent articles.

The first President of the Royal Academy was born at Plympton July 16th, 1723. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was Master of the Grammar School in that ancient town and sometime Parliamentary Borough, and there he was educated. He was intended for the medical profession, but early in life he evinced such a liking for artistic pursuits, that he was allowed to follow his inclination, his father wisely foregoing his own intention with regard to him. In the school and at home he was thought a prodigy, as he was continually sketching and copying, now prints out of his school books, now making sketches of houses in the neighbourhood, and anon venturing to delineate the features of his companions. His was a genius that could not be hindered, and so it was that, when in his seventeenth year, he was sent to London to learn the details of that art in which he was afterwards to become such a master. For three years he studied with Thomas Hudson, who sought to teach the young student the mechanical part of his art, but found that the young man was better able to teach him. In 1743 he was back again in the West, and had set up a studio in Plymouth Dock as a portrait painter. For three years he laboured on, receiving a fair share of patronage from the resident nobility and gentry, and the officials connected with the various Naval and Military establishments. But Reynolds laboured under some disadvantages, inasmuch as he had never thoroughly grounded himself in the first principles of his art—drawing. It

must be remembered that at this time the Royal Academy did not exist, and there were no art schools to which the young aspirant for artistic fame could apply for the necessary instruction. His first master, Mr. Hudson, was, as we have shown, able to teach him but little. Nevertheless his practice during the short time he remained in Plymouth tended greatly to improve his style, and even then he was superior to many of his contemporaries. Reynolds early saw the fallacy of the old school of painters to which Hudson belonged, and determined to apply himself to Art in an original manner, and by the study of Nature, believing that the truest art is that which can best depict and copy Nature. His genius was of that high order which enabled him thus to throw off all restraint, and to strike out for himself, unshackled by the conventionalities of style and fashion. He saw what was most beautiful and graceful in Nature; he was ever ready in detecting the most beautiful combinations of colours, whether in the sky or on the earth, and was quick at transferring their effects to his canvas. He felt his own powers, and happily he had the courage and the strength of will to shape out an independent course, which resulted in the most unqualified success. But in these early years he was continually experimenting, and his pictures bear evidence of this, many of them having faded, and becoming mere shadows of their original state. These things, however, are no sign of failure, but only show the skill of an enthusiast, and the desire he had to produce the most exquisite combinations of colours, many, alas, too delicate to bear the wear and tear of time.

It was during his residence in Plymouth at this time that he first attracted the attention of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who gave him an introduction to Captain, afterwards Lord, Keppel, the result of which was that Reynolds took a cruise in the Mediterranean, and settled down for a time in Italy. In 1749 he was at Leghorn, and for several years he studied at Rome, Florence, and Venice, returning to England in 1752. He stayed but a short time in Devonshire amongst his old friends, but soon set up in London as a portrait painter, his first residence being in St. Martin's Lane. He did not remain there long, however, but took a better position in Great Newport Street, again removing in 1761 to a still better locality in Leicester Square. Here it was that his career seemed to expand, for his talents could not remain concealed, and he soon became famous and received more commissions than he could conveniently execute. His old master, Hudson, gladly renewed an acquaintance with his former pupil. His patron, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, recommended him to many friends who gave him commissions for portraits, so that he soon became a man of considerable note and influence. To show how rapidly he rose in the favour of the patrons of art, it need only be stated that during one year, 1755, he had one hundred and twenty sitters, and in the month of March, 1757, he had twenty-eight subjects, and gave one hundred and six sittings, and in the next year he was still more fully occupied. In 1758 he painted no fewer than one hundred and fifty portraits, and received the patronage of the Prince of Wales. Reynolds and Dr. Johnson were close friends, and it was for one of the Doctor's works ("The Idler") that he wrote three essays on painting, his first literary work.

In the year 1768 the Royal Academy was founded, with Reynolds as its first President. He was also knighted by the King.

Reynolds was always very attentive to the exhibitions of the Academy, and desirous that the exhibitors should be satisfied with the places assigned to their works. He took the most active part in the organisation of the Academy, both in the Council and the schools. He gave several series of discourses on Art, which were published.

In 1781 he visited Holland and the Netherlands. In 1784 he was appointed Painter-in-Ordinary to the King, and received a commission from the Empress Catherine of Russia.

Reynolds was essentially a portrait painter, and in this branch of art attained



LADY HOWARD.

his chief celebrity; but it must not be supposed that he did not attempt other subjects, as several works in the National Gallery and elsewhere sufficiently show. He continued to paint without intermission until 1782, when he was suddenly attacked by what was supposed to be paralysis. Although he recovered and was able to resume his work for several years, another attack followed in 1789, and then, his sight failing, and health giving way, he was compelled to retire from the practice of his art, and to complete his last picture. He died February 23rd, 1792, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral with great pomp. His body had previously lain in state at the Royal Academy.

A Devonshire writer, Mr. Pycroft, thus says of him:—"What was the peculiar charm of Sir Joshua's portraits? What was it that differentiated them from all others? Was it the fidelity of the likeness? No! Any of his contemporaries could ensure that. It was that he drew not only the face, but the life, the soul, the mind, the temper, the habits of the man. He threw intelligence into the face so that to see a portrait was to know the sitter; you seem to have been acquainted with him, to have conversed with him; and when you go away you do not forget the picture, but you remember it as if you had seen, not a painting, but a breathing, thinking man. This, combined with delicacy, purity, simplicity, and grace of design, and modesty, quietness, and harmony in colour, gave that peculiar charm which blends with all the works of the great Devonshire painter, before all others of the modern school."

W H. K. W.



Devonshire and New Zealand.

THE first settlement of the Taranaki district by people who came with the intention of making it their homes and of pursuing the peaceful occupations of agriculture and commerce, was due to "The Plymouth Company of New Zealand," established on the 25th January, 1840. The first party of emigrants, numbering 134 souls, were landed from the *William Brian* at Ngamotu on the 30th March, 1841. This vessel was quickly followed by others, each bringing its complement of hardy pioneers fortified with brave hearts and strong arms, all bent on making homes for themselves and their families in the new land of promise. The original settlers of Taranaki were nearly all from the West of England—Devon and Cornwall—and they were a picked lot of small farmers, husbandmen, and mechanics in the prime of life and health and strength. It is probable that rarely has the Mother Land sent forth to the extension of her Empire a finer lot of people than our first Taranaki settlers. Stalwart, hardy young men and good-looking, healthy young women all in the pink of health, formed the very beau ideal of pioneers to subdue the wilderness and make it blossom as the rose. It required stout hearts to face this country as the early settlers found it, a wilderness of magnificent forests, the margins of which descended nearly to the sea shore, leaving an intermediate space of dense fern and scrub that was impenetrable without the aid of axe and bill, with no roads but the sands of the sea shore. But the fertile soil was there, and strong arms soon found means to turn it to profitable account."

—From "Taranaki: the Garden of New Zealand," by S. PERCY SMITH, F.R.G.S.

Published at New Plymouth, 1906.



"Sketches of the West Countree."

EVERYBODY who is interested in Devonshire and Cornish stories, Devonshire folklore, and the Devonshire dialect, should procure a copy of the little book with the above title, by the Rev. W. Gregory Harris, now resident at Torquay. Its price is only one shilling. It abounds in interesting items, both poetry and prose as well relating to Cornwall as to Devon, and some of the pieces are quite suitable for recitation. Mr. Harris has a facile pen, his mastery of the Devon vernacular is evident right through the book, and some of his poems are very pretty and tuneful. We gave in our March issue one piece from his pen, entitled, "Old Grannie's Story"; and last month we printed "The Village Philosopher," with the author's kind permission.

Old Plymouth Notables.

WE give herewith a reproduction of a most interesting picture, the original of which is, or was, in the possession of Mr. Soper, Caterham, Kent, whose grandfather is on the extreme right of the group. The Plymouth Barbican was, in or about the year 1840, the usual rendezvous for Plymouth men after church service on Sunday mornings, just as now the Hoe Promenade is the scene of the "church parade." The following is from a list of the individuals who compose the group, taken from a "key," lent to use with an excellent photograph of the picture by Messrs. Taylor Bros., of Flora Street. The photograph was taken by Mr. Steer, Photographer, of Plymouth. Taken from right to left, the names are as follows, with a few exceptions, which have not been identified:—Mr. Soper, a cooper, owner of Fisheries, Labrador; Mr. Treeby, Corn Merchant; Mr. John Kelly, Solicitor, Mayor of Plymouth (1855-6 and 1872-3); Mr. Thomas



THE BARBICAN, PLYMOUTH, WITH GROUP OF PLYMOUTH NOTABLES, ABOUT 1840.

Stephens, Mayor of Plymouth (1854-5); Mr. Thomas Fox, Corn Merchant; Mr. John Moore, Solicitor, Mayor of Plymouth (1834-5 and 1847-8); Mr. John Stuart, Superintendent of Construction Plymouth Breakwater; Mr. Glanville, Stuart's Chief Boatman and Attendant; Mr. Fuge, Barbican Policeman; Mr. Edward Nettleton, Stationer, Guardian of the Poor; Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Fish Sellers; Mr. John Pardew, Innkeeper and Fish Buyer; Mr. W. Pridham; Editor, *Plymouth Herald*; Mr. Stibbs, Fishing Smack Owner; Mr. Brooks, Preacher at the Bethel; Mr. Cornbloom, great frequenter of the Barbican, a Jew; Mr. William Ackland, Stationer and Paper Maker; Mr. W. J. Kerswill, Ironmonger, Alderman, Churchwarden of St. Andrew's; Mr. Will Truman Harris, Councillor and Governor of the Board of Guardians; Mr. James Harris, Artist, painter of the picture; and Mr. Stibbs, Fishing Smack Owner, brother of No. 17, named above.

The group is a very characteristic one, and as it gives fairly good portraits of many Plymouth worthies of more than sixty years ago, its perpetuation should be of interest to the rising generation.

W.H.K.W.

Piquant excerpt from a Devonshire Book.

MRS. MAC-GILL, inspired by the zeal with which the rest are re-reading Hardy, Blackmore, Baring-Gould, and Phillpotts, has finished a book of each of these novelists who play the "Pipes of the Misty Moorlands." She dislikes them all, but her liveliest disapproval is reserved for the first and last named. She finds them most immoral, and says that if she could have believed that such ill-conducted persons resided in Dartmoor or anywhere else in Devonshire, she would have not have encouraged the Grey Tor Inn by her presence. As to the language spoken by some of the characters, she is inclined to think no one could ever have heard it. "There would be no sense in their using such words," she explains triumphantly, "for no one would understand them"; continuing the argument by stating that she once heard the Duke of Devonshire open a public meeting and he spoke in exceptionally good English.

All this makes me rather wicked, so when I went down to breakfast to-day I said cheerfully, "Good marnin' to you! Marnin', Mrs. Mac-Gill! How do 'ee like my new gown, Cecilia?—it's flam-new! Marnin', Sir Archibald! I didn't know 'ee in the dimpsey light, bide where you be, I'll take this seat. . . . There's many matters I want to put afore 'ee to-day. . . . Do 'ee see thicky li'l piece of bread 'pon the plate, Cecilia? Pass it to me, will 'ee? I know I be chitterin' like a guinea-fowl, but I be a sort o' public merryman bringin' folks the blessing o' honest laughter. Can us have a blind up, if 'tis all the same to you, Mrs. Mac-Gill? I doan't like eatin' in the dark."

Then when mamma said "*jenny*" in italics, and looked at me beseechingly, "Will I have bacon and eggs?" Ess fay; there'll be nought else, us all knows I exclaim. "Gaw your ways, Mother, I ban't feared o' you, and I doan't mind tellin' 'ee 'tis so." When Sir Archibald, bursting with laughter, remarked it was a fine day, I replied, "You'm right theer; did 'ee ever see ought like un? Theer's been a wonnerful change in the weather; us be called 'pon to go down-long to Widdington-in-the-Wolds to-day to see the roundy poundies.

"Along by the river we'll ram'le about,
A'drawing the line and a-ketchin' o' trout;
An' when we've got plenty we'll start ver our huomes,
An' tull all our doings while pickin' ther buones."

By this time Mrs. Mac-Gill, thoroughly incensed, remarked that there was no accounting for tastes in jokes, whereupon I responded genially, "You'm right theer! It's a wonnerful coorious rackety world; in fact, in the language of Eden, 'I'll be gormed if it ban't a mazin world!'"

Mamma at this juncture said, with some heat, that if this were the language of Eden she judged it was after the advent of the serpent; at which Sir Archibald and Miss Evesham and I screamed with laughter, and explained that I meant Eden Phillpotts, not the Garden of Eden.

The day was heavenly, as I said, and seemed intended by Providence for our long-designed picnic to Widdington-in-the-Wolds. Mamma and Mrs. Mac-Gill wanted to see the church; Cecilia and I wanted any sort of outing; Sir Archibald had not viewed the plan with any warmth from the first, but I was determined that he should go, for I thought he needed chastening. Goodness knows he got it, and for that matter so did I, which was not in the bargain.

I refuse to dwell on the minor incidents of that interminable day. Mrs. Mac-Gill, for general troublesomeness, outdid her proudest previous record. No picnic polluted by her presence could be an enjoyable occasion, but this one was frowned upon by all the Fates. There is a Dartmoor saying that "God looks arter his own chosen fules," which proves only that we were "fules," not chosen ones. The luncheon was eaten in a sort of grassy gutter—the only place the party could agree upon. It was begun in attempted jocularly and

finished in unconcealed gloom. Mrs. Mac-Gill on perceiving that we were eating American tongue declined it, saying she had no confidence in American goods. I buried my face in my napkin and wept ostentatiously. She became frightened and apologised, whereupon I said I would willingly concede that we were not always poetic and were sometimes too rich, but that when it came to tinning meats it was cruel to deny our superiority. This delightful repast over and its remains packed in our baskets, we sought the inn.

Mrs. Mac-Gill sank upon a feather-bed in one of the upstairs rooms, and my mother extended herself on two chairs in the same apartment, adding to my depression by the remark she reserves for her most melancholy moments: "If you poor father had lived he would never have allowed me to undertake this."

—From "The Affair at the Inn." London: Messrs. Gay and Bird.



By Green Pastures and Still Waters.

I live in Uffculme. Its name might appropriately be Coleraine, for it is indeed a corner of ferns; every lane abounds with them, the hart's tongue being specially abundant. Uffculme takes its name from the river Culme, and means simply up Culme. It is noted for "zider" and its grammar school. It is a quaint and quiet village. I love its charming thatched cottages, with their niched eaves, each niche the eyebrow of a little window. The inns too are quaint, with their suspended signs, each a symbolic gem, some in the country around here bear such names as the "Merry Harriers," the "Honest Heart," the "Rising Sun," the "Half Moon," the "Hare and Hounds," etc. There are four streets in Uffculme, and a triangular "square," on which a market is held every two months. In the interval the grass has its own sweet will. Everything is still; the smoke rises like incense in the air. The narrowness of the lanes around adds greatly to the country's charms, their high hedgerows being a mass of many kinds of flowers. Thoroughly to enjoy the beauties of the neighbourhood however, it must be viewed from one of the hills or downs. Embowered in a wealth of greenery, Uffculme sleeps on a slope of the Culm valley. As far as the eye can reach lies a most beautiful panorama of diversified hill and dale with rounded trees, every field hedged with them. The quiet herds of Devon cattle lie ruminating and adorning the green bosom of the country. The whole scene has a charming cultured aspect, as if some giant landscape gardener had laid it out. What peacefulness! How beautiful the cattle! And then the Devonshire clotted cream! It is delicious, yet simply made. The milk stands on the hob till the cream rises and attains almost the consistency of dough. Every son of Devon, native and adopted, enjoys this luxury to the full.

The Culm is a little wandering river, abounding in trout. Otters are hunted at Hemyock. Foxes also are found in the neighbourhood, and on one occasion the noble wild red deer approached within five miles of us. Birds of all kinds are plentiful, and flowers abound. Bullfinches are a pest, even among the apple trees. In my first walk I saw a kingfisher and a jay. The country exudes vegetation at every pore. The mildness of the climate is evidenced by the fact that on October 17th I saw in bloom the foxglove, poppy, primrose, wild antherum, and many other flowers. I ate a strawberry grown in the open; watched the bees on the mignonette beds and saw a wood-pigeon's nest with young. The climax is reached when I say that a man of great agricultural faith, in the neighbouring parish of Halberton, is attempting a second crop of potatoes. The country is well watered; little rills gush from every quarter. The natives reckon by the flowers, e.g., "He went to Canada last hyacinth time." The gentlemen's seats are lovely in the extreme, and are surrounded by trees that would not grow "in the cold North's unhallowed ground." Within a stone's throw of the "Square," and in a former Coleraine gentleman's seat grow Wellingtonia pines, the cypress, the breadfruit tree, the Spanish chestnut, and other exotic beauties. A house in the village has its walls adorned with passion flowers now in bloom.

We are out of the tourist's track here. The motor rarely invades our quiet life; indeed the roads are not suited for motoring, as the streams cross them in several places, and a foot-bridge affords the only means of dry transit for the passengers.

I need not dwell on the Devon dialect. It is familiar to every reader of *Lorna Doone*. Suffice it to say that it slides out with the maximum ease, and in defiance of every rule of grammar. Have I exhausted the Devonian joys? Nay, I could mention the melodious church bells, the beauty of the children, and many other matters, but I have fulfilled my intention if I have conveyed the quaintness, the peace, and the good living of this part of rural Devon—a land "where the plain old men have rosy faces, and the simple maidens quiet eyes."

Clovelly.

THE Hobby! Who that has once driven or walked over its smooth graded road winding along the hillsides above the sea that laves their feet so many hundred feet below, and enjoyed the shade of the dense foliage overhead, the rivulets tumbling down the ravines, the sylvan panorama on the left and the broader sea views on the right, can ever forget it? Not many years ago it was a tangled wood covering a series of hills that dipped abruptly to the rough shingly shore, and cleft here and there with wild combes down which riotous streams found their way to the sea.

Though beyond the limits of his park, the wealthy baronet who owned all the land in the neighbourhood conceived the idea of cutting a road through this wild property which should not only shorten the way to Clovelly, but should make the approach to it as unique in its way as the village itself. The construction must have involved a very considerable expense, but the owner, who called it his hobby, carried out his plans regardless of the cost, and with characteristic generosity threw it open to the public. A small fee is charged for vehicles only, which goes toward keeping the road-bed in repair. The road is about three miles long and follows the curves of the shore, now bending inland to round the head of some deeply indented combe, crossing its stream by a substantial stone bridge and now passing along the edge of a precipice, at whose feet the waters sparkle three or four hundred feet below.

After crossing several of these ravines, each with its rivulet and rustic bridge, we came suddenly upon an open space overlooking the sea, its inner side a wooded bank with beds of fern enlivened with purple foxglove, campion, and wild geranium, its outer edge protected by a green hedge, over which we caught our first view of Clovelly—far down below us, across a gorge, in a cleft of the cliffs looking seaward, with a background of wooded hills, and below a shingly beach with its narrow stone wharf curving like a sheltering arm about its little pool.

Did Tennyson have Clovelly in his mind's eye when he wrote the opening passage in "Enoch Arden"?

"Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a mouldered church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down,
With Danish barrows; and a hazel-wood,
By Autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green, in a cuplike hollow of the down."

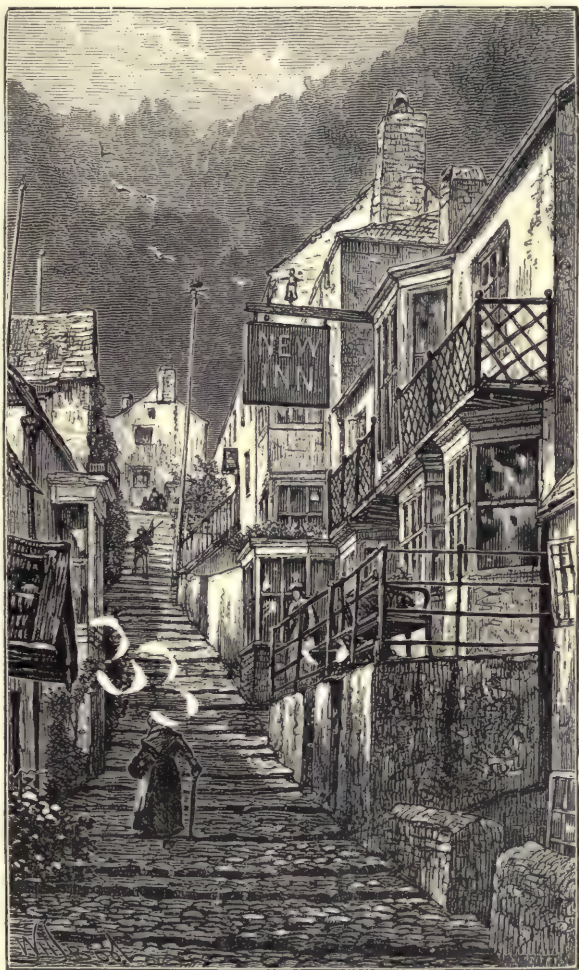
If he did not, it will do, and the chronicler will not try to improve on it.

Do not imagine as you look down thus on Clovelly and see its whitewashed houses rising tier upon tier, one above another, like swallows' nests upon a wall, and even observe the fishermen lolling about the wharf, that you are at your journey's end, and are about to invade its quiet streets, for you will soon discover that you have a good piece of road before you. The steep ravine which lies between you and it has still to be rounded, and you will have time to cool your enthusiasm and to enjoy many another sylvan view before the top of the village be reached. At last the coach passed the western gate of the Hobby, and we were at Clovelly or rather over Clovelly, for we had only to lean over the hedge to look down the chimneys of the houses which cluster along the rocky ledges of the cliff down to the pool several hundred feet below.

High Street, the main avenue, is nothing but a zig-zag staircase cut from the solid rock, not narrow like ordinary stairs, but steps nevertheless, and accessible only to bipeds, donkeys, and other sure-footed beasts. The appearance of any kind of vehicle in Clovelly Street would be a sight indeed.

After Jackson and Pierce had unharnessed their horses at the top of the ledge they succeeded after much persuasion in inducing the animals to descend the steps as far as the little inn, where provender had been made ready for them. Jackson seemed to take it as a personal grievance that the Clovelly people had not provided a broad and easily accessible avenue to the inn for the special accommodation of him and his horses.

"I managed, zur, to get 'em down this 'ere thing they call a street, but I don't know 'ow I shall ever get 'em hup again."



On the summit of the ledge, just where it begins to slope toward the sea, we found a piece of velvet sward shaded by fine old trees, beneath which we spread our luncheon; and there, with the grand ocean panorama spread out before us, with Clovelly on the hillside beneath us, we had one of the most enjoyable of our out-door repasts. As we lay on the grass in the cool shade we imagined that we could discern the cliff of the Welsh coast on the horizon, but it was more likely a cloud-bank, for there were at least fifty miles of clear water between us. Through Bristol Channel great ships with bellying canvas went sailing up and down, and nearer in the herring-boats, whose white sails

against the blue seemed scarce larger than the gulls which flew screaming from shore, moved in and out like sentient beings. Beautiful as it was, we could not linger. We had come to see Clovelly, and curiosity soon drew us down into its quiet street. We found a narrow path winding through shrubbery along the hillside, passing now between high walls and now under an arch, turning at one place abruptly around a corner, at another zig-zagging in a contrary direction, finding here a few feet of comparatively level path, and then going down apparently interminable flights of rude steps, all the time wondering where the end can be. Now the passage seems to come to a close at some house built directly across the path, but by following the platform around or by plunging through a vaulted passage we find the continuation on the opposite side. At one of the seeming cul-de-sacs we came suddenly upon two artists sketching the quaint gables and roofs of the surrounding cottages.

At another place children were playing on the steep steps, the older ones running along the ledges with the agility of goats, while the younger ones—some of them mere infants—were rolling around with a sublime unconsciousness of danger. Some of the ladies wondered why they did not break their necks, but later inquiries elicited the information that Clovelly children seldom get hurt—a good illustration of the natural adaptability of animals to their surroundings.

As we pass down by the neat whitewashed cottages we half expect to meet Salvation Yeo—the tall man and black, who swore awfully in his talk—who described himself as “born in Clovelly Street in the year 1526, where my father exercised the mystery of a barber surgeon, and a preacher of the people since called Anabaptists, for which I return humble thanks to God.” Or, perhaps, Will Cary or Master Frank Leigh, who thrashed his cousin Eustace on the hillside here.

But though the Clovelly of to-day is probably not very different from the Clovelly of the sixteenth—or indeed of the thirteenth century—its people have changed with the times. The brawny men who sailed with Drake and Hawkins against the Spaniard, or followed Raleigh and Gilbert to Virginia and Carolina, are now represented by peaceful sons of toil, who pursue herring and mackerel in the same waters where their fathers battled with the ships of the Armada. Sun-browned fishermen are lounging about the doors, through which we catch glimpses of women busy at household work; but no one is hurrying, for Clovelly folk are never in haste and often look wonderingly and perhaps a little disdainfully at the crowds of pleasure seekers which excursion steamers bring every summer to scamper up and down their generally quiet street and arouse the echoes with their thoughtless laughter.

Not unfrequently a Clovelly man, moved perhaps by the demon of unrest which originally brought trouble into this peaceful world, or by a praiseworthy desire to improve his condition in life, has been known to eschew the quest of herring and mackerel and go forth in search of adventure. Many a Clovelly man is familiar with the countries along the Mediterranean, if one may judge from the pictures and curiosities which adorn some of the cottage walls. We were fortunate enough to meet upon the quay a typical Clovellian who had seen something of the world—an athletic, yellow-haired, open-faced Saxon, whose clear blue eyes told of an honest heart, and whose brawny arms and sun-browned hands were evidences that toil had no terrors for him. He had sailed to Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans, and on steamboats up the Mississippi and the Washita. He had seen much to interest him, and would have liked to remain, but the old home feeling had drawn him back to Clovelly and the old, old story had been re-enacted. He had met his fate, had married, and had now been home about six years, and had three little responsibilities growing up around him. The money he had saved during his voyages, added to what he received from visitors who used his pleasure-boat, gave him a competency, and he was as happy as a lord—not the typical, but the traditional one.

Paignton: An Appreciation.

I was undecided where to spend my summer holiday, and one of my friends said, "Why don't you try South Devon? There's no place like it for a holiday. Go to Paignton, that's the best centre. I went there last year and I mean to go again this year!" I said the South was too hot and put forward various reasons why I should not visit Paignton, but upon my friend assuring me that one of the chief charms of the place was that it was never too hot, even in the hottest months, owing to its position, at last I decided to go, and one warm day I arrived on the departure platform at Paddington in time for the Torquay and South Devon express, and taking possession of a corner seat in a Kingswear coach I arranged my papers, etc., and prepared for the journey.

After the usual bustle the whistle blew and the long corridor train drawn by one of the G.W.R. huge engines steamed out of the station, and for a whole month I had left London behind. If you have never travelled on the G.W. line you have missed a treat; "swift and steady" is their motto. We tore through busy towns and peaceful villages, by hills and valleys, and exactly to time we steamed into Exeter, our first stop. After five minutes we were off again, and it was when we left the quaint old station behind us that I began to realise I was in glorious Devon at last. On the right the thickly wooded hills stretched out to meet the distant purple moor, and on the left was the river Exe with Starcross and Exmouth on the opposite side, and then all at once I smelt the sea, and there it was open and blue, and we were tearing along almost on the shore through Dawlish with its noted red rocks and Teignmouth to Newton Abbot, where we left the main line and branched off to Torquay. Why had I not decided to stay here? I was so busy asking myself this that I was quite surprised when we drew up at Paignton and I jumped out—just four hours after leaving London. What air! was my first thought, it was like a drink of sparkling spring water. As I left the station I came out into a clean well-kept street with good shops on either side. I was soon at my boarding-house (there is no difficulty in finding excellent accommodation in either hotel, boarding-house, or rooms for any size family at Paignton). Later in the evening I strolled down to the sea, and what a sight met my gaze!

On my right was Berry Head standing out rugged and brown, guarding over the fishing town of Brixham, which nestled at the foot of the cliffs. On the left, like a glimpse of the sunny South, was Torquay, her white houses scattered over the renowned seven hills. At my feet lay the glorious golden sands and the blue waters of Torbay, and out in the channel nearer the horizon I could see the picturesque brown-sailed Brixham trawlers. Behind us were the hills, their tops rosy with the setting sun. In the distance I could hear the strains of the band playing on the Green. Already I was glad I had come—the view, the air, and the surroundings were perfection—and from that night until the end of my holiday I did nothing but rejoice that I had found such a charming holiday resort as Paignton.

There was always something to do. The band played most days on the Front, there was a grand *al fresco* concert twice daily on the Green, an entertainment on the Pier, and then it was so easy to get anywhere, either by land or water. The excursion steamers called at the Pier nearly every day and by them I went to Salcombe, Plymouth, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Seaton, and Lyme Regis. Very often I went over to Torquay by motor bus and back by the small ferry steamers which ply between there and Brixham several times a day, always calling at Paignton Pier on both journeys. One day I shall never forget! I went by a motor bus from Paignton station to Totnes. We went along a typical Devonshire lane, high banks of ferns on either side, topped by masses of honeysuckle, and out beyond a vast stretch of undulating country with the moor in the distance. Totnes was a quaint and most interesting little town. There I embarked on a river steamer for a trip down the "English Rhine," the name rightly given to the Dart with its magnificent scenery, one glorious panorama all the way—the thick woods of Sharpham with here and there patches of the red soil, the quaint village of Dittisham with its forests of plum trees and its old grey church, Greenway Ferry and the anchor stone of Raleigh fame, past the old wooden-walled *Britannia* to where the river opened out into what is justly known as one of the most imposing and beautiful of all harbours. On the right lay the dear old world town of Dartmouth, with the red brick buildings of the new Naval College on the hillside, opposite was Kingswear. In the harbour pleasure and commerce were quaintly mixed—huge trading steamers, smutty little ocean tramps, coal hulks, and stately gleaming white yachts floating side by side. After an hour or two in Dartmouth spent in examining the ancient church and "butter-walk," I went by the train back to Paignton. Here I found a most pleasant surprise. During my absence the Home Fleet had anchored in the bay (I was told this was a favourite anchorage when there were any manœuvres in the Channel), and at night there was a grand searchlight display.

Paignton beach is one of the safest and best on the South coast, and I must not forget to mention the bathing, which was glorious, in fact everything was perfect, and I went back to Town at the end of my holiday filled with an intense admiration for Paignton and all its surroundings (and a deep longing for next summer, when I mean to go again), and so devoutly echo my friend's opinion that

Is Devon: Glorious Devon."

. . . . "England's best

M. E. WEST

The Dartmoor Harrier Week.

"Belliver Day."

NEVER, perhaps, for a couple of generations has there been a greater crowd assembled on Belliver Tor for the last day of the popular harrier week. It was the Belliver day of tradition, with all sorts and conditions of men and women converging to one point, from all directions, and every sort of conveyance. The weather was gloriously fine and clear, and sport was of the very best. Mr. Leigh Densham, Master of the Dart Vale Harriers, brought along his smart pack, looking in the very pink of condition, although it is the end of the season, and the hounds have done much hunting over wide spaces of country. There were about three hundred mounted folk at the famous tryst, and a much larger number grouped in parties, occupying the cosy rock parlours of the giant hill, probably sacred to the worship of Baal in dim past ages. Amongst those present one noted Mr. Alfred Densham, Mr. T. Maye (ex-Master of the Dart Vale Harriers) and Mrs. Maye, Mr. H. B. Peacock (acting Master for the Haldon Harriers), Mr. Frank Hepper, and Mr. J. H. Norrish (also of the Haldon Harriers), Sir Henry Edwards, Sir Leslie Probyn, Miss Finlayson, Mrs. Cavendish, Miss Thornhill, Miss Cave, Mrs. Rundle, and a party from Manaton, Miss Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. T. Emery, and a merry contingent from Bovey Tracey, Mrs. Heathcote Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and a party from Gidleigh, Mr. Julian Baring-Gould and his party, Major and Mrs. Raby, and Mr. Ben Raby, Miss Petite, Miss Osmond, Mr. Hexl, Mr. and Mrs. Fornby, Mr. and Mrs. Hewett, Mr. Gilbert Spiller, M.H., Mr. and Mrs. Farrington, Mrs. Potts-Chatto, and Major and Mrs. Knox, with many other well-known people among the big parties from Torquay, Totnes, Staverton, Moreton-hampstead, Dartmeet, North Bovey, Two Bridges, Buckfastleigh, Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, Princetown, and other places where hunting has many warm supporters. Few prettier sights can be imagined than that at the foot of the grand old tor, where the Master took hounds down to the Heronry, followed by a fine cavalcade. This usual haunt of puss was drawn blank, and the pack was brought back to Belliver Bog, where a good traveller was soon roused, giving the field a superb run, hounds going at a clinking pace, and giving a good view of their tactics to the throng on the crest of the tor. Along by the Cherrybrook, thence down the Postbridge road, along Archerton Bog, making for Powder Mills Leat. Turning left-handed, the quarry recrossed the Cherrybrook and raced off at top speed up by the boundary wall of Belliver Bog. Hounds permitted no dwelling for a rest, and pushed him on across the bog, and along the watercourse again, being run into after a gallant run in the inclosures. Before this run was actually finished another good hare was started on Lakehead Hill, close by the Postbridge road. Hounds were quickly on the line, and carried it to the brakes near Belliver, hounds working beautifully and making the place ring with eager music. Poor puss raced off, rounding Lakehead Hill, making two complete circuits, and tiring out many of the field before capitulating to hounds. After an interval for luncheon, when west-country meat "pasties," much dissected poultry, many sandwiches washed down by cider, the *vin du pays*, and by bubbly water flavoured by strong waters from north of the Clyde, the hunt again went on merrily. The field again went down to the Heronry. No tenants here, so the pack went on to Lafter Tor, where a hare was duly found and set moving. She gave a really great run, even for the Belliver country. Upon a hot scent hounds followed her to Brimpts, and on to Denuabridge, thence back nearly to Belliver, the going throughout being good, and without a check. Puss breasted Lafter, and ran off down the West Dart, and with many a manœuvre got back again to Lafter Tor, where she managed to elude hounds after seventy minutes of the best going. Veterans who have not missed a Belliver day for many years say that they do not remember since the days of their youth a more ideal experience. "Wi' gude weather, gude company, gude huntin', over gude country, wi' a gude Master and a gude pack, 'tis hard to beat is Belliver day," opined a weather-beaten old moorsman, who had hunted these solitudes during the harrier week for many a year in fair weather and foul.

—The Queen, April 18th, 1908.



The Port of Plymouth.

THE advantages of Plymouth as a port of call for ocean liners are being recognised in still wider circles among shipping companies. Two additional lines will commence regular services into Plymouth during the present month (May), viz., the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, with vessels from Cuba and Mexico; and Lund's Blue Anchor Line, whose steamers ply between Australia, South Africa, and England. Sixty-two ocean liners are listed to embark or disembark passengers at Plymouth during the month of May.

—Great Western Railway Magazine.



Photo by W. R. Gay, S. Brent.



Photo by W. R. Gay, S. Brent.

Notes of a Tourist in the "Premier County"

THE tourist has already come in strength into the county. He has brought with him tweeds and cycle breeches, straw hat, and yellow-backed novels. Uncomplainingly and hopefully he has travelled five-a-side on those great lines running westward, doing a formidable journey in quick time. He brings with him a mingled veneration for Charles Kingsley and *Westward Ho!* and a desperate resolve to tackle a bowl of junket or die in the attempt. From the Midlands, or in the North, he has heard of naval arsenals, of dockyard dignity, of hill and moorland, of picturesque rivers and the glorious sea. Ilfracombe and Lynton are household words. The "cliff railway" fires his ardent imagination, and gallant men of war riding proudly on the bay, discharging guns that rattle the windows of the heedless townspeople, are to him sights to be sought for.

Devonshire and its sister Cornwall are gradually being "discovered." Yearly the human freights from Paddington and Waterloo become heavier, and every summer month shows that a six hours' train ride is only a faint obstacle to the enjoyment of glorious scenery and salubrious air, for Devonshire is salubrious and pleasant.

False modesty, we observe, is no defect of the Devonshire character. The West-countryman, like the Lancastrian, has a sublime belief in the superiority of his own land. He regards the outer world rather as "tacked on to form a kind of make-weight." Compliments upon beauty of the coast-line and balminess of atmosphere he receives with a gracious self-possession. Of course, it is beautiful; of course, it is balmy. It is Devonshire. The patriot swells with pride that his streets are built of limestone instead of "horrid brick"; that his womenkind make puddings instead of bread; that he sells his fruit by the quart instead of by the pound; and that his butter, cream, and eggs cannot be excelled in the civilised world. If you ask him how it is greengages are not perfected as in other places, he retorts by asking you what cherry-growing country will produce his "brandy-mazzards," or where cider and perry can be found of that Samson strength which baffles the aspirations of temperance reformers.

For uncompromising loyalty to one corner of the globe none can excel your Devonshire man. In him is a champion and defender of every peculiarity and quaintness that amazes the stranger—save one.

He is not proud of his accent—that broad, unmusical "drazacking" drawl which fills the foreigner with wonder. Upon this point he waxes sensitive. It is rather a sore one with him. But he finds consolation in bravely maintaining the superior charms of his womenkind—the stout-limbed, ruddy-cheeked portion of the population, who generally show appreciation of their fellow-countrymen by obtaining husbands from other parts of the country.



New Great Western Tenders.

THE *Sir Francis Drake*, the first of two new twin-screw tenders which Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Co., Ltd., are building for the Company's Plymouth ocean passenger traffic, has successfully completed its official trials, the contract speed being exceeded by $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The other vessel, *Sir Walter Raleigh* is rapidly approaching completion.

—*Great Western Railway Magazine.*



Westcountrymen in London.

THE *Illustrated Western Weekly News* keeps its readers well in touch with the doings of Westcountrymen in London. In a recent issue they gave a couple of columns to an account of a concert given at the St. Bride Institute by members of the Three Towns Association. Mr. Frank J. Lyons, formerly of Plymouth, occupied the chair, and was supported by many old "Three Towners" now resident in London. A capital musical programme was provided, the following, with others, taking part:—Miss Nellie Dunford, Mr. Graham Smart, Miss Violet Stevens, Mr. Harry Hall, Mr. W. J. Pitt, Mr. G. W. Caudwell, Miss Julia Larkins, Mr. Alfred Thomas, Mr. Fred Wildon, and the versatile Mr. C. W. Wreford.

Mr. Frank J. Lyons was born at Stonehouse in 1846, educated at Barter's School, Plymouth, went to London thirty-seven years ago, and is now the head of a flourishing business in Wood Street, Cheapside, London.

Devon Notes and Gleanings.

FREE LAND.—It was at a recent open-air meeting in a village near Exeter that a well-known speaker was holding forth. "Men," he shouted, "what we want and what we are going to get is free land! We want the land for the people! Free land, men, we want, and we are going to have free land."

Just then a large piece of earth landed in the speaker's eye, and while he was removing the clod, a voice yelled out:—

"Well, there is a bit of Devonshire to go on with!"

* * *

MR. WALTER E. GROGAN, formerly of Torquay, has a thrilling story in *Black and White*, under date April 18th, 1908. It is entitled, "The Curious Story of the Newton Stanton Burglaries," the scene of which is laid in Devonshire.

* * *

A SUSPECT.—An author who seeks seclusion and inspiration in a small hamlet in Devonshire recently became conscious of most suspicious glances cast upon him by country acquaintances. Then he became aware that his footsteps were dogged. A constable was occasionally seen around his house, and a stranger, who afterwards turned out to be a detective, appeared. Tortured and troubled, the poor man at last asked a friend the meaning of it all.

"Don't you know?" said he, "they suspect you of murder."

"Of murder?" said the horrified man, "what do you mean?"

"You received a postcard last week?"

"Probably I received a dozen."

"But on this particular card were these words: 'Be sure and save the child, but kill the mother,' and the postmaster read——"

At this juncture the author found it necessary to inform his well-meaning friend that it was nothing more dreadful than a communication from the publishers of his forthcoming novel.



Notes from Towns.

Ashburton.

A large number of lodgings to let. The only Reading Rooms are at the Constitutional and Liberal Clubs. Coaches go through from Bovey and Torquay and Newton to Dartmoor. Roads very good. Water supply excellent. Rate of mortality very low. Cricket Lawn Tennis, and Football Clubs.

South Devon and Dartmoor Foxhounds, Haldon and Dart Vale Harriers hunt the country. Good Salmon and Trout Fishing open to visitors below Buckfastleigh; upper waters, permission and tickets. Cycles can be obtained from Messrs. Eales, Saddler. Local maps at Dent's, Stationer. Garage provision at Golden Lion Hotel—an excellent house and good garden.

Hon. Local Secretary **MR. ROBERT C. TUCKER**, The Hall, Ashburton.

* * *

Dawlish.

The town is amply provided with first-class hotels, boarding-houses, and good apartments. On the main line, is well served by the G.W.R. both with express trains to and from London and the North, and also by motor rail cars to local stations. The roads have recently been relaid with a view to improvement in consequence of the increase in motor traffic. Water supply unlimited and of excellent quality. Good Sea Fishing; Trout and other fishing easily obtainable. Golf Links on the Warren, about one mile from the town and reached by motor rail or by pleasant walk along the sea wall. Cricket Club—good ground and fixtures. Tennis Club.—The public gardens are now provided with Tennis Courts and Bowling Green, and open to the general public. Football and Hockey Clubs. Yachting and Boating may be indulged in to heart's content, good accommodation provided for all requirements. Bathing is safer and more facilities granted than any town on the coast. Family bathing accommodation provided as well as for ladies and gentlemen; the charges are extremely moderate, while the beach is perfectly safe and sandy. Good Motor Garage and Repair Shop in the town and easily accessible—open at all hours.

Hon. Local Secretary **MR. F. G. AVANT**, 26 Strand, Dawlish.

Newton Abbot.

Well-appointed four-horse Char-a-bancs leave Newton Abbot daily at 10 a.m. and 12 noon for drives over Dartmoor. Fares, 5s.; Box Seats, 1s. extra. Seats may be booked and all details of information obtained at the Globe and Commercial Hotels, Newton Abbot. Newton Abbot boasts of having by far the best racecourse in the West of England. Steeplechases and Hurdle Races are held three times a year under National Hunt Rules. Salmon and Trout Fishing may be enjoyed from Newton Abbot in the rivers Teign and Bovey through the Lower Teign Fishing Association; whilst the Upper Teign, the Dart, the Avon, and the Exe are all easily reached for a day's fishing from Newton Abbot. There is an excellent 18-hole Golf Course at Stover, near Newton Abbot. Headquarters of the South Devon Cricket Club. There is a very excellent public Bowling Green in Courtenay Park, Newton Abbot. Being situate within a few minutes by rail of Torquay and of Teignmouth, the yachting and boating facilities of these places may be enjoyed by residents and visitors at Newton Abbot almost as easily as if the town were actually on the sea coast. Good up-to-date Motor Garage and Repairing Shops, Balls Bros., Motor Garage, Newton Abbot.

Tuesday 28th July (4 days), The Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art.

Local Hon. Secretary, Mr. P. C. CORNISH-BOWDEN, 2 Courtenay Street, Newton Abbot.

* * *

Okehampton.



A growing market town with some 3,000 inhabitants, standing 500 feet above sea level, is admirably adapted both as a place of residence and also as a centre for visitors who are fond of the beauties of Dartmoor, combining as it does a healthy situation, proximity to the Moor, and a good train service. Both Exeter and Plymouth are within an hour's journey, while London is reached within five hours. Yes Tor, the highest point in the South of England, is about four miles from the town, and the famous Cranmere Pool is about twice that distance. There is a regular service of 'buses to Chagford (10 miles) and Hatherleigh (8 miles), and the Coaching Trips arranged by Mr. J. G. Heywood, of the White Hart Hotel, afford opportunities of seeing some of the most picturesque parts of the neighbourhood. Visitors should not neglect to see the ruins of the Castle. A portion of the Keep dates from the time of William I., and the building seems to have been completed about 1300.

A Reading Room is open to visitors, and there are two good Lending Libraries in the town. A Swimming Bath, about half a mile from the town, under a private company, affords opportunity for pleasant fresh-water bathing. During the summer months the Cheriton and Tetcott Otter Hounds frequently hunt within easy reach of the town and show very good sport.

The Fishing in the immediate neighbourhood is fairly good, though possibly not up to that on the Torridge or Teign, which can easily be reached. The rivers close at hand are the Taw and East and West Oke, whose waters meet in the town and, under the name of the Okement, flow to the Torridge, about three miles north of Hatherleigh. The waters are preserved, and leave must be obtained. Conservators' licences are to be had at the White Hart Hotel. The Fishing on Dartmoor streams is free—a Conservators' license must, however, be obtained.

Splendid Golf Links are at Tavistock and Bude, within an hour's railway journey.

Cricket and Tennis have started. The Cricket Club has a capital field, which might, however, be much improved with very little trouble. The season last year was fairly successful. There is a Tennis Club in the Station Road open to visitors. Both Football and Hockey are played during the winter. The Football Club has shown very good form in the past season.

Okehampton has an excellent Swimming Bath 100 ft. x 25 ft., fitted with spring and high diving boards. It has a constant stream running through it. The Cycling round Okehampton is enjoyable, the main roads being in good condition. Rides that may be particularly mentioned are:—Tavistock (16 miles); Exeter (22 miles); Lydford (10 miles); and a circular run over Dartmoor via Chagford, Two Bridges, Princetown, and the Dartmoor Inn (about 45 miles). As a motoring centre Okehampton affords many opportunities for seeing the country round. There are two firms of official repairers in the town—Messrs. J. Glass and Sons, in the Fore Street; and Messrs. Day and Sons, of New Road, both of whom employ competent workmen, and have ample garage arrangements.

To Antiquarians and others Okehampton offers much of great interest. It is a very ancient borough, being mentioned in Domesday Book, and having one of the oldest charters of any borough in the kingdom. One of its most interesting features is the Castle, half a mile out of the town; while in the neighbourhood are to be found the ruins of a Cistercian Abbey, and many Druidical and Roman remains in the shape of hut circles, encampments, etc. The Parish Church with its unique avenue is a distinctive feature.

The hotels, temperance houses, and lodging-houses affords ample accommodation for visitors, but owing to the inclement weather at Easter there were only a few staying in the town during that season. The Artillery, whose camp is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off, are doing their usual course of practice on the Moor, and some important experimental work is being carried out.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. J. D. PRICKMAN, Okehampton.

* * *

South Molton.

Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds, Sir John Amory's Stag Hounds, Eggesford Fox Hounds, South Molton Harriers. Fishing in the Mole to visitors, George Hotel, South Molton, Fortescue Hotel, South Molton Road. Free water on past Mole and Brav. For tickets apply to Sir T. D. Acland's agents, Messrs. Houlditch and Anstey, at Black Cock Hotel, Molland Station, 1s. per day ticket; Trout Licences 5s. season, 1s. per week at Burgess, South Molton. There are Cricket, Bowling, Tennis, and Football Clubs.

* * *

Teignmouth.



The laying of the pipes bringing the new moorland water supply to the town was completed during the early part of May, and Teignmouth can now boast of a continuous supply of the purest water in the Kingdom and unlimited in quantity. This may also be said of Shaldon and Bishopsteignton, both these places are sharing in the same supply. This scheme, which is now practically completed, gives Teignmouth the maximum supply at the minimum of cost.

There are several packs of Hounds in the neighbourhood, and Wild Deer may still be seen within $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the town, which cannot be said of many seaside resorts. Teignmouth is the only seaport on the Great Western main line between London and Plymouth, and is nearer the moors than any other seaside town, and is therefore an excellent centre. Teignmouth is unique as regards Fishing, having river, estuary, and sea fishing all close at hand. Excellent shooting may always be rented in the district. There are three Golf Courses in the neighbourhood. Cricket, Croquet, Tennis, and Badminton are played here, and it is intended to add a Bowling Green during the summer. Boating is one of the chief pastimes, the river being navigable for six miles, and the water in the harbour is always smooth, even if the sea should happen to be rough. A large number of rowing and sailing boats always on hire, and experienced boatmen licensed by the District Council. Bathing is good and safe. The Teignmouth Swimming Club is noted far and wide for its Polo Team. Water Polo matches take place weekly throughout the summer. The roads are maintained in excellent condition for cycling and motoring. Cars and Cycles can be hired by the day or week, and the finest parts of Dartmoor are within easy distance of Teignmouth. Good repair shops and garages in the town.

There are few healthier towns than Teignmouth, which owes its undoubted advantages to the fact that it is built upon the southern slopes of the Haldon Hills, thus affording good drainage and protection from the easterly and northerly winds, and abundance of sunshine.

Among the arrangements for the coming summer may be mentioned the re-engagement of Mr. Mortimer's Concert Party from June to the end of September. The return of this talented vocalist will be welcomed by residents and visitors alike, not merely those in the immediate neighbourhood, but also from towns and district around. These concerts are always first class, and the songs refined and select, and the Teignmouth Council have done well in arranging for the return of this ever-popular Concert Party. A special stand is to be erected on the Sea Front for these *al fresco* performances, and a space is being reserved on the Promenade for chairs to be placed on the asphalt, so that in future there need be no fear as regards wet grass or damp feet owing to the dew, which has been somewhat of a drawback to many in the past.

COMING EVENTS, Season 1908.

May.—Lawn Tennis season commences—Opening of Moorland Water supply—Unionist Ball to celebrate Mid-Devon victory.

June.—Mortimer Concert Party begin their performances twice daily—Steamer Excursions commence—Pier Pavilion Concerts begin—Season Band starts.

July.—Polo Matches commence—Fête at Eastcliff.—Hospital Fete at Bitton Park.

August.—Teignmouth Regatta, two days—Lifeboat Day—Swimming Matches—Sheldon Regatta—Sailing Matches every fortnight.

September.—Watermen's Regatta.

October.—Literary Society Autumn Session begins.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. H. C. YOUNG, Bank Street, Teignmouth.

Torquay.

FIXTURES FOR MAY.

Torquay Cricket Club.—Hon. Sec., T. H. Fogg, Heath Bank, Babbacombe; subscription, 10s. 6d.; terms for visitors: monthly subscription, 7s. 6d. (except August); August, 10s. 1st XI.—May 9th, Bovey (home); 16th, Chudleigh (home); 23rd, R.N. College (away); 30th, Paignton (home). Home Team—May 2nd, Kingswear (home); 9th, Bovey II. (away); 16th, Ellacombe (away); 23rd, Ilington (home); 30th, Babbacombe (away).

Torquay Tennis Club.—Hon. Sec., Dr. H. K. Lacey, Meliba. Entrance fee, £1 1s., subscription, £1 1s. Family subscription, £2 2s. Hon. Member, 10s. 6d. Membership 111. May 7th, Club opens; 11th, Croquet Club Handicap; 28th, Tennis Match v. St. Marychurch.

Torquay Golf Club.—Hon. Sec., A. Mybrea, Westhome, Babbacombe. Entrance fee, £1 1s., subscription, £2 2s.; terms for visitors, 2s. per day; 7s. 6d. per week; 25s. per month. Course, Babbacombe Downs; No. of holes, 9; membership, 124. Monthly medal and monthly bogey.

Torquay Ladies' Golf Club.—Hon. Sec., Miss M. Keary, Orwell Lodge. Entrance fee, 10s.; subscription, 10s. 6d.; terms for visitors, 1s. per day; 2s. 6d. per week; 5s. per month. Play on men's course. Membership, 70. Monthly medal and bogey competitions; Spring meeting.

Torquay Bowling Club.—Hon. Sec., T. H. Wills, Market Street. Subscription, 1s. Season ticket entrance to gardens, 7s. 6d. and use of green; 7s. 6d. payable to Corporation. Public Green, Princess Gardens. Matches for County Cup, to be won outright by any Devonshire Club winning three times. Present holders, Torquay Bowling Club (second time). Matches for Potts-Chatto Cup (to be won outright by any Club between Exeter and Plymouth, winning twice running or any three times. Club Competition—dates of fixtures will be given in June *Devonia*.

St. Marychurch and Babbacombe Bowling Club.—Hon. Sec., W. H. Grant, Kinsmore, St. Marychurch. Subscription, 5s. Use of green for season, 7s. 6d., payable to Corporation. Matches for Potts-Chatto Cup (vide supra)—May 30th, Dartmouth (away); June 6th, Paignton (home); 13th, Dartmouth (home); 18th, Totnes (home); 27th, Paignton (away). Home Competition—President's (Col. Cary) Challenge Cup; Vice-President's (D. Potts-Chatto, Esq.) Club Cup—dates in June *Devonia*.

Torquay Corinthian Sailing Club.—Hon. Sec., O. Toms, Torwood Street, subscription, 5s. Fortnightly matches, beginning end of May. Dates of fixtures in June *Devonia*.

Torquay Leander Swimming and Life Saving Society.—Hon. Sec., W. J. Luscombe, Park Street. Subscription, 1s. 6d. Headquarters, Peaked Tor. Membership, about 100. Monthly Competitions. Polo Matches with Devonshire clubs. Additional matches will probably be arranged with some of the leading English Polo Teams, i.e., Wigan, Newport Mon., Aston, Cheltenham, etc. Dates of fixtures in June *Devonia*.

Coaching Trips over Dartmoor and neighbouring country daily.

Sea Trips up and down the coast daily.

Rinking on the Promenade Pier.

Concerts will be held in the evenings throughout the summer in the Pavilion, Promenade Pier.

Mr. S. G. Stone's Band two evenings a week in May and June, Princess Gardens.

Mr. Harry Godfrey's Band of 20 performers; engagement for ten weeks from 1st July, Princess Gardens.

Local Hon. Secretary, U.D.A. Mr. H. LASCELLES MACKENZIE, 2 Vaughan Parade, Torquay.

* * *

Yelverton.

Ample accommodation for visitors and residents—Lodging-houses, Boarding-houses, and Furnished houses to let. Water and Drainage of the best. Air bracing. Recognised resort for all pulmonary diseases. Good roads. Open moorland. Harriers, Foxhounds, Otter Hounds. Polo Ground at Roborough—4 miles. Trout and Salmon Fishing—Meavy Cad, Walkham, and Tavy, all within easy walking distance. Day tickets of J. Creber, Buckland Terrace. Season Licence for Salmon, Trout and Char, 10s.; Trout and Char, 2s. 6d.; Day Licence, Trout and Char, 1s. There are good 9-hole Golf Course at Yelverton, and 18-hole Course at Whitchurch (5 miles distant). There is a Cricket Club, of which Mr. A. Langton, Rock Hotel, is the Secretary. Splendid roads for cycling, and magnificent scenery. There are interesting antiquities at Drizzlecombe and Merivale. Railway Great Western.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. W. E. HOWARD, Rockvale, Yelverton.



DEVONIA.



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Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Messrs. Underhill and Co., Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



THE LAKE, LEW TRENCHARD.

Interview with the—

How he wrote
"Songs of the West,"

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould,

By
Rev. W. Gregory Harris.



It was a perfect afternoon in April, when I alighted at the quiet little station of Coryton, on the Launceston branch of the Great Western Railway, intending to pay a surprise visit to the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, a writer with whose work all Devonians are familiar, and whose literary fame may be said to be world-wide.

I remember years ago, when I was quite a boy, hearing the Rev. Baring-Gould deliver a lecture on "The Old Manor Houses of Devonshire," and I had always promised myself that some day I would seek an interview for no other purpose than to speak face to face with one possessing so many remarkable literary gifts. Leaving Coryton Station, and following the instructions of the kindly stationmaster, I started for my two-mile walk up the valley leading to the Manor House at Lew Trenchard, which has belonged to Mr. Baring-Gould's family for over 300 years.

It was a sweet April day. On either side of the road the hill sides were covered with firs, showing a faint glimmer of green. Clumps of primroses caught the eye on every bank, the sky was turquoise blue, and the whole landscape laughed in the spring sunshine. The least suspicion of easterliness was in the air, but it was tempered pleasantly by the sun, and a sabbath-like peace seemed to rest upon the valley. Now and again a lamb's plaintive bleat was to be heard, but apart from the twitter of the birds in the hedges, a strange silence reigned, and the white road rolled away in front like a ribbon. After I had walked about two-thirds of the way a waggoner with an honest, rosy face, overtook me and gave me a lift as far as the Manor House.

Mr. Baring-Gould, as everybody knows, is what is termed for convenience sake a "squarson"; that is, he is squire and parson rolled in one. Here in this romantic spot, in this fine old mansion (dating from the Tudor period) he has lived and worked, pouring out travels, romances, books on theology, and folk lore, etc., until the world has marvelled at his versatility.

I had learned from my friend the carter that most of the "young people" had gone away that morning, and, as fortune would have it, as I turned in at the stone gateway guarding the carriage-drive, I saw a tall, spare, ascetic-looking figure walking on the lawn, attended by a handsome collie with one of its legs bandaged. As he drew near I perceived it was the celebrity I had come to see, and mustering up my courage I went to meet him, and in a few words introduced myself and asked for the pleasure of a short interview. Mr. Baring-Gould gave me a most cordial welcome, and to my delight said he had nothing particular to do for the afternoon. He at once led the way into the house. What a quaint old-world place Lew Trenchard Manor is, and how absolutely congenial it must be with Mr. Baring-Gould's antiquarian and literary tastes! We made our way to the dining-hall, where a huge wood fire blazed in an ancient open fireplace, guarded by firedogs of antique pattern. The fire plate at the back of the chimney bore the date 1648, but the chimney itself was much older. The house was built in Henry II.'s reign, but has been altered and added to again and again. It is a wonderful museum of antiquities. Coffee was brought; and ensconced in two comfortable armchairs, we began to talk. My eyes roamed delightedly around the oak-panelled apartment, lined with oil portraits of ancestors and celebrities. But the most interesting thing of all to me was the presence of the owner of the house. Before me sat the most voluminous and interesting writer the West Country has ever produced. The author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and of works innumerable, dealing with a very wide range of topics, but all of them possessing some flavour of romance. Mr. Baring-Gould produced a big meerschaum pipe with a cherrywood stem nearly a yard long from the side of the fireplace (evidently an old and tried friend), filled it with reverent care, and as the blue smoke curled up towards the quaint carved ceiling, we settled ourselves comfortably down to talk. I had brought the famous author a little book of original dialect sketches, knowing his great love for anything with a real Westcountry "tang," and our conversation turned first of all on the decay of dialect

forms. We both agreed that the result of modern education was such as to destroy the quaint picturesqueness of our provincial speech. This alone would be no great calamity if it could be proved that the modern villager is gaining in character and originality. It is to be feared, however, that this is not generally the case, and that Tennyson's dictum is sadly true—

"The individual withers and the world is more and more."

The grand old village patriarchs have passed, and lesser men reign in their stead. Life generally is more commercial and sordid than it was in the days when Socialism was regarded as a wild dream, indulged in chiefly by incomprehensible "furriners."

I don't know how it came about exactly, but soon the conversation took a psychological turn. I think I said something to the effect that a new era of thought seemed to be commencing, and that there is a growing interest in all that pertains to the strange phenomena of spiritual life. Mr. Baring-Gould said he had never been able to dogmatize on the subject of Spiritualism, and that his attitude towards the future was one of trust in the Father of Spirits, and that he preferred not to speculate unduly upon occult matters. At the same time things had happened to him previously during his long life that had much perplexed his mind. "You see that portrait just above the chimney-piece?" he said. I looked up and saw a "grande dame" of the old school, and was told by my host that she was his great-great-grandmother. "She is said to haunt Lew Trenchard Manor," continued Mr. Baring-Gould. "I never saw her; but one night I was sitting up in the hall with a friend, after the rest of the family had



LEW TRENCHARD.

retired, when suddenly my companion sprang up, exclaiming: 'My God! what is that noise?' We listened, and distinctly heard a sound as of a silk train swishing along the floor, and it gave us quite a turn, I can assure you!"

"I should think so," I replied, "but in a house like this you would naturally expect such things to happen."

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Baring-Gould, "but as we have started this topic, I will tell of another strange thing that occurred here. I have had fifteen children, and all are living save one, who died in infancy—a sweet little girl of five. A night or two before her death my wife woke me, saying that she heard the tramping of men's feet upon the stairs. It seemed to her as if a burden were being slowly borne down into the hall. I tried to explain that nothing of the kind could have taken place, and that she was simply nervous and excited. But just then we distinctly heard three sharp raps upon the panelling of our room like this"—Mr. Baring-Gould brought his clenched fist with three resounding bangs against the oak panel by his side. "We knew not what to make of it, but next day our little girl was taken ill. We thought it a simple children's ailment, and having an engagement from home, left her in the care of her nurse. On our return the child was worse, and that evening she died in our arms. A few days afterwards a burden was really carried down the stairs, and our little one was buried in the church yonder. I can't give any explanation of the matter," said Mr. Baring-Gould, "but I tell you exactly what happened."

We agreed that such things could not be dismissed entirely as being unworthy the consideration of thoughtful people. I told Mr. Baring-Gould of strange occurrences in

the home of a well-known Wesleyan minister, where the whole family declared that they have frequently seen the venerable figure of an old minister who had died in the house, and who appeared not once, but so often as to cause no alarm. Then, too, I reminded him of Wesley's account of the strange noises and rappings in Epworth Parsonage.

After these reminiscences we started to look over the house. Mr. Baring-Gould first led the way to the hall. The house is quite unique in every way. Here was another huge fireplace with large logs piled up, and a carved oak settle, seemingly very ancient, flanking on one side. I admired this specimen of antique carving, and was interested to hear that here had sat the old men who had been interviewed by the Squire when he was compiling his "Songs of the West." "That is the work I shall live by," said Mr. Baring-Gould. "I managed to interview the old men just before they passed away. They would sing me the tunes, and I would sit at this piano—pointing to a quaint old instrument of harpsichord pattern—and hammer out the melodies, writing them down immediately."

I looked round the hall with much interest. Here indeed was an old-world English home. Bowls of daffodils, narcissi, and roses filled the place with delicious odours, and everything seemed steeped in mediæval repose. Leading the way through a narrow passage, Mr. Baring-Gould paused before an old door. "This was brought from Crowndale, near Tavistock, the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake. When the old house was torn down I managed to secure this relic."



LEW TRENCHARD.

I was delighted, for am I not a Tavistock man? and to a Devonian the name of Drake has a magic sound. I informed Mr. Baring-Gould that only the day before I had made a pilgrimage to Buckland Monachorum, one of the quaintest villages in Devon, the ancestral property of the Drake family, where in the Abbey Hall is still to be seen Drake's famous drum—

"The drum that beats to all the winds that blow."

I asked Mr. Baring-Gould if he knew Henry Newbolt's ballad of "Drake's Drum," and to my surprise he had not met with it. I recited a stanza, and Mr. Baring-Gould seemed to greatly appreciate its stirring music. I promised to send on a copy of the ballad with Henry Hedgecock's fine musical setting, which never fails to "bring down the house" when sung in the hearing of Devonians.

The ballroom, to which I was now introduced, is a lovely panelled room with polished parquetierie floor and lined with portraits. One picture represents Mr. Baring-Gould as a little fair-haired boy by the side of his beautiful, stately mother. The ballroom was pervaded, like most of the other rooms, with the sweet odours of spring flowers. Here was another quaint old pianoforte. I struck a few chords; the tone was faint and tinkling, and seemed to bring back memories of taper-fingered maidens who once played Scarlatti and Mozart, but who have long since passed into the dim shadowland. A last lingering look, and then we proceeded to the upper part of the house. The walls of the stairs and landings are adorned with all kinds of antique trophies. Men in armour, rapiers, spears, and pikes from Cromwellian battlefields, blunderbusses, flint-locks of varying date and pattern.

After viewing the rooms we descended to the study. This proved to be just such a place as I had imagined. A long, low room, lined with sumptuously bound volumes, having mullioned windows, and having an air of profound repose. Here is the tall desk at which the famous writer has composed most of his works—a plain, workmanlike piece of furniture, made for use, not show. On either side of the desk are diamond-paned windows, commanding views of the drive and of the gardens, and here for years this gifted son of Devonias has thought and wrought, dealing with a bewildering variety of topics, and never laying himself open to a charge of dulness, though matter-of-fact critics might possibly put their finger on historical and theological inaccuracies here and there in reviewing the mass of his publications. Ah! these apostles of the accurate! How deadly dull they often are after all! They must not only note the flight of a bird, but also explain with scientific precision the mechanism of its beating wings.

Well, Mr. Baring-Gould has given much pleasure to countless readers, and can afford to be independent of the matter-of-fact reviewer. He would be the last man to claim for all his work the highest classical hall mark. He has followed his moods and impulses, and it is enough to say that amidst much that has been thrown off with incredible rapidity, and which therefore can have no literary immortality, there yet remains much that will continue to delight and edify a great army of appreciative readers.

Before leaving the study I boldly asked for a souvenir, and Mr. Baring-Gould picked up a copy of one of his latest novels, "The Queen of Love," and to my delight wrote a brief inscription on the fly leaf to serve as a memento of my visit. After visiting the well-kept gardens and conservatories we passed into the little church, of which the celebrated author is the rector. This, too, is unique of its kind. The building is small, but beautifully proportioned. The Rector pointed out some ancient carved seat-ends, and told me that in his grandfather's time they had been sent to the wood-pile for firewood. There were vandals in those days! However, these seat-ends were rescued, and although only one row of them had been preserved, the rest of the carving had been kept as near to the original style as possible. Here in a little niche by the side of the pulpit is the carved figure of the little five-year-old child, whose death was referred to in the former part of this sketch. Just before the child's illness a little mug had been given her, of which she was very fond and proud. Mr. Baring-Gould pointed out a representation of this simple souvenir, which lay by the child's side, having on it the original inscription, now so sweetly pathetic, "Remember me."

Leaving the church, we walked across the fields. Bruce, the handsome collie with its bandaged leg, limping faithfully behind. After walking about two hundred yards we came to what was to me a quite unexpected sight. A deep lake, fringed with firs, lay below me. A boat was being rowed out into the centre of it by two vigorous young men, who seemed engrossed in their athletic occupation. I told Mr. Baring-Gould that this was a place something like Thoreau's Walden, and he remarked that all his children had been accustomed to boat upon this sheet of water (it is really a huge inundated quarry), and that though he had lived in mortal terror of accidents, nothing of a tragic nature had ever occurred. I left my kind host with compunction of conscience at having stayed so long, but Mr. Baring-Gould laughingly assured me that I had no need to worry, and that it was a great pleasure for him occasionally to entertain occasional visitors from the outside world.

As I retraced my way along the winding road to Coryton I could not refrain from many a longing backward look at the old mansion, standing so quietly—as it had stood for hundreds of drowsy years—now bathed in the light of the westerly sun, and possessing so much interest for the present generation as being the home of one who is now drawing to the close of a strenuous literary life, but who in his time has used his active brain and ready pen to the delight and profit of the great reading public, and who has especially earned the gratitude of "West Country folk" for the way in which he has explained and preserved our West Country antiquities, folk-lore, and legends.

—Reprinted, by permission of the author, from the *Torquay Times*.

[We are indebted to Messrs. Hayman and Son, Photographers, Launceston, for the excellent pictures here reproduced.]

The following West Country novels by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould will be read with interest by West Country people and residents in fair Devon:—

"John Herring," a Dartmoor story, the scene of which is laid in the neighbourhood of Cosdon Beacon.

"Court Royal," a powerful story of Plymouth and its vicinity.

"Red Spider," a quaint story of Bratton-Clovelly, an old Devonshire parish.

"The Gaverocks," a Cornish story, with a graphic description of the Goose Fair at Wadebridge.

"Eve," a romantic story of Morwell, on the banks of the Tamar.

"Kitty Alone," a Devonshire story, the scene of which is mostly laid at Teignmouth and a portion of Dartmoor.

"Richard Cable," scenes laid in Essex and Cornwall.

"Urith," a thrilling story of the wildest part of Dartmoor.

"Margery of Quether," scene laid at Lamerton, near Tavistock, and Brentor.

"In the Roar of the Sea," a story of the wild North Cornwall coast, near Newquay.

"Mrs. Curgenvin of Curgenvin"; this story is of the neighbourhood of Liskeard and the moors in that district of Cornwall.

"Dartmoor Idylls," a series of short Devonshire stories.

"Guavas the Tinner"; Dartmoor is the scene of operations, the locality chosen being Crockern Tor in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

"Royal Georgie," a story of Dartmoor in the days of the Prince Regent.

"Furze Bloom," short tales of the Western Moors.

[EDITOR.]



INTERIOR LEW TRENCHARD CHURCH.

Dangerous Hills.

IN response to enquiries as to what steps are being taken by local authorities in this matter, we have received from the Committee at Tiverton the following:—"The Town Council have erected motor signs at various points in the borough, at sharp turnings, dangerous hills, concealed junctions, and special warning signs in the vicinity of Blundell's School on the Tiverton to Wellington road, and the Elementary School at Bolham on the Tiverton to Minehead road. As Tiverton is an old town, many of its thoroughfares are narrow and winding, the Council have therefore erected caution signs where the five principal main roads enter the town, warning motorists to proceed cautiously."

The Hon. Secretaries at Dawlish, Ilfracombe, Torrington, Torquay have reported the matter is having the attention of the several Councils.

Historic Homes of the West.—

BUCKLAND ABBEY.

Written especially for "DEVONIA."

THE history of Buckland Abbey, the grey old pile by the Tavy river, is associated in the minds of all good Devonians with Sir Francis Drake, the popular hero of the county. This history goes back a very, very long way. As far back indeed as the year of grace 1273, at the period when Isabella de Fortibus, the wife of the Earl of Albemarle and the daughter of the Earl of Devon, and Amicia his wife, held much land, and wielded much power here in fair Devon.

Amicia, the widowed countess, a lady of much character, amiable, a great organiser, and a devoted daughter of the Church, founded the house for Cistercians. Her husband's father had founded Quarr Abbey in the Isle of Wight, and the great Earl of Albemarle, an ancestor of her daughter's husband, had founded and endowed the Abbeys of Meaux and Vallis Dei for the Cistercian brotherhood, besides lesser houses for other monastic orders. Buckfastleigh was the nearest religious house for Cistercians, and Amicia dreamed of establishing a beautiful house by the Tavy to the honour of God, and for the use of the brethren who had seceded from the Benedictines to live a more simple and austere life.

The possessions of the family offered an ideal site, a district not populous, or near any considerable centre, a river to provide fish for the refectory, and fertile lands for tillage. The dream became a reality, and the gentle foundress of Buckland acquired from Isabella her daughter the manors of Buckland, of Walkhampton and Bickleigh, as well as the hundred of Roborough, with the advowsons. These were vested in the monks, and the King's confirmation was procured to make doubly sure these Church lands. It was in 1280, in the reign of Edward I., that the foundation deed was signed, and the Abbot of Quarr asked to send brethren from his Abbey. These were the days of Bronescombe, Bishop of Exeter, and there were troubles between the little colony by the Tavy and their spiritual father at Exeter. Eventually these were smoothed away, and all went well. The royal license to add battlements to the Abbey was given at a time when the Bretons began to raid the coast, and one can imagine that as news was brought of the enemy at Dartmouth, at Fowey, and at Plymouth, the Abbot felt a greater security under the crenelated roof.

Early in 1300 certain old papers show that the silver mining along the river was causing the monks trouble, the woods and the lands adjacent to the Tavy were despoiled of much of their beauty and usefulness by the working of these mines by the Crown. Other records show that there was litigation between the Abbey authorities and the great family of Durnford, which practically owned Stonehouse in those times. Thomas Oliver who was Lord Abbot in 1463, a warm adherent of the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., was proscribed by Richard, but was allowed to see Henry succeed to the throne, and was Abbot

for several years after that event. And so time flowed on, the community for the most part living in peace and good fellowship with those about them, until in 1538 the sixteenth and last Abbot, John Tucker, surrendered the Abbey, the Church, and the Abbey lands to the King, at the great dissolution of conventual houses.

There were twelve monks resident at the time of the dissolution, and to each were granted small pensions from the income of the Abbey, its revenues being then roughly £242 per annum. It had existed as a religious house for two hundred and sixty years, and after the surrender to temporal powers it became the property of a George Pollard, of London, who entered into possession of Abbey, lands, and Church in the year following the great upheaval, 1539.

The next to possess Buckland was Richard Grenville, Knight, who secured the reversion of the site of the Monastery, the houses, barns, tenements, pasture lands, and meadows, the church and all belonging to it, for the sum of £233 3s. 4d., with a yearly charge of £2 6s. 4½d. This Richard Grenville who received this grant from the King in recognition of the "good, true, and



BUCKLAND ABBEY.

faithful service his well-beloved servant" had rendered, was an ancestor of that Sir Richard Grenville, who in the days of Queen Elizabeth, made such a gallant fight "at Flores in the Azores."

The Abbey lands were not destined to remain the property of the Grenvilles very long, after obtaining royal license to alienate them, Sir Richard and Lady Mary Grenville sold the Abbey site, the house and the lands to John Hele and Christopher Harris. This was in 1580, and less than a year later these joint owners conveyed the place to Sir Francis Drake, and his descendants still own it. The great area of land which had been piously given by Amicia Countess or Devon to quite other uses, was parcelled out to various purchasers. Bickleigh and Walkhampton and the Abbey lands situate in Shaugh and Sheepstor went to the Slannings, a great family, whose fame yet lives in the annals of the county, and in the old memorial in the church of Bickleigh. The name reminds us of the old sad distich about Grenville, Godolphin, Slanning, and Trevanion, "the four wheels of Charles's wain." Also one remembers how poor gallant Slanning was foully slain by Sir John Fitzte at the gate of Fitzford. By the marriage of the daughters of the house of Slanning the lands passed to the Heywoods, and from them, by purchase, to the family of Lopes, the present holders.

The Manor of Buckland was sold to a London merchant named Crymes, and descendants of that family settled down in the district, making alliances with the notable Devon houses, the Drakes, Glanvilles, Coplestones, and Prideauxes; early in 1600 the lands were sold in portions, the manor being retained, and passing a generation later to the Slannings.

To come to the later days of Buckland Abbey. The house, ivy-grown, mellowed by years and weather, bears above its entrance the arms of Drake; over another doorway is shown a head supposed to represent the foundress, Amicia, Countess of Devon. Many old-time relics connected with Sir Francis Drake are shown to those privileged to visit Buckland Abbey. The portrait of Don Pedro de Valdez, Vice-Admiral of the Spanish Armada, whom Drake took prisoner and entertained in the old abbey until his friends sent ransom for him. The picture shows Don Pedro to have been a handsome courtly man, suggesting the *fin fleur* of Spanish nobility. In direct contrast to this is a painting of the great Sir Francis himself. There is also a portrait of Charles II. and his queen, Catherine of Bragazza, and of Charles's fair, frail favourite, Nell Gwynne. Sir Francis's Bible and sword are treasured there, and most-prized heirloom of all, the drum which went round the world with him. There is a saying here in the West that if ever England is in peril from foreign enemies Drake's drum will beat to quarters, and Drake's heart, buried a thousand miles away in Nombre Dios Bay, will thrill in response, so that the great sea captain will come back to fight again for England. This has been well expressed in Henry Newbolt's verses "Drake's Drum."

"Drake he was a Devon man, and ruled the Devon seas
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?);
Rovin tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe;
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,
Where the old trade's plyin', and the old flag's flyin',
They shall find him ware and wakin', as they found him long ago."



To the River Torridge, Biddeford, Devon.

O where is the tide of a river beside
Of all that beam under the blue—
Broad heaven above, like a river I love,
In a land where my love of it grew?
Though far from the scene many years I have been,
And gray in the world I have grown,
My happy home dreams are all lit by its beams,
And foadly I call it my own.
In silence death deep, when the comforter sleep
Creepeth into my temple of clay;
I often hie down to the quiet old town,
In the beautiful west far away;
The demons of care do not follow me there,
The delight of my life to destroy,
And never a door in the black Nevermore
Can bar me away from my joy.
Dear stream of the West, by thy memories blest,
I give thee this tribute of praise,
My thoughts are as rills that from fair woodland hills
Keep running toward thee always;
Thy banks blossom green as they ever have been,
Thy sweet waters flow through my heart,
And through the day strife as a river of life
In tears to their fountain depart.

JOHN GREGORY.



JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

Noted Devonshire Artists.

No. 2.

THIS justly-celebrated historical and portrait painter was born at Plymouth, October 22nd, 1746, and served an apprenticeship with his father as a watchmaker. Having a natural talent for drawing, and having made some money by taking portraits, he followed the bent of his inclinations, and at the age of five and twenty went to London, where he obtained the assistance of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He remained with Reynolds about five years, and obtained all the rudiments of art; leaving again for Plymouth in 1775, where for a couple of years he practised as a portrait painter. In 1777 he went to Rome and studied the old masters. Titian was his great admiration. Having proved for himself that the Italian school was founded alike on science and poetry, and compared the great works of Michael Angelo and Raphael with their modern followers, he returned to England by way of Flanders. He again spent a short time in Plymouth, but eventually settled in London, where he practised his art till his death in 1831, at the ripe old age of eighty-five. Northcote never married, and being a frugal man, he succeeded, by means of constant application to his profession, in making a considerable fortune. In addition to painting a large number of portraits, he produced many historical pictures. In 1786 he exhibited the first of these, "The Young Princes murdered in the Tower"; this was followed in a very short time by "The Death of Wat Tyler," painted on commission for the Corporation of the City of London. He also produced at about the same time "The Burial of the Young Princes in the Tower." In 1796 he painted a series in imitation of Hogarth's "Idle and Industrious Apprentices," entitled, "The Diligent Servant and the Dissipated," but with these he made no great mark. Some of his other pictures were, "The Entry of Bolingbroke and Richard II," "Hubert and Arthur," "The Earl of Argyll Asleep," "Lady Jane Grey," "Prospero and Miranda," "La Fayette in the Dungeon at Olmutz," "The Entombment of our Saviour," and "The Agony in the Garden." These two last were presented respectively to Chelsea New Church and Hanover Chapel, Regent Street.

Northcote was a man of very advanced opinions; he was a great talker, and liked nothing better than being the centre of a listening circle. He was a man of letters as well as an artist, and contributed a series of papers to a periodical entitled *The Artist*, commenced in 1807. He also published a life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with many interesting anecdotes. This was in 1813; two years later he published a supplement, and in 1819 an octavo edition, with additions. In 1828 he published "The Artist's Book of Fables." His last work was, "The Life of Titian," although he had prepared a second volume of his "Book of Fables," which was published after his death. When at the age of eighty-one he painted his own portrait, which is preserved in the National Portrait Gallery.

He was made A.R.A. in 1786, and R.A. in the ensuing year. His sister kept house for him at 39 Argyll Street for nearly fifty years. We are indebted to his friend Hazlitt for many interesting conversations which were published in the *New Monthly*. Redgrave says of him: "His compositions were faulty and unstudied. His light and shade conventional and frequently untrue. Yet his groups are often nappily conceived, bold and vigorous, free from affectation, and being largely circulated by engraving, became popular. He fairly takes rank with the eminent men of his day, who were following the same art. In manner he was eccentric, and is charged with an habitual cynicism which hardly belongs to him. He was prudent in his habits, benevolent to those who asked his help, and courteous to the young painter who sought his advice."

One or two little incidents may be cited in addition to the above somewhat barren details of his life. He was considered by some to be an unbeliever, and to test him a friend one day called and put the question straight to him. "What d'ye mean by that?" said Northcote. "Why," said the friend, "that you, for instance, do not believe in a future state." Northcote looked at him for a moment, and then burst out—"It's a lie—it's a lie! I never think of it but it puts me in a sweat!"

Northcote disliked Lawrence, the portrait painter, very much, and often gave way to fits of temper when the works of Reynolds's successor were under consideration. One day a friend who was about to buy a picture said to be by Sir Joshua, asked his opinion, and Northcote called his sister, and exclaimed: "Nancy! looke here what he hath brought me; what they call a Sir Joshuay! No Sir Joshuay at all; but a copy by that baste Lawrence."

The Plymouth Athenæum possesses a large portfolio of prints, many of them being proofs, of Northcote's pictures. Needless to say it is highly prized by the officers and members of the Plymouth Institution, for it was presented by the artist himself, who was at one time a member.

There is also at the Plymouth Proprietary Library a large scrap-book containing many sketches by Northcote, and one in particular which is said to be his first attempt at drawing.

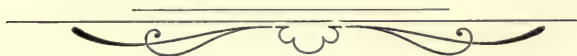
The old town clock at the Old Guildhall (now the Free Library) was constructed by the Northcote's and has the following inscription on the inner dial:—"Made in the Mayoralty of George Marshall, Esq., by Saml. Northcote and Son, 1783."

Two recent books on James Northcote, R.A., may be read with interest. They are: "Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter (James Northcote)," by Stephen Gwynn; published by T. Fisher Unwin, 1898. "Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward on Art and Artists"; edited by Ernest Fletcher; published by Methuen and Co., 1901.



Death of the Rev. S. Featherstone.

DEVONIANS within and without the county will hear with regret of the death of the Rev. S. Featherstone at his residence, Pinhoe, on Sunday, May 17th, after a few hours' illness. He was taken with a seizure while playing golf on the Exeter links on the previous afternoon, and never regained consciousness. He had for many years held the post of Hon. Secretary of the Devon County Cricket Club, and resigned the post only at the end of last season. Rev. S. Featherstone was ordained in 1883, and until 1898 was Vicar of Whitchurch, Tavistock. He was 52 years of age. The funeral took place at Honiton Clist on Thursday, May 21st.



WEST BEACH, TEIGNMOUTH.

Bowling in Devon.

BOWLING in Devon has received a great impetus during the past month by the formal opening of a Bowling Green on the historic Plymouth Hoe. With semi-civic state, and in the presence of a large number of people, the new bowling green provided by the Corporation was declared open on Wednesday, May 6th, by His Worship the Mayor of Plymouth (Sir Charles H. Radford). To commemorate the occasion the Mayor invited the members of the newly-formed Sir Francis Drake Bowling Club, together with the representatives of several visiting clubs, to a lunch at the Royal Hotel. There were many distinguished guests, including Admiral Sir Wilmot H. Fawkes, K.C.B., as representing the Navy; and Colonel W. F. Cleeve and other officers, as representing the Army. About two hundred guests responded to the hospitable invitation of the Mayor, and several happy speeches were made. Alderman John Cumming, the Chairman of the Hoe, Parks, and Cemetery Committee, rose to propose "Prosperity to the Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake) Bowling Club." The club was originated, he said, in February, 1907, by a few gentlemen, amongst them being Mr. B. Priestley Shires, the present Chairman; Mr. W. H. K. Wright, the Vice-Chairman; and Mr. F. Pidsley, the honorary Secretary; and after some arduous work on the part of these and other gentlemen, the club was successfully formed in the following May, since which several matches had been played against other Devonshire clubs with satisfactory results. At the present moment the club numbered 175, and was steadily growing in importance. The title of the club revived the historic record of the great naval heroes of the time of Queen Elizabeth and the picture of their playing bowls on the world-renowned and far-famed Plymouth Hoe, when the news of the great Armada having entered the English Channel was brought to them; also the famous remark of Sir Francis Drake, "that there was ample time to finish the game and beat the Spaniards afterwards." Mr. Cumming went on to say that he had cordially supported the scheme for the provision of a bowling green upon the Hoe, and believed that it would prove not only a source of pleasure to the members of the club, but would be greatly appreciated by visitors who might come to Plymouth and wish to revive this ancient national sport on such historic ground. Other towns had been provided with bowling greens, but he felt confident that none could offer such a famous and distinguished position as the bowling green on Plymouth Hoe. Mr. B. Priestley Shires the Chairman of the Club, who responded, referred to the start made at Ford Park last summer, when the Ex-Mayor (Mr. J. F. Winnicott) gave the club such a good send-off; and he congratulated the town on the possession of such an ideal bowling green which he was sure would prove an additional item of interest on the historic Hoe. Mr. E. J. Stroud, Captain of the Club, also responded; and Mr. F. Pidsley, Honorary Secretary and founder of the club, gave some interesting details as to the origin, progress, and prospects of the club. Mr. T. Canning Baily, Editor of the *Western Morning News*, gave the toast, "Visitors and Kindred Societies," which was responded to by Admiral Sir W. H. Fawkes, Colonel W. F. Cleeve, R.G.A., Mr. Lancaster, of Victoria, and Mr. T. H. Wills, Hon. Sec. of the Torquay Bowling Club, on behalf of the visiting teams. The toast of "Our Host, the Mayor of Plymouth," was proposed by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, and suitably responded to by the Mayor; after which the whole company moved off to the Hoe to take part in the interesting ceremony of opening the Hoe Bowling Green and witnessing some exhibition matches between members of the visiting clubs.

The proceedings were brief but interesting, and consisted of the presentation of a silver "Jack" to the Mayoress by Miss Stroud, the little daughter of the Captain of the club; and the presentation to the Mayor and Alderman Cumming respectively of a pair of silver-mounted bowls. The Mayoress then threw the "Jack," and the Mayor started a short game, having as assistants in his team Mr. E. J. Stroud and Mr. W. H. K. Wright. The other team was led by Alderman Cumming, assisted by Mr. R. W. C. Barber and Mr. T. Canning Baily. Then followed the principal event of the day, the exhibition matches by visiting teams and a selection of players from the Plymouth club; the order was as follows:—

Exeter *v.* Plymouth.

Torquay *v.* Torrington.

Helston *v.* St. Marychurch and Babbacombe.

Bideford *v.* St. Austell.

There were forty-eight players on the ground at the same time, and the games grew very exciting. Later some games were played by members of the Plymouth club, so that a large number were able to participate in the afternoon's sports.

Subsequently the Plymouth club entertained the members of visiting teams at high tea at the Royal Hotel, when Mr. B. Priestley Shires occupied the chair. A very pleasant evening was spent. There were on exhibition in an ante-room at the Royal Hotel the "Drake" challenge cup, presented by Mr. R. G. Laws; a silver cup, presented by Messrs. Webber, Ltd.; a silver cup, presented by Messrs. Bearus and Co.; and a pair of presentation bowls, presented by Mr. J. H. Telfer, the winner of the Mayor's Cup last year. Considerable interest was evinced in the set of bowls loaned from Torquay, which purported to be the original bowls with which Sir Francis Drake played on the Hoe in 1588.

Bowling Fixtures

The Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake) Bowling Club.

Saturday, June 20th.—Exeter Club, to be played on Plymouth Hoe.
 Wednesday, June 24th.—Bideford Club, to be played at Bideford.
 Friday, July 3rd.—Helston Club, to be played at Helston.
 Thursday, July 16th.—Totnes Club, to be played on Plymouth Hoe.
 Wednesday, July 29th.—Paignton Club, to be played at Paignton.
 Monday, August 3rd.—Helston Club, to be played on the Hoe.
 Saturday, August 8th.—Paignton Club, to be played on Plymouth Hoe.
 Saturday, August 22nd.—Totnes Club, to be played at Totnes.

Other matches in preparation—Torrington, Torquay, St. Marychurch.

F. PIDSLEY, Hon. Sec., 1 Lisson Grove Villas, Plymouth.

Torquay Bowling Club.

Inter-Club Fixtures for Potts-Chatto Cup, 1908.—

Saturday, June 20th.—Paignton Club at Paignton.
 Wednesday, June 24th.—Paignton Club at Torquay.
 Saturday, June 27th.—City of Exeter Club at Exeter.
 Wednesday, July 1st.—Dawlish Club at Dawlish.
 Thursday, July 9th.—Totnes Club at Totnes.
 Saturday, July 11th.—St. Mary Church Club at Torquay.
 Saturday, July 18th.—Dartmouth Club at Torquay.
 Wednesday, July 22nd.—St. Marychurch Club at St. Marychurch.
 Wednesday, July 29th.—Dartmouth Club at Dartmouth.
 Thursday, August 6th.—Dawlish Club at Torquay.

Also home and away matches with Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake) Bowling Club.

THOMAS H. WILLS, Hon. Sec., 2 and 4 Market Street, Torquay.

St. Mary Church and Babbacombe Bowling Club.

Inter-Club Matches for the Potts-Chatto Cup.—

Saturday, June 13th.—Dartmouth Club at Marychurch.
 Thursday, June 18th.—Totnes Club at Marychurch.
 Saturday, June 27th.—Paignton Club at Paignton.
 Saturday, July 4th.—Dawlish Club at Marychurch.
 Saturday, July 11th.—Torquay Club at Torquay.
 Wednesday, July 22nd.—Torquay Club at Marychurch.
 Saturday, August 8th.—Totnes Club at Totnes.
 Saturday, August 15th.—Dawlish Club at Dawlish.
 Saturday, August 22nd.—City of Exeter Club at Exeter.
 Saturday, September 5th.—City of Exeter Club at Marychurch.

W. H. GRANT, Hon. Sec., Kinsmore, St. Margaret's Road, St. Marychurch.

City of Exeter Bowling Club.

Saturday, June 13th.—*Paignton Club at Exeter.
 Saturday, June 20th.—Plymouth Club at Plymouth.
 Saturday, June 27th.—*Torquay Club at Exeter.
 Wednesday, July 1st.—Exmouth Club at Exmouth.
 Saturday, July 4th.—*Paignton Club at Paignton.
 Thursday, July 9th.—Exonia Club at Barnfield.
 Saturday, July 11th.—*Dartmouth Club at Exeter.
 Saturday, July 18th.—Cullompton Club at Cullompton.
 Thursday, July 23rd.—*Totnes Club at Exeter.
 Saturday, August 8th.—*Dartmouth Club at Dartmouth.
 Wednesday, August 12th.—Heavitree Club at Barnfield.
 Saturday, August 15th.—*Totnes Club at Exeter.
 Thursday, August 20th.—*Dawlish Club at Exeter.
 Saturday, August 22nd.—*Marychurch Club at Exeter.
 Wednesday, August 26th.—Heavitree Club at Heavitree.
 Saturday, August 29th.—Tiverton Club at Exeter.
 Thursday, September 3rd.—*Dawlish Club at Dawlish.
 Saturday, September 5th.—*Marychurch Club at Marychurch.
 Wednesday, September 9th.—Exonia Club at Pennsylvania.
 Saturday, September 12th.—Tiverton Club at Tiverton.
 Wednesday, September 23rd.—Exmouth Club at Exeter.

* Potts-Chatto Challenge Cup.

Joint Hon. Secretaries and Treasurer—Mr. C. M. Collingwood, St. David's Hill, Exeter; Mr. F. G. Towill, The Arcade, Exeter.

Totnes Bowling Club.

Thursday, June 18th.—St. Marychurch. Away.
 Thursday, June 25th.—Dartmouth. Away.
 Thursday, July 2nd.—Paignton. Away.
 Saturday, July 4th.—Dartmouth. Home.
 Thursday, July 9th.—Torquay. Home.
 Thursday, July 16th.—*Plymouth. Away.
 Thursday, July 23rd.—Exeter. Away.
 Thursday, July 30th.—Dawlish. Away.
 Saturday, August 8th.—St. Marychurch. Home.
 Saturday, August 15th.—Exeter. Home.
 Saturday, August 22nd.—*Plymouth. Home.

All matches except those marked * are played for the Potts' Chatto Cup.
 The club is also entered for the Torbay Cup.

Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. W. Vibert, 39 High Street, Totnes.

Dawlish Bowling Club.

Saturday, June 20th.—*Dartmouth, at Dawlish.
 Thursday, June 25th.—Newton Abbot, at Newton Abbot.
 Wednesday July 1st.—*Torquay, at Dawlish.
 Saturday, July 4th.—*Marychurch, at Marychurch.
 Saturday, July 11th.—*Paignton, at Dawlish.
 Thursday, July 16th.—Newton Abbot, at Dawlish.
 Saturday, July 25th.—*Dartmouth, at Dartmouth.
 Thursday, July 30th.—*Totnes, at Dawlish.
 Thursday, August 6th.—*Torquay, at Torquay.
 Saturday, August 15th.—*Marychurch, at Dawlish.
 Thursday, August 20th.—*City of Exeter, at Exeter.
 Thursday, September 3rd.—*City of Exeter, at Dawlish.

* Potts-Chatto Cup Matches.

Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. J. Lake, Albert House, Dawlish.

Tiverton Bowling Club.

Tiverton Bowling Club was started a few years ago by the late Mr. J. M. Leonard, and has been steadily rising, until now we find it takes its place among the other clubs of greater age in Devon. The Bowling Green is situate in the People's Park, which, perhaps, for beauty of scenery is second to none in the West of England. Anyone over eighteen years of age may join, and the subscription is at the nominal sum of five shillings. Visitors may have the use of the Green at very small cost on application to the Groundsman, Mr. W. S. Clements, who resides in the Park Lodge; or on application to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. Cottrell, 5 North View, Tiverton.

Many visitors from London and elsewhere regularly play on the green during the holiday season, and the officers and committee gladly provide for the amusement of all comers.

Saturday, June 20th.—Cullompton. Home.
 Thursday, June 25th.—Exonia. Away.
 Thursday, July 2nd.—Taunton Avenue. Away.
 Thursday, July 9th.—Taunton Avenue. Home.
 Saturday, July 18th.—Wellington Ath. Away.
 Saturday, August 8th.—Exonia. Home.
 Saturday, August 22nd.—Wellington Ath. Home.
 Thursday, August 27th.—Barnstaple. Home.
 Saturday, August 29th.—City of Exeter. Away.
 Saturday, September 12th.—City of Exeter. Home.

Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. Cottrell, 5 North View, Tiverton.

Heavitree Bowling Club.

The Heavitree Bowling Club, of which Colonel Vaughan, J.P., is President, and Mr. W. S. Ramsey, Captain, consists of about fifty members, and the annual subscription is five shillings. It was opened this year on May 2nd, and great interest is being taken in the game. The green which is a full-size one, is pleasantly situated at the Heavitree Pleasure Ground, and was laid down by the Urban District Council, who are the first public body in the district to encourage the game. Fixtures have been arranged with Exmouth, Cullompton, City of Exeter, and Exonian Clubs.

Hon. Sec., F. J. Chorley, 59 Fore Street, Heavitree.

Paignton Bowling Club.

Saturday, June 13th.—City of Exeter, at Exeter.
 Saturday, June 20th.—Torquay, at Paignton.
 Wednesday, June 24th.—Torquay, at Torquay.
 Saturday, June 27th.—St. Marychurch, at Paignton.
 Thursday, July 2nd.—Totnes, at Paignton.
 Saturday, July 4th.—City of Exeter, at Paignton.
 Saturday, July 11th.—Dawlish, at Dawlish.
 Wednesday, July 29th.—Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake), at Paignton.
 Saturday, August 8th.—Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake), at Plymouth.
 Wednesday, August 12th.—Dartmouth, at Dartmouth.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, J. E. Rann, 11 Cadwell Road, Paignton.

Great Torrington Bowling Club.

Wednesday, June 17th.—Torrington v. Newport.
 Wednesday, June 24th.—Southmolton v. Torrington.
 Thursday, July 2nd.—Ilfracombe v. Torrington.
 Thursday, July 9th.—Victoria v. Torrington.
 Thursday, July 16th.—Torrington v. Ilfracombe.
 Thursday, August 6th.—Bideford v. Torrington.
 Monday, August 17th.—Cardiff v. Torrington.
 Tuesday, August 18th.—Cardiff v. Torrington.
 Wednesday, August 19th.—Cardiff v. Torrington.
 Thursday, August 20th.—Weston-Super-Mare v. Torrington.

Hon. Sec., J. W. Hodge, Castle Street, Torrington.

Exmouth Bowling Club.

Wednesday, June 17th.—Salterton. Away.
 Wednesday, June 24th.—Heavitree. Away.
 Wednesday, July 1st.—Exeter City. Home.
 Thursday, July 9th.—Salterton. Home.
 Saturday, July 11th.—Wellington. Home.
 Wednesday, July 15th.—Exonia. Home.
 Monday, August 3rd.—Cullompton. Away.
 Wednesday, August 12th.—Salterton. Away.
 Thursday, August 20th.—Cullompton. Away.
 Wednesday, August 26th.—Salterton. Home.
 Wednesday, September 2nd.—Exonia. Home.
 Wednesday, September 23rd.—Exeter City. Away.

Hon. Sec., C. H. Cole.

**Correspondence.**

I thank you for yours re *Devonia*, and now have pleasure in forwarding subscription for the Magazine.

I hope the new departure may be successful, and that the Association may go on and prosper.—“Plymouth.”

Please send me list of apartments in Devonshire.—“Skipton.”

Please send Okehampton Guide, and any information re Apartments at this place near the Moor.—“Norwich.”

Will you please send me one of your publications *Devonia*. I notice by the advert. that it includes Apartment lists, and I am looking out for rooms ...for a fortnight in Devon this summer.—“Eastbourne.”

Herewith subscription to *Devonia*. I continue to read the journal with interest, and always place the copies you send me in the public rooms of the hotel, and have several times been able to recommend visitors to other establishments which are advertised in the journal.—“Droitwich.”

I would be much obliged if you could let me know any particulars about Devonshire Fishery Associations.—“London.”

I shall be glad if you will send me a copy of *Devonia* for April last, by early post.—“Burnley.”

County and City Cricket.

Fixtures at Pennsylvania, Exeter.

June 12.—Exeter *v.* Sheffield Collegiate.
 June 13.—Exeter *v.* Sidmouth.
 June 17.—Exeter *v.* Knighthayes.
 June 20.—Exeter *v.* Wellington.
 June 24.—Exeter Home Team *v.* Crediton School.
 June 27.—Exeter *v.* South Devon.
 June 29-30.—Devon Dumplings *v.* Devon Regiment.
 July 1-2.—Exeter *v.* Devon Regiment.
 July 3-4.—Devon *v.* Monmouth.
 July 6-7-8.—Devon *v.* Mr. Palaret's XI.
 July 10-11.—Devon *v.* Glamorgan.
 July 13-14.—Devon Dumplings *v.* North Devon.
 July 15.—Exeter Home Team *v.* Dawlish.
 July 16.—Exeter *v.* Sherborne.
 July 18.—Exeter Home Team *v.* St. James's.
 July 20-21.—Devon Dumplings *v.* Dorset Rangers.
 July 24-25.—Devon County *v.* Cornwall.
 August 1.—Exeter *v.* Torquay.
 August 3-4.—Devon *v.* Carmarthen.
 August 5-6.—Exeter *v.* Paddington.
 August 7-8.—Devon Dumplings *v.* I. Zingari.
 August 10-11.—Devon Dumplings *v.* Nondescripts.
 August 12-13.—Devon Dumplings *v.* Incogniti.
 August 14-15.—Exeter *v.* Nondescripts.
 August 18.—Exeter *v.* Old Olavians.
 August 19-20.—Devon Dumplings *v.* Hampshire Hogs.
 August 21-22.—Devon Dumplings *v.* M.C.C.
 August 26-27.—Devon Dumplings *v.* Somerset Stragglers.
 August 29.—Exeter Home Team *v.* Honiton.
 Septembers 5.—Exeter *v.* Taunton.

County Fixtures away from Exeter are:—

July 17-18.—*v.* Cornwall, at Camborne.
 July 24-25.—*v.* Carmarthen, at Llanelly.
 July 29-30.—*v.* Glamorgan, at Swansea.
 July 31-August 1.—*v.* Monmouth, at Newport.



Western Regattas.

A meeting was recently held in London of yacht owners and yacht club representatives to rearrange the dates of the regattas of the West of England clubs in August, as it was found that the dates of the Plymouth week, as arranged by the Royal Western Yacht Club and the Port of Plymouth Committee, clashed with the Clyde fortnight. The following dates have therefore been definitely arranged:—

Tuesday, August 4th.—Royal Southampton Yacht Club.
 Saturday, August 15th.—do. do.
 Monday, August 17th.—Royal Dorset Yacht Club, Weymouth.
 Wednesday, August 19th.—Port of Plymouth Royal Regatta.
 Thursday, August 20th.—Royal Western Yacht Club, Plymouth.
 Friday, August 21st.—Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club.
 Saturday, August 22nd.—Royal South Western Yacht Club.
 Tuesday, August 25th.—Torbay Royal Regatta.
 Wednesday, August 26th.—Royal Torbay Yacht Club.
 Friday, August 28th.—Royal Dart Yacht Club.
 Monday, August 31st.—Royal Cornwall Yacht Club.

April Issue of *Devonia*.—In the Annual Statement of Accounts, published in the April number, the following errors were made, viz.: the amount under "Receipts" column from Rents (sub-tenants) should read £63 19s. 6d. in place of £63 9s. 6d.; and in the "Payments" column, under "Other Expenses" should read £5 18s. and not £5 15s.; also "Postages, etc.," should read £45 2s. 7½d. and not £5 2s. 7½d. These errors have no connection with the Accountants, whose balance sheet was correctly presented, but occurred in the printing of the Journal.

The Teign Gorge.

By Mrs. Eleanor M. Warren.

ALTHOUGH just that part of the Teign Gorge which embraces Fingle Bridge has always been well enough known, comparatively few tourists have yet found their way through the whole of the magnificent eight-mile gorge (extending from Dunsford Bridge to Sharp and Hunts Tors) which supplies one of the grandest bits of scenery in the country, and which has, since the opening of the Exeter Railway, been brought within quite easy reach of Exeter.

Somehow one always seems to associate Fingle with July days, and picnics, and heather—heather that surges in a purple flood over the great hill guardians of young River Teign, and leaves one breathless at the vision of such munificence of colour. But although summer days are infinitely alluring to sit in admiration at the foot of purple clad Prestonbury, to enjoy the green awning of the riverside path and the cooling breath of the stream itself, yet the beauties of this wonderful gorge are by no means limited to its higher portion nor the heather season.

A most delightful two days' excursion can be taken from the Exeter district by catching an early morning train to Christow, from thence walking (or driving) the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of road to Dunsford Bridge, and then, with plenty of time before one, sauntering up the six miles of gorge as far as Fingle, a mile away from which lies the village of Drewsteignton, where comfortable accommodation can be had for the night. The road from Christow station, though a good one, is not an interesting part of the journey, but then there is always the thought of the "enchanted valley" beyond, a valley that stretches right from Dunsford Bridge to Sharp and Hunts Tors—that is, a couple of miles above Fingle. Lofty and wonderfully interlacing hills, their steep sides covered for the most part with oak coppices and brushwood, flank the river's passage, and among these towering hills the little river twists and turns, running with noisy importance over the smaller boulders and stones which everywhere beset it, and leaping in a pretty white fury over an occasional weir.

In ascending the gorge, the path lies for the first couple of miles upon the left bank (this is, of course, on the right side as one ascends), passing through lovely wooded regions where Lent lillies stand in golden ranks in early spring, and primroses and bluebells and hosts of other flowers bloom later in the season. Beyond this distance, and after having crossed a small strip of common bright with gorse, the riverside is better exchanged for a quarter of a mile of road, which brings one more conveniently and quickly to Clifford Bridge. Here there is a short break in the hills, and the scenery temporarily deteriorates into ordinary meadowland, but after the bridge and a couple of meadows have been crossed (the path for the remaining three miles to Fingle running upon the opposite side of the stream) the hills reappear and the gorge takes on a fresh lease of beauty—a beauty that increases with every mile of the way.

Tremendous hills—how tremendous one scarcely realises until trying to climb—rise on both sides, those on the left hand clothed with coppices from sky-line to water's edge, but those on the right rising in barren heights, truly awe-inspiring in their rugged grandeur. The pathway is quite clearly defined, and follows the river fairly closely. Just at one point, where it skirts a particularly beautiful fir copse—adjoining an equally beautiful weir—it is certainly a bit swampy even in dry weather, and it is perhaps as well to mention that this Teign-side walk is a very wet one underfoot after much rain.

All along these undisturbed regions ants build their giant hills in spring, birds give their time to music and "thoughts of love," and in the stream trout live out their happy, thoughtless lives, blissfully unconscious of such impending snares

as artificial flies. One or two charcoal burners' enclosures are scattered throughout the valley, and just by Fingle one comes upon the ruins of an old mill. But interesting as these ruins are, and more so, quaint little Fingle Bridge itself, it is Prestonbury Hill, that grand climax of the gorge, which claims one's admiration and homage at this point—wonderful in its almost sheer ascent from the water's edge, and in its grand simplicity of outline, looking for all the world like an enormous mound (400 feet in height) which some pre-historic giant child may have thrown up with his "little" spade and bucket!

But the bridge claims its turn of attention, after Prestonbury has received its full share. It is such a dear little old stone structure, with its jutting recesses, and a couple of holly trees stand proud sentinels over it; while the bridge in turn bestrides with a proprietary air the river—which is the merriest, most dashing little river in this early part of its career.

Having gazed their full at Prestonbury, the stream, and the bridge, those pedestrians who have had sufficient walking for one day ($9\frac{3}{4}$ miles so far) will salute the mock sentinels, and crossing the bridge, proceed along the charming road which leads from the gorge to the steep ascent to Drewsteignton—a pretty and healthy village perched on a hill-top 692 feet above sea level.

These "tired folks" must be sure and do the remaining two miles of gorge above Fingle the next morning, however, for this is the most charming portion of the whole. For this purpose, retracing their steps of the previous day as far as Fingle, instead of recrossing the bridge they must climb the wooded hill on the right of it, from the top of which a path leads along the top of Sharp Tor. The view from this vantage ground is simply superb, the rocks of the tors looking their grandest, the opposite hills a mass of greenery, the river so far beneath like a mere winding streamlet, while beyond the gorge the panorama of country is glorious, and includes a pretty glimpse of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant village of Chagford. Descending the tor by the path winding down the hill to the right, the way back to Drewsteignton lies along the main road—the whole round only covering a distance of about three miles.

By extending this circuit another four miles (that is, upon leaving the gorge, taking the road on the left to Sandypark, where further directions can be obtained at the inn) the morning's walk can include a visit to Bradmere Pool and its neighbouring cromlech, while, quite at the time and convenience of the individual, the return to Exeter may be made in one of three ways:—by the Chagford and Exeter motor 'bus, which passes within two miles of Drewsteignton; by train from Moretonhampstead, which involves a very pleasant five-mile walk to that station; or back by way of the gorge, a walk that, though a degree less beautiful when descending than ascending the river, is certainly one that will bear repetition.

Oversea.

THE departure of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O., President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on Friday last for Canada by the Allan Line Royal Mail Turbine Steamer *Virgiman*, draws attention to the *entente cordiale* existing between these two great steamship companies, notwithstanding that they are engaged in a trade involving the keenest competition. There is no question of the popularity of the two Allan Line steamers, the *Victorian* and *Virginian*, which were the first turbines built for the Atlantic trade, and are the only vessels of that type running to Canada, whilst the marvellous performance of the *Lusitania* will strengthen the opinion of those advocates of this principle as the propelling power of the future. Apart from the great speed attainable, turbines ensure freedom from vibration and absence of noise and engine odours, unique advantages resulting from the triumph of modern ship building, which are appreciated by the ocean traveller of to-day.

Bowling on Plymouth Hoe.

Antiquity of the Game.

IN *Devonia* for August last we gave an article dealing with "Plymouth and the Historical Game of Bowls on the Hoe," adducing evidence to prove the authenticity of the story. Recently, however, another historical item has been added to the other evidence adduced, which distinctly proves that bowling on the Hoe was one of the favourite pastimes of Plymouth men in the early years of the seventeenth century. This is what Thomas Westcote, Gent., who wrote his "View of Devonshire in MDCXXX" has to say about it:—"We may not forget the delightful place called the Hoe; a high hill standing between the town and the sea; a very delightful place for prospect and pleasant recreation, whereon there is an exceeding fair compass erected for the use of sailors; and here the townsmen pass their time of leisure in walking, bowling, and other pleasant pastimes." Surely this does away with the idea, advanced by a speaker at our recent bowling festival, that the bowling green used in Drake's time was on the site of the Royal Hotel or the "Western Morning News" Office.



Devonians in London.

A meeting of the above Society, called at the instance of the Executive Committee in response to the expressed wish of many of those whose names are on the register, was held at the City of London School, Victoria Embankment, by kind permission of the Corporation of London, on Wednesday, May 6th last. Sir F. Carruthers Gould was in the chair, and he was supported by the following members of the Committee:—Messrs. J. H. Lile, C.C., J.P.; T. B. Westacott, J.P. (Hon. Treasurer); L. C. Thomson; W. C. Underhill; J. F. Vernon (Hon. Auditor); T. W. Brodie; Dr. Wilfrid Kingdon; and the Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. O. Hearson. There were about 100 present and a few ladies.

The Chairman invited those present to express what views they held on the objects mentioned in the circular that had been distributed, first to ascertain whether it is desired that any change should be made in the present organisation which existed now only as that of holding an Annual Dinner; and secondly what steps could be taken to add to the register of Devonians in London, and in this way to increase the enthusiasm in the annual gathering. The Chairman pointed out that any suggestions that were intended to be made could not be carried into effect without the sanction of the General Committee, to whom it was intended to refer any proposals which should emanate from this meeting.

The Hon. Secretary then stated that he had sent out upwards of 2000 circulars of invitation to this meeting, and such circular contained a detachable slip, inviting suggestions from any Devonian who would be unable to attend the meeting, the result being that out of that large number he had received only twenty-one suggestions, many being that a society be formed with an annual subscription; and among the proposals that of starting a magazine, a club, a dance, smoking concert, garden party, visit to Devon, etc., etc., that together with the 100 present was a response that he did not consider sufficiently adequate for the Committee to undertake any serious financial responsibility. Several gentlemen present spoke, the evident desire being that the price of the annual dinner ticket should be reduced, and that a society should be properly constituted with a subscription, but there did not appear to be any guarantee that such would be responded to to an extent that would justify such a step. The Chairman ultimately accepted a resolution which was unanimously passed that six delegates be appointed by the meeting with the object of conferring with the Executive Committee, as to the best means of carrying out the wishes of the meeting. In the end eight delegates were appointed of a representative character with that object, and the Chairman announced that a meeting for the purposes of the Conference would be shortly arranged.

The meeting of the Executive Committee and the delegates was held on Friday, the 29th May, Sir F. Carruthers Gould in the chair, and Mr. Wreford Glanville, who had been deputed to voice the feelings of the delegates, said that they had unanimously resolved to propose for the consideration of the Committee that a society be duly constituted with an annual subscription, and that the various existing Devonian societies in London be affiliated with that of the "Devonians in London Society"; beyond that they made no other proposal. The Chairman, on behalf of the Committee, after some discussion, promised to submit that proposal to the General Committee, to be called for that purpose. A vote of thanks to the Chairman was then unanimously accorded.

A meeting will therefore shortly be held of the General Committee for the above purpose, and also to elect its President for the ensuing year.

R. O. HEARSON, Hon. Sec.

Devon Notes.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that Miss M. P. Willcocks has completed her new novel, "A Man of Genius," which will be published shortly by Mr. John Lane. As in "Widdicombe" and "The Wingless Victory," the scene of "A Man of Genius" is laid in Devon, this time in Hartland, Appledore, Bradworthy, Buckland Brewer, and Morwenstow. "The Wingless Victory" placed Miss Willcocks last year in the first rank of women novelists. The story opens with an event that excited great interest last winter in Devon—the wreck of the *Miss Hunt*, a coasting vessel, off the Hartland cliffs, which took place without attracting the notice of the coast-watchers, and was only indicated by the spars that floated ashore next morning. It will be remembered that this unsolved mystery of the sea led to a Board of Trade enquiry at Bideford into the vexed question of "patrol" *versus* "fixed point" system in the methods of coast look-out. There will be ten illustrations by Miss W. Story of the scenes where the novel is set. It is a curious coincidence that both author, artist and publisher are Devonians, Miss Willcocks and Miss Story hailing from South Devon, and Mr. John Lane being a loyal son of the North Coast.

* * *

THE *Temperance Caterer*, in its issues for March 15th and May 15th, has an interesting series of articles by "Wanderer," on Torquay and Dartmouth, being preliminary to the forthcoming visit of the National Temperance Caterers' Association, which holds its annual Conference at Torquay this month. A full programme is given on another page. Some excellent reproductions of views in and around Torquay are given, and the article is likely to considerably enhance the charms of the Queen of Watering Places in the eyes of visitors.

* * *

Bideford-by-the-Sea.

WE are reminded that we are at the commencement of our season, when we look forward to receiving an influx of visitors. Although Bideford has not yet grown in popularity as a summer holiday resort to the extent of many solely pleasure resorts, it has yet attractions that are peculiar to the district, and that they are appreciated is evidenced by the fact of many return visits of which we can testify. In recent years we have undoubtedly been advancing. The extension of the river walk has been a grand undertaking, and we look forward to its early completion. The improvement of the Victoria Park has also been a good investment, and when the Park scheme was entered upon the Council were certainly more far-seeing than perhaps was at that time realised. Now we have the extension of the Westward Ho! line to Appledore. What is it going to do for Bideford? It should certainly enhance its value as a holiday centre, and at the same time add additional charm to Northam and Westward Ho! Residents of Westward Ho! though they have their golf, certainly could not boast too loudly of the facility afforded for fishing and sailing. This can now be obtained by a convenient ride to Appledore, where fishing can be enjoyed in abundance. And from Bideford a very enjoyable and inexpensive circular trip can be enjoyed to Instow, across to Appledore by boat and home by rail or coach. The cheap coaching facilities to charming Clovelly also indicate that we are not lacking in enterprise, and surely a liberal catering for our visitors in this way should bring its own reward.

—Bideford and North Devon Weekly Gazette.

* * *

A Gift to Tiverton.

IN mediæval times Tiverton boasted of its John Greenway, its great benefactor, and in more modern days of Blundell, the founder of its celebrated schools. But perhaps it never possessed a more generous townsman than Thomas Ford, a former Mayor, and at present its senior Justice of the Peace, whose gift of a beautiful clock tower was inaugurated with such *éclat* on Saturday, May 23rd. Mr. Ford, with his homes for poor people and other charities, has already been Tiverton's greatest living benefactor, and now he has added to his many generous public acts by the erection of a clock tower, which for refined treatment and ornate detail is considered by some to be the handsomest in the West Country. A marked feature in it is the three life-size emblematic statues which grace high pedestals at the main angles of the tower itself. Although Mr. Ford is in his nineties, he is still active, and it may fairly be said that a large measure of the success of this triplet of fine figures is entirely due to his personal artistic instincts. During the time they were in progress in the studio of Messrs. Hems and Sons, Exeter, Mr. Ford was constant in his visits, and many were the useful suggestions he made from time to time as to their treatment, of which from the first he had entertained preconceived ideas, all of these being carefully carried out to his suggestions. As now standing they represent Faith, Hope, and Charity, and are, of course, treated as females. The first is emphasised by a gracefully-robed statue clinging to the Cross; Hope is a beautiful young woman looking up to Heaven, whilst her right hand rests upon an anchor. The most impressive of the three is Charity. A hooded figure, the drapery of which exhibits lines of the most refined character, looks tenderly down at a half-naked child, who clings to its robes as if mutely appealing for succour. Either taken severally or viewed as a group, these statues exhibit exceptional artistic power in their general treatment, and well deserved the many expressions of admiration passed upon them by the various speakers at the dedication ceremony.

Devon Notes—*continued.*

West of England Rowing—Boat Measurements.

THE annual meeting of the West of England Amateur Rowing Association was held on Wednesday at the Port Royal, Exeter, the only club not represented being Dartmouth. Mr. W. B. Johns (Bideford) presided in the absence of the chairman (Mr. Norrington). Mr. G. H. Kirk (Totnes) was elected chairman for the ensuing year. Mr. A. B. Edwards (Exeter), after six years' service, resigned the secretaryship, and Mr. R. H. Reed (Torquay) was appointed, with Mr. Manley (Secretary to the Torquay A.R.C.) as assistant. It was decided that all boats be measured and officially certified at the beginning of the season, and arrangements were made for delegates to visit the different clubs for that purpose.



The River Teign.

FLUSHED with rains, and turning its soft melody to that joyousness of youth in which the Devon countryside just now is revelling, the gay little river Teign holds late carnival. Though cradled on the rough bosom of the moor, its infancy dominated by the rugged grandeur of surrounding tors, this child of Dartmoor lightly flings aside its sterner mood when, having served its probation in a beautiful but awe-inspiring gorge, it is at length free to wander among daisy-starred meadows and blossom-laden orchards whence the breeze plucks confetti as it wills. Here and there a plantation-covered hillside or frowning cliff unadorned save for a bunch of yellow broom, takes the place of meadow or orchard, looking down with make-believe gravity upon the gaiety of the little river beneath. But the river suppresses its music for neither; for are not the tree striplings of the hillside decking themselves as fast as possible in all the leafy beauty they can muster, and does not that flaunting burst of yellow belie the cliff's severity? Thus laughing openly at its false monitors, the river rushes on, at one moment with an assumed demureness, at the next throwing itself in a white tumult of mimic passion over an innocent little weir which interrupts its course, and again passing soberly under the shadow of some old ivy-painted stone bridge. Although on the hillsides the trees are only half fledged, along the river banks vegetation is much more forward. Here deeply-drooping catkins hang from the sycamores, whose broad green leaves are already in full form. The hawthorn bushes may be daily expected to give birth to their fragrant blossoms, while a shimmering of grey-green foliage has broken out upon that bushy growth which everywhere thickly inhabits the shallow margin of the water. The flower world is now in its most delicious profusion; primroses still strew themselves over every slope and knoll. At the water's brink clumps of royal kingcups sport in all their yellow glory. Nestling snugly among the grass-grown roots of the trees upon the banks wood anemones are in their delicate prime, and above them flushed campions stand in company with snapjacks, wee forget-me-nots, and deep-hued bluebells, whose leaves mingle with the taller, slimmer ones of the now dead and gone Lent lilies that flocked in such golden ranks along this riverside earlier. That disappointing—because scentless—little wild flower, the blue violet (with a name so pregnant with perfume, how dare it survive its shame!) lives in quite happy fraternity with the speedwell, notwithstanding the non-harmony of their respective "blues." The dainty cuckoo flowers, as well as the fair-looking—if evil-smelling—garlic, also join in this carnival of River Teign. Reaching half-way over the river, the yellow-leaved branch of an oak brushes in friendly fashion the green-fringed and coned-laden one of an opposite larch, at the foot of whose ivy-bound trunk some handsome purple orchids stand within their circle of black-spotted leaves. The dandelion "clocks" try to point out the fact that even in these quiet, out-of-the-world regions time is flying. The river is flowing, flowing, but restful to watch even in its activity. With what marvellous directness the birds thread their way in and out of the interlacing branches! Fat little short-tailed cherubs of baby birds are reared amid all these beautiful surroundings. Are they appreciative of the flowers which cover the lintels of their natal porches in the hawthorn tree, of the scent of the gorse bush near by? Possibly they are—at least, who can say with positive assurance otherwise? Maybe, too, the bumble-bee, as he slips into his hole in the ground, has an eye for the beauty of the tiny yellow *trifolium* growing at its threshold; and even the ant may sometimes pause to look up and admire the daisy, under whose shade he passes with his burden. Again, who can tell? But this at least is sure, that the river is very good to look and think upon these soft spring days; its depths, though dimmed by many a passing cloud, yet so responsive to every gleam of sunshine; its music such a sweet accompaniment to "thoughts of love." And not only do sunshine and music linger lightly in the river, but underlying its superficiality of ripples and light bubbles runs a true steadfastness of purpose—that of reaching the grander, fuller life of the ocean beyond.

E.M.W.

—From the *Lady*.

The Lap of Proserpine.

Now all the wild, tangled lacework of the hedge-briar and bramble, woodbine, woody nightshade, and the vetches are beginning to bud for bloom. Busy tendrils are clinging; ferns are uncurling; foliage of all imaginable shape, and spring and curve, and droop obeys the law, and spreads and falls, and climbs, and creeps, and trembles in translucent green to the kiss of the wind and the patter of the rain. It is a time of delicate green sheaths and vernal showers upon them, of things hid in the bud and the egg; mothers with their bodies pressed upon nests peep forth in patience from a thousand bowers. The hour is awake and waiting. Only the throats of the birds, banishing all silence, sing with exultation and expectance. And Nature, under each green leaf, and out of the death of last, prepares the supply for the coming demand, spreads the banquet of countless insects for the tiny throats that will soon gape in her nurseries. Also I know how the fat infant thrush must go to the weasel's maw that she may the better suckle her young; how certain of the blackbirds fledglings will make no music, but serve to gladden the young jays. Many a squeaking new-born rabbit, sniffing his first wild thyme, will also be snatched out of all the joys of his little life that the crow's brood may flourish, or the young of the hawk prosper. The spirit of life forgets none of the infinite infantile family.

It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings,
What time she beareth home her prey; it sends
The she-wolf to her cubs; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.

Never was a platitude put more pleasantly.

In May life breaks loose, and no chronicler can tell more than a fraction of the story of the lanes. Everywhere is the crisp chirrup of new-born birds, from the pigeon's two or three downy young, perilously perched on the fir in roughest fabric—a twig between them and death—to the eight or ten atoms of life, all eyes, in a wren's home. There is ceaseless industry, and brave work of grub-hunting and fly-catching. At this season the Western sun searches our lanes in the long evenings and reveals new beauties among the dwellers there. Before twilight, at the evensong of the birds, it touches the snowy field-rose in glory, and the dog-rose and marsh-mallow to red-gold. It warms the unnumbered greens of hedgerow and of tree; it causes dusky nettles to shine, and lights the great and little docks' inflorescence into tapers of ruddy flame; it turns the pale willow-herb to a deeper hue, and burns here and there upon delicate living things in the nooks and draped crannies of the earth. Down the green tunnels its level beam awakes harmony of shadows barred with light. Then the sun sets and the last song is sung; the West glows like an opal; darkness under no grey cowl of cloud, but merely in semblance of tempered day, holds night for a little while; a star is reflected like a diamond in the pond among cresses and forget-me-nots; and northerly the sun, eager to shine upon these good places again, steals along under the edge of the mountains to the east, while tell-tale silver upon the sky marks his way beneath the horizon.

The honey-gatherers make varied music, from the organ note of the bumble bee to the higher pitched song of the hive workers. They leave few flowers untried; toil at the next blossom, whereon Vanessa opens her fairy wings; labour in the heart of the roses; tumble upon the golden tutsan; test the dandelion and convolvulus, the lurid spikes of stachys, and the sprays of the vetches all purple and gold. By night the bright flies and bees and butterflies cease from their cares, and then comes the moth-time, and dim, soft things seek the white campion's nocturnal eyes or the pale trumpets of the moon-creeper. Great shard-borne beetles boom past upon their business in the open; the sphynx-moth passes like a mystery; the churn-owl makes his strange song; the bats squeak aloft, and hunt the chafers around the fir-trees. Dog-beetles maintain a crisp throb of sound, and the glow-worm lights a little lamp for her love's sake. It trembles and twinkles along, touching the dew and the grass blade and the wood strawberry. So half the year passes.

—From "My Devon Year," by EDEN PHILLPOTTS.





DEVONIA.



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The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Messrs. Underhill and Co., Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



SHEEPSTOR AND CHURCH, DARTMOOR.

In the Land of Lorna Doone.

IT is a very beautiful and romantic coast, this of Somerset and North Devon, with the British Channel flowing between it and the vapoury hills and shores of North Wales. From desolate moorlands it drops into the sea by crags and precipices of red and yellow rock, sandstone, and granite, with here and there a narrow sandy or shingly beach, which appears or disappears as the tide comes in or ebbs. Seen from the sea, without a closer acquaintance, it seems to fall inland in softly rolling valleys, high enough for the clouds to rest upon them, but easy of passage, billowed in tranquilizing curves, peaceful and arable.

There is no wilder country in England, however, than this. It is all moorland, wild, uncultivated, solitary; open to all the winds that blow; clothed with only gorse and heather and bracken, or clumps of scrub oaks and dwarf pines, in which the wild deer still finds shelter and multiplies. A good part of it is Exmoor, and what is not Exmoor is like Exmoor.

Pitiful the plight of the wayfarer who thinks it as easy to cross afoot as it looks! He sees from the coast nothing between him and the horizon, but one shallow basin after another, with barely a ridge between them; no steep hills to climb, or gullies to descend; a comfortable farmhouse, or a cluster of cottages, appears, perhaps, in the lap of one of the valleys. He is spent before he is undeceived. The wild moorland falls away everywhere into dark and difficult ravines; and the cottages, instead of lying in a vale, are on a cliff with a long descent to the opposite slope. There are few levels on Exmoor, few grades that do not drag the breath out of us. It is uphill and downhill all the way to Lynmouth, whether we come from Barnstaple, Minehead, or Dulverton; most so from Barnstaple; least so from Minehead.

And the wonderful thing is—something unanticipated when one sees the blackness and desolation of the moorland—that while the uplands are so austere, all the valleys, or most of them, especially where they are narrowed, support a vegetation of a richness unsurpassed even in England. Here you will find the hydrangea growing in colours never seen before; roses climbing up porch and lattice; the fuchsia as high as the chimneys, and raining like the thorns of Calvary; myrtle and laurel, and hedgerows that are nothing but solid banks of flower and leaf.

To come from above is like exploring a nature harsh on the surface, but warm and generous at heart. These combs are cut and threaded by the greenest lanes, in which wild flowers follow the march of the months with such response to the soft rains and velvety airs that they outlast their due season. Here you will find well-kept homesteads, a pastoral life, meadows, and orchards, in which the fruit, if not showy, is full of flavour and sweetness. There is not a prettier glen in England than Glen Lynn, and no brook makes sweeter music than Brendon Water; and Porlock, with its white, thatched, brier-covered cottages (even the village bank is thatched and covered with vines at Porlock), is an unspoiled vestige of the golden age, when rafters were low and hearths were wide.

But look skyward from the combe, and all is verdure, and you see the foliage cease before the upper edge of the slope is reached; a shelving rock crops out as if it would tumble into the valley, and higher than that is the heather; a mile or so away the deceptive moorland is seamed with another "goyal," or glen, or combe.

All readers of *Lorna Doone* will remember that Plover's Barrows Farm was amid scenes like these "All above is strong, dark mountain, spread with heath and desolate, but near our house the valleys cave and open warmth and shelter. Here are trees and bright green grass, and orchards full of contentment, and a man may scarce espy the brook, although he hears it everywhere. And indeed a good stout piece of it comes through our farmyard, and swells sometimes to a rush of waves, when the clouds are on the hilltops. But all below, where the valley bends, and the Lynn stream goes along with it, pretty meadows slope their breast, and the sun spreads on the water."

Everyone who comes here brings Mr. Blackmore's romance with him, and this part of Devon is as often called "The Land of Lorna Doone" as by its proper name. Along the coast are Minehead, Porlock, Glenthorne, Lynton, and Lynmouth, Ley Abbey, and the Valley of Rocks—all scenes in the story. A few miles inland we find Oare, where Plover's Barrows was; the Doone Valley, in which the outlaws had their stronghold; Badgeworthy Water and the Water-slide, up which John Ridd climbed with so much difficulty. On the other side of Exmoor are Dulverton, where Reuben Huckaback prospered under the sign of the "Gartered Kitten"—"an honest hosier and draper, serge and long-cloth warehouseman," as he described himself when the Doones robbed him and set him adrift on the moor, strapped, like Mazeppa, along the spine of a wild pony; North Molton, where a man of great renown, Tom Faggus the highwayman was born; and Tiverton, the chief boast of which used to be its worthy grammar school, founded and endowed in 1604 by "Master Peter Blundell, of that place, clothier."

These are no trifling matters to readers of the romance, though local histories and gazetteers may not take note of them. They are the verities, while the family histories of Sir John This and Squire That, with their stag-hunting, and squabbles, and hard drinking fade out of sight. It is not too much to say that of all that has been written about this part of Devon, nothing possesses us more than Mr. Blackmore's story; and the steady march of history through social and political changes has left no footprints which are scanned with the same interest as those of the characters in the romance.

Blundell's is at Tiverton still, though changed in its habitation, and they had a Greek play there the other day; they have more of the classics than Knuckles now, but as Exmoor is uncrossed by the railway, which is so destructive of ancient things, innovation has displaced less there than in other parts of the country. To reach Porlock, Oare, Lynmouth, or Lynton, we must travel by coach; and though the distance from London is less than two hundred and fifty miles, the journey takes a day. The roads are hilly and solitary, but in good condition; too good to satisfy the imagination which would welcome as a novelty in these pampered days, such vicissitudes as John Ridd and John Fry met on their way from Tiverton to Oare—the sloughs in which the horses sank to the withers, the gibbets with their gruesome pendants, and which were the only guideposts to reassure the traveller groping his way through the fog.

"Then there came a mellow noise, very low and mournsome; not a sound to be afraid of, but to long to know the meaning of, with a soft rise of the hair. Three times it came and went, as the shaking of a thread might pass away into the distance, and then I touched John Fry, to know that there was something near me"; so writes John Ridd.

"Doon't 'e be a vule, Jan! Vaine moozick as iver I' eer! God bless the man as made un do it."

"Have they hanged one of the Doones, then, John?"

"Hush, lad; niver talk laike o'thiccy. Hang a Doone! Hang a Doone! God knows, it's the King would hang pretty quick if 'er did."

"Then who is it in the chains, John?"

"I felt my spirits rise as I asked, for now I had crossed Exmoor so often as to hope that the people sometimes deserved it, and think that it might be a lesson to the rogues who unjustly loved the mutton they were never born to."

We also miss the excitement (a very pleasureable excitement it must have been, unless the literature of the highwayman cannot be believed) of falling in with any knight of the road, such as the ingenious Tom Faggus, and seeing him gallop off, cocked hat in hand, an epigram on his lips, and our watch in his pocket.

The moor is wild and vacant enough, however; and he who loves solitude may have his fill of it, if he keeps out of a few beaten paths, like the Doone Valley. As far as he can see nothing appears to him but the moor, swelling with the softest curves, and dressed with heather, gorse, and the trembling plumes of bracken; the sprinkled gold of the gorse is lost sight of in the rich flood of purple heather, but the scent of both is blown through the air by the sea wind; for the moor ends on its northern edge in a wall of cliffs. White mountains of clouds float over him; he hears the bleating of the sheep, and sees the gulls circling from the shelves of the precipice. He may have all this world to himself day after day, and thus be nursed by the wind and the clouds. Nothing will break his isolation but the bark of a collie, or, towards evening, the chatter of some fruit gatherers, who are going home with baskets of blackberries and whortleberries.

Evening is the time of all times to see the beauties of the moor. The light steals quickly out of the combes, and leaves them in abysses of shadow; their depths increase, and the crests of the land look like islands raised above their purple gulfs. As the sun descends a shining causeway opens to it—a misleading pathway of shimmering light, which seems to be too high for the sea. It is a sunburst from a cloud, we say; it cannot be the sea. But then a fleck crosses it, a darkened sail, and we know that it is the sea after all, spreading out hundreds of feet below us, beyond the farthest headland—beyond Highveer Point, Great Hangman, and Little Hangman, all of them of good height, though inferior to Dunkery Beacon, which is the highest point of Exmoor.

One other sound, besides the wash of the wave, the rustle of the bracken, the "ah-ah-ah" of the gulls, may chance to come over the moorland, a sound that will remind those who hear it of the noise that mystified the inmates of Plover's Barrows Farm, though its cause is not the same. It begins with pulsations, as of the gush of water on soft turf, followed by the accelerated patter of a heavy rain, and that soon is magnified by the beat of hoofs, voices become recognisable, though blurred and obscured by the more penetrating yelp of hounds and the thumping breathing of horses. The caves of the sea have let loose upon our quietude an army of destruction, but it passes us with its goadings and strainings, and leaves us to peace again with explanations in afterthoughts. That any explanation should be needed would probably be as good a joke as could be heard at dinner that night at any country house in the triangle between Minehead and Dulverton, and Dulverton and Lynmouth. Who does not know that the oldest family of the neighbourhood is that of the wild red deer, who was here before the Conquest, and fostered after the Conquest to such an extent that death or mutilation was the penalty upon anyone less than the King who harmed him? He is protected still, though he is said to be a very destructive creature, capable of doing much mischief in the field of turnips or of ripe corn. He is such a devil of a fellow that when he is among the turnips he will take only a bite out of each and throw the rest away. So

royal an animal, so familiar with the ways of sport, cannot be so ignoble as to complain after so much protection, when there is a "meet" to hunt him down.

It would be unfair to the reader to let him think that this country is altogether unspoiled by the tourist and all the evils that follow in the tourist's train. Large hotels have grown up at Lynton and Lynmouth, ~~_____~~

~~_____~~ The water is too shallow for the steamers to come alongside the jetty, and even in good weather the landing can be made only in small boats. In some tides and winds these do not dare to put out; and those of the trippers who have meant to land here are carried on to Ilfracombe, ~~_____~~

But though the "twin sisters," as Lynton and Lynmouth are called, have not wholly escaped the vanities of changing fashions, they have lost but little of their quietude and beauty. The distance between them is height alone; Lynton is at the head of the small cliff under which Lynmouth lies in a winding little street, with the East Lynn and the West Lynn flowing into it out of thickly wooded combs, and dancing together over boulders into the sea. Everywhere behind us rise cliffs and hills, heather-clad on the tops, which roll away on to the moorland, but on the lower slopes mantled with a luxuriant foliage, which descends until it is bathed with the salt spray. Wherever there is a clearing, it is a garden overflowing with colour; wherever there is a wall, some vine has taken fond possession of it and wrapped it up. Reaching down to the entrance of the little harbour (a harbour large enough only for smacks) are strings of ancient cottages, pink, pale blue, and yellow, with thatched roofs and leaded casements, and roses, fuchsias and ivy climbing over them. Some of them face the street, with gardens choked up with geraniums, hollyhocks, marigolds, sweet williams, sweet peas, and sunflowers, and in the rear hang over the stream, with little tropical balconies and stairs to the water's edge. An elbow of sea-wall, with an old tower at the end of it, shelters a smack or two, glossy as a porpoise with a pellicle of coat upon coat of tar, and beyond that the breakers rush in and roar over a floor of loose, tumbled boulders. Sit you down on the parapet and listen to the gulls as they take their protesting chickens farther and farther out and nearer to the voluminous white clouds that follow the south-west wind across the channel like smoke from volcanic explosions. The splash of the river is like a minor chord woven through the sombre harmony of the surf, and the land-birds are still audible along the shore; the air has lost its sting since it came down from the moor, and has picked up in the gardens other scents besides heather. Sit you down here, and be silent and content; or, if you will have conversation, there is a fisherman with a beard of gold and a face of fire; he is always propped in his blue Guernsey shirt against the sea-wall, he or his mate, who has knowledge of the same things, no more and no less.

It was on a walk to Lynton from Stowey, by the way, that the Ancient Mariner appeared in a vision to Wordsworth and Coleridge; and the same pair of poets had selected the Valley of Rocks above as the scene of "The Wanderings of Cain."

There are more shops and houses at Lynton than at Lynmouth, and nothing to compare with the lovely old harbour; but just to the westward of the town lie the Valley of Rocks and the Devil's Chesewring, under which was the den of the old witch, Mother Melldrum. The valley is a sloping trough on the inner side of the cliffs, which rise to a great height along this part of the coast. On one side of it there is a fairly smooth hill, clothed with bracken, gorse, and heather; but on the other, huge bare rocks are piled in shattered masses, and edge the sky in a crocketed line much more savage than the crests of the moors, which usually have a long-curved, reposeful sweep. The mouth of the valley opens on leagues of promontories, with bays between—Wringcliff

Bay, Ley Bay, and Heddon's Mouth; but set in the middle of it, like a fang, is a sharp, dark peak, with caverns and a chafing ring of surf around its base. This is Castle Rock; and directly opposite to it, on the smoother slope of the valley, the Cheesewring stands, slab upon slab, as though placed there by the derrick of a mason. A mile farther along the coast Duty Point is pushed out into the sea, and under its shoulder is Ley Abbey, which in John Ridd's time was the haunt of smugglers. "But De Whichchalse, our great magistrate, certified that there was no proof of unlawful importation, neither good cause to suspect it, at a time of Christian charity; and we knew that it was a foul thing for some quarrymen to say that night after night they had been digging a new cellar at Ley Manor to hold the little marks of respect found in the caverns at high-water weed."

Nearly everywhere in the neighbourhood there is something to remind us of Lorna Doone and John Ridd. The visitors go forth in the morning, book in hand, and make it the gospel for the day. They climb the Foreland at Countisbury, explore the caves at Ley Abbey, and try to construct hollows in the Cheesewring to hold a witch. In the churchyards they find more than one John Fry and John Ridd sleeping in sight of the moor and the sea; though there is now no John Ridd at Oare, and no farm called Plover's Barrows. But Oare itself can have changed very little, and answers to the novelist's description. The little church, which could hardly hold more than a score of parishioners, and has no need to, is hidden from the road by lofty trees, in which the nests of rooks look a dark fruit, and over one corner of the churchyard a gnarled ash knots itself, suggesting an antiquity fully as remote as that of the great winter described by Mr. Blackmore. Nicholas Snowe still lives in the parish; and less than two miles away from Oare the Badgeworthy Water rushes down under the old bridge at Malmsmead, and we stand at the portals of the Doone Valley, holding our breath in anticipation of the chasms, the sombre crags, the sinister bogs, and the treacherous "Waterslide" that we are to see.

But there will be disappointment and chagrin here, unless the reader who follows in our footsteps grants to the romancer the same license in description that he has in his characters. Is Mr. Blackmore's imagination to have no play at all? Is he to be considered as a pedagogue with a primer of geography in his hand? or a surveyor with a link and chain and a theodolite, setting down boundaries and dimensions to the fraction of an inch? Those who take him in that sense explore the Doone Valley without seeing its beauties, and come out of it sore from unrewarded efforts to put a rainbow in a bottle.

The valley is bare and wild, and near the upper end are several mounds, which are said to mark the location of the Doone huts; but the scenery is less stupendous than that of the Valley of Rocks, or of many ravines in the course of the East Lynn. One agrees with Reuben Huckaback, that it is a poor place for an ambuscade. Then the "Waterslide," what if it is not appalling, and that it is not more than a few inches deep? It is very pretty, and the way the stream seems to gelatinate over a dark slab in its course is very curious. There is enough resemblance to the description to justify the theory that Mr. Blackmore sat here one day wanting a scene for John Ridd's adventure, and that forthwith in obedience to his magic powers, everything in the glen became magnified a hundred times. He cannot remember whether he did or not, and memory is not a part of the art of fiction. All that he will say lies in a note now before me: "I could hardly tell—with long attempts at memory—whence and how I picked up the odds and ends, some of which came from my grandfather (Rector of Oare), circa 1790, and later. I know not how early or how late, for he never lived there, but rode across the moors to give them a sermon every other Sunday, and when he became too old for that my uncle used to do it for him."

Bits of Old Exeter.



The view is taken from the upper rooms of Bedford Circus on the south side, and shows the Cathedral School and Yard, the rear of the ancient house occupied by Bishop Oldham and bearing his arms, the Institution, and other houses in the Cathedral Close, and with the passage leading from the School to the Close. The towers of the Cathedral date back to the 11th century, the remainder rebuilt in the 13th century.



This fine old bridge spans the river at Countess Weir or Wear, a most picturesque village about two miles from Exeter, interesting as the site of the obstruction in the shape of tree trunks to prevent shipping going up to Exeter by one of the Countesses of Devon, as a result of a quarrel between the citizens and herself.



HAYDON.

. . West Country Artists. . .

Benjamin Robert Haydon.

No. 3.

HIS highly-gifted, but unfortunate and ill-fated artist was a native of Plymouth, where he was born on January 26th, 1786. His father was a bookseller in Whimble Street, a locality at that time given over largely to that line of business, so that it became a sort of booksellers' row. Cyril Redding in his "Fifty Years Recollections, Literary and Personal," published in 1758, relates some interesting matters concerning Haydon, his father, and his contemporaries, which are well worth quoting:—"Nearly opposite the end of Market Street (now called High Street), the awkward Guildhall (the Free Library) being on the opposite side of the way, stood the house and shop of old Haydon, since deserted, in a street then a great thoroughfare, but now entirely forsaken by the widening of another entrance to the better part of the town. Old Haydon was a printer and bookseller. The house was spacious, with a private entrance. At the shop door congregated the news-mongers of all grades, civil, naval, and military. . . . With rigid fingers from a gouty stiffness of the joints, behind the counter, or in his back parlour, would be seen old Haydon, busy with his books. He had been a great rake in youth, a shrewd clever man who had succeeded his father in business, as he had designed his son, the painter, should succeed him. . . . Haydon was overflowing with conversation about art, the Elgin marbles, sunrise from Mount Edgumbe, and views from Staddon Heights, or Saltram Park." Then follow some amusing reminiscences of swimming feats, in which another celebrated artist, David Wilkie, joined. But as these references are more respecting Wilkie than Haydon, we pass on to other incidents; thus—"Having been late at a ball about four miles from the town, Haydon proposed that we should ascend a hill by Saltram to see the sun rise, it was absurd to think of walking home and going to bed that fine morning." Wilkie, who has danced furiously, said he was afraid of the air, he had rather walk home. He did so; and Haydon and myself ascended a lofty eminence just in time to see the break of a glorious day. The artist was enthusiastic. 'Mark that light in the east! How fine it is! How sombre it looks below in the valley, and the water in the Laira like pale silver. Then the woods, those limestone rocks, how rich it all is, and in London we sleep away these things. Look to the west, and the haze there, which the sun will presently disperse. Perhaps God dwells in the sun—or some delegated spirit—who governs our system, or half a dozen cricket-balls called worlds. Who cares for this beautiful sight, my boy, but you and I?' It was in this way that Haydon talked in his earlier years.

"When we got to the town we found Wilkie at the door of Haydon's house, endeavouring to make the servants hear him, full of fear lest he should take cold. 'Daavid,' as Haydon sometimes called him, went to bed while we breakfasted, and then having had a plunge in the sea, we were fit for anything again.

Haydon possessed surprising energy, and worked continuously thirteen and fourteen hours a day. I visited Mount Edgcombe with the two artists; Wilkie did not show any admiration of the fine scenery, or the splendid foliage of the private gardens.

“‘North Corner is the place for Wilkie,’ said Haydon, ‘there is famous grouping, sailors and their lasses, drunk and sober, bearded Jews, salesmen, and soldiers.’ We returned by that bustling and dissipated landing-place, which was always very crowded and noisy in war time. . . . Haydon was a pleasant companion has read and thought much, and also to the purpose, but there were reasons why his friends could not enjoy his society as they wished; they were estranged without being desirous of estrangement. Peace to his manes! He was not born for the present era of taste in art, the era of commonplace and mediocrity.”

But whilst picking up these bits of gossips about the artist, we are forgetting that we have scarcely brought our hero on the scene; so we retrace our steps. Haydon was first educated at the Plymouth Corporation Grammar School, of which Dr. Bidlake was head master; he afterwards went to the Plympton Grammar School, where Sir Joshua Reynolds had been educated, and of which Reynolds' father was for a long time master. Haydon very early exhibited a decided taste for drawing, and made no secret of his distaste for the business of a bookseller, consequently he was sent to London, and entered as a student of the Royal Academy in 1804. He exhibited his first picture, “Joseph and Mary,” in 1807, when twenty-one years of age, and having made a little money, he returned to Plymouth and sojourned there for a time, painting portraits and prosecuting his studies. Returning again to London, he studied the Elgin marbles, and produced his “Dentatus,” for which he was voted a prize of a hundred guineas by the British Association. He also received a similar sum for his “Judgment of Solomon,” which was sold for six hundred guineas. In 1814 he went to Paris and studied the works at the Louvre. Returning, he set to work on another great picture, for he excelled in the magnitude of his canvasses; this was his largest work—“Christ entering Jerusalem”—and this, on exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, realised by one shilling admissions no less a sum than £1,700. This was in 1820, and three years later he exhibited another great work—“The Raising of Lazarus.” This picture, which now adorns the wall of the Council Chamber of the Plymouth Guildhall, contains twenty figures, to the scale of nine feet high. For years after the painter's death this enormous painting hung in that “lumber-room of unsaleable pictures, the Pantheon of Oxford Street,” but at last it found a home in the National Gallery, and was hung on the staircase. During the summer of 1884 it was transferred to the keeping of the Corporation of Plymouth, by an arrangement with the keepers of the National Collection.

Haydon always persisted in mistaking size for grandeur, and would, moreover, rail against the world for not purchasing his pictures, although those pictures were of a size and style only suitable for large buildings or the walls of cathedrals or religious houses. He painted many other pictures which we cannot here enumerate.

Haydon's career was a most unhappy one, and his end most melancholy. For years he had been struggling against fate, or rather against that combination of circumstances which affect a man's career. Although he had produced many great works, he attained neither fame nor fortune, and he suffered, as he believed, great injustice from almost all with whom he had to do. In 1842 he failed in an open competition at Westminster Hall, and this, added to his increasing pecuniary embarrassments, tempted him to put an end to his existence. On the 2nd of June, 1846, after writing in his journal, “God forgive me. Amen: Finis. B. R. Haydon. ‘Stretch me no longer on the rack of this rough world’ (Lear), he fell dead by his own hand, his grev head lying low at the foot of his unfinished picture, “Alfred the Great and the English Jury.” This was

a sad ending to a very remarkable career, that of a highly-gifted but disappointed man; disappointed chiefly, be it understood, because he was proud, self-willed, thinking more highly of his own talent than his productions justified, and of a temperament that could not bring itself to acknowledge its own defects, but setting his want of success down to the jealousies and prejudices of his contemporaries. Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, one of his intimate friends, thus writes: "It is impossible to write of that remarkable man without pain—not alone with reference to his self-inflicted death, but to his whole career in art. It is a mournful story from beginning to end. I knew him intimately, and had frequent correspondence with him. Personally he was much indebted to Nature; tall, of fine figure; limbs finely set and well modelled, with a handsome, manly face, admirably outlined; fresh-coloured; eyes clear, yet searching; a high intellectual forehead, evidencing large capacity; and manners imposing and attractive, rather than easy and becoming; exacting, certainly, with palpable evidence of self-esteem, rather than of self-respect. An overweening confidence in his own powers, and a surprise—generally natural, but sometimes forced—that all mankind did not think of him as he thought of himself, was the great stumbling-block in his way from the commencement to the close of his singular career. I remember saying to him: "Haydon, if you had had a little less vanity and a little more pride, you would have been the great man of the age." Those who would know more of this erratic genius should read his life by Tom Taylor, or the notes of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall in his wonderfully interesting "Book of Memories."

W. H. K. W.



Bowling in Devon.

It is a moot point whether our municipal authorities do all that they might to encourage as many of the ratepayers as are that way inclined to spend their spare time in the open air in the pursuit of some healthy recreation. One prominent factor against the provision by Corporations of the means of out-door sports is the expense, but there is no reason why they should not be self-supporting, and so not become a charge upon those who do not participate in them. "Bowling is the strongest temperance advocate I know," remarked an enthusiast the other day. There is a world of truth in the declaration. No game has increased in popularity at Torquay and elsewhere to the same extent as bowls, and it has increased in greater ratio than the facilities for playing it. It has been argued that no more room can be taken from the existing open spaces without trespassing on the rights of the general public and robbing them of some of their privileges. It should be remembered, though, that the provision of bowling greens does not decrease the actual area of the open space or the quantity of fresh air to be obtained. They certainly reduce the area available to the general public, but it must not be forgotten that hundreds of people find abundant interest in sitting enjoying the sunshine and watching the bowling. On these grounds—for the benefit of players as well as spectators—it would be well if there could be a substantial increase in the town's bowling greens. The greens provided by the municipality—two in the Princess Gardens and one in Cary Park—cannot be said to be an adequate number for a town of over 33,000 people. It would not be difficult, or over-expensive, to construct other greens at Ellacombe and Upton, in the area adjoining the King's Gardens, now being levelled, and in the small strip of meadow land at the entrance to Corbyn Head.

—The *Torquay Directory*.

[Commenting on the above, it is a source of gratification that this ancient game is once again coming to its own. The establishment of a municipal bowling green on Plymouth Hoe, of another green in Victoria Park, of a private green rented by the Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake) Bowling Club at Thornhill, of the inauguration of a private bowling green at Keyham, all indicates that the game has come to stay amongst us.—Editor, *Devonia*.]

Ilfracombe.

IF the beauties of Ilfracombe many critics have spoken in no measured terms, and of its salubrity the annual returns of the Registrar-General give unmistakeable evidence. Occupying a unique geographical position on the west coast of England, just inside the borders of Devon, and surrounded by imposing hills and reposing valleys, rushing streams and rolling seas, the place has a charm which is all its own. Second only to Falmouth among the mildest neighbourhoods of England, Ilfracombe occupies the premier position from the standpoint of the lowest daily temperature. Midland tourists bound to this lovely Western resort for their holidays have the choice of completing the journey from Bristol either by land or water. Modern Ilfracombe is less than a hundred years old. It was, roughly, a quarter of a century ago that the London and South Western line to Barnstaple was extended to Ilfracombe. Since that historic event arrangements have been entered into whereby all the principal railway companies' services were brought into touch with the town, so that the intending visitor, whether from John O' Groats or Land's End, need experience no difficulty in settling down for Ilfracombe. The town has some fine shops and well-equipped boarding establishments, all catering for the myriads who spend their holidays in the district, while the drainage system and water supply are both perfect. It is beyond debate that the Capstone Parade, which is the rendezvous of hundreds and thousands of visitors, forms the main attraction of the town. It can be climbed with ease, for the local authorities have been thoughtful enough to cut zig-zag footpaths from the bottom to the top, and seats are placed at various stages. From the summit fine views are obtained, and upon particularly fine days the outline of the Welsh coast can be clearly distinguished. Down Channel is the Bull Point Lighthouse, while almost due west is Lundy Island, the scene of the wreck of H.M.S. Montague. The passing and re-passing of steamers proves very interesting during the day from the north-east side of the Parade, the old harbour is visible, and one is led to conjecture what an unparalleled walk would be provided if the parade and pier were joined. Visitors in the early or late summer are sometimes fortunate, or unfortunate enough to witness an Ilfracombe gale. At such times it is not easy to negotiate "Windy Corner," but many people delight in fighting the wind and having their own way. At the foot of the Parade is the Victoria Pavilion, which is usually thronged during the evening entertainments. Immediately in front is the Ropery Meadow, which is well kept and provides a suitable recreation ground for the young. There are practically no sands at Ilfracombe; but the Wildersmouth beach provides a scene of pleasant variety. Here careless and adventurous visitors sometimes allow themselves to be surrounded by the tide, and then the work of rescue becomes exciting. Another set of beaches in great favour are those known as "The Tunnels," where there are hot and cold water baths. Another great feature of the neighbourhood is Hillsborough Hill, from the summit of which the finest view of the district can be obtained. The "Park" is now one of the most popular pleasure spots of Ilfracombe. Of late years the pier and harbours have been greatly improved in convenience and appearance, and included within the limits of the latter is the well-known Lantern Hill. At the other end of the town is Cairn Top, another pleasure resort, which yearly grows in favour, while no finer views can be obtained in England than are seen from the Tor Walks, which should be visited on a boisterous day. In the town and neighbourhood are many interesting buildings, and the walks and drives are numerous and picturesque. There are facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, and other kinds of recreation, and a visit to the town cannot fail to prove recuperative and enjoyable.

—From the *Birmingham Gazette & Express*.



BITS OF DARTMOOR.

Fair Devon.--As seen by a Colonist.



AM sitting in a garden overlooking the Exe Valley, and if one's thoughts and ideas would only flow as glibly and generously to the touch of the pen as the landscapes in front of me respond to the light, warm touch of Dame Nature, their reproduction would in sooth be well worth while.

Devon in the month of May! It is as if a corner of Heaven had been dropped into the south-western end of this beautiful island and rested for a few weeks, contented and smiling, under the caresses of gentle showers and spasmodic sunshine.

In my garden the first poppy of the season has unblushingly undraped and expanded its wondrous scarlet petals to the blue sky, and the rhododendrons welcome the new comer as an ally in the production of brilliant colour. Narcissi and daffodils and a multitude of many hued spring flowers whisper softly but proudly, each of its merits and its claims to love, while the modest white daisies bespangling the lawn as with feathery kiss of snowflakes, timidly peep from their verdant bed and nod, quivering to the yellow buttercups and dandelions that cheerfully share their home.

But the grass itself! I wonder if the Devonians could ever realise how this lavish display of brilliant green impresses and delights one who has lived for years amid the sombre brownness of the veldt, and seen the grass and all plant life scorched and wilted by the pitiless African sun.

Doubtless familiarity has bred, if not contempt, at least indifference, although perhaps it is not safe to look upon a Devon man's inner thoughts as compatible with the stolid cast of features he presents to the world. One feels that somewhere at the back of his brain he has the conviction stowed away that his county is pre-eminent among all the counties of England, and his grass greener than any other. At any rate, I can vouch for it that he is not nearly as green as his grass.

And away over there on the gentle slopes of a hill is a noble park. In it the trees are decked in gala robes, celebrating the advent of spring. Wide-spreading chestnuts and graceful elms; dignified, solemn-looking fir trees; gay, copper-leaved beech trees nodding acknowledgment to the passing breeze; and then still nearer to the manor house the road turns in between hedgerows of hawthorn, both white and pink, and skirts the side of an old orchard, where the apple trees revel in profusion of sweet-scented blossom.

From the summit of the hill one can view the greater part of the valley. I have ever been a devotee of that "wandrlust," whose siren call allures one to the uttermost ends of the earth, but here somehow the restless fever is allayed and the senses lulled to a feeling of restfulness and contentment.

There is such absolute harmony; everything is so richly and yet consistently blended in detail. The wonderfully varying shades of green, the carpet-patches of yellow primroses, the sweet blue violets and wild hyacinths, the terra-cotta hedge-bordered blocks of cultivated land, the heavy-eyed, long-woolled sheep, and the sleek red cattle luxuriating deep in the clover fields. It should be, and is, the stockman's Eldorado, and yet the Devon farmer, if by chance he be rich, continues to conceal his prosperity under the cloak of a poverty-stricken aspect. His dogcart is much less respectable than a backveldt "bywoner's" Cape cart, and the only occasion on which his interest in life really quickens to enthusiasm is on market day.

The good people of the Exe Valley hasten slowly. They unconsciously affirm the precept that "Morgen zal ook een dag wees" (to-morrow will also

be a day), and philosophically take things as they come. And, withal, they are a delightful people, courteous, and benignant; the men big, brawny-chested, hearty fellows, who drink deep, fight with bulldog tenacity, and follow the hounds with the same earnestness that they display in the church on Sundays; the women fresh, buxom, and well-formed, with complexions such as one might look for in vain between Capetown and Cairo, and rejoicing in the vigour and sweetness of perfect health.

Down there in the hollow lies the quaint little town, and from the tower of the old, old church that has weathered the storm and sunshine of five long centuries there peals forth the musical clang of bells. Their notes fall rhythmically and clearly on the evening quietude of the beautiful valley. There is no harsh discordance in their song to offend the ear, but as the echoes die away on the green, tree-clad slopes of the surrounding hills, they leave a sense of peace and serenity behind.

The chorus of the thrush and the blackbird still rings intermittently through the clear crisp air, but now the shadows of the long twilight are drawing closer together, and the only sounds that awaken the stillness are the faint rustle of leaves and the crooning love-lilt of the murmuring river.

The lanes that criss-cross between the sleeping villages are barely wide enough to allow two carriages to pass each other, and only at intervals can one catch a glimpse of the fields behind the high hedges of hawthorn and holly. These lanes have been made expressly for the Devon lad and his lass. They are the lovers' Paradise. And again the less poetical, matter-of-fact Colonist finds he has much to learn. For the art of love-making in the West of England is not the apologetic, cold-blooded affair that pertains under the Southern Cross. The system is less hampered and impeded by red tape. The young man and the girl stroll along arm-in-arm, unconscious and indifferent to the curious gaze of the passer-by. She does not for a moment dream of withdrawing her arm from his, and if by chance his arm should have crept round her waist there is no guilty start at the approach of a stranger, for they are all-sufficient to each other, and they know no other way of telling the good old story. So the lovers pass along, arm-linked, through the sweet-scented lanes, and whisper tenderly to each other in the light of the pale, watchful moon.

It is not given to the Londoner or the man from the North to understand the English language as spoken in Devon. It has the sound of a babbling brook, this dialect, the music and poetry of a fair land. But it is unintelligible to the people over in the adjoining counties, and to the benighted Colonist it is stranger than the language of the Bushman. It is a perplexing thought that one is not only harassed by an infinitude of tongues in the various continents and countries of our little planet, but must needs be still further distracted by a babel of dialects in a kingdom that professes to speak one language only.

In the little town with the narrow streets and the old church there are, roughly, ten thousand people, and to the ordinary observer it would appear that quite a large proportion of them are "connoisseurs" in the gentle art of *dolce far niente*. In every street there is a "Black Horse" inn or a "White Horse," or a "Half Moon," or an "Angel"—the number of "publics" would certainly be the despair of an up-country Cape Licensing Board—and in front of each inn one or more horses and carts are often standing, awaiting such time as the thirst of the carters may be temporarily slaked. At every street corner there are groups of men or boys diligently exercised in supporting the gable-ends, not with the hungry hopeless look of the ordinary "unemployed," but chattering merrily and nonchalantly smoking their cigarette ends like Spaniards outside a "posada." Under what system they are enabled to practice this simple pleasant life, and yet continue to obtain the necessities of existence, I have thus far been unable to ascertain.

For five days there has been no rain, but for this respite we may be sure that for every hour of sunshine Jupiter Pluvius will exact the uttermost penalty, and with compound interest. It will not, however, be the overwhelming rush and roar of a tropical thunderstorm. Just a soft, warm, life-giving rain that penetrates the red soil and puts fresh sap and vigour into grass and tree and flower. A benign, light-falling rain that one can encounter with impunity. Would that a beneficent north wind might carry a modicum of those precious showers on its wings to light on the patient, thirsty lands of the Eastern Province of Cape Colony in the long weary seasons of drought! But, after all, *si on n'a pas ce qu'on aime; il faut aimer ce qu'on a*, and the memory of Cape winters is of days when the joy of life was at its fullest and best.

The good folk of the little town are as a chess-board, each section of which keeps a vigilant eye on its opposite neighbour, and it behoves a new pawn to move warily. And some of the chessmen have the funniest little insular ways! But nevertheless they play a merry game, and one reflects that the horizon of the valley of the Exe is not the illimitable expanse of the wide Karoo. Moreover there is good blood in their veins, and their ancestors were the men who fought with Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh, and were makers of the history of England.

A parting shaft of light from the setting sun cleaves the copper beeches and burnishes their leaves as with fire. Down by the river a long line of red cattle is sedately crossing the meadow to the picturesque white homestead under the hill; the chant of the old church bell falls pleasantly on the ear; and now at length the mantle of sleep has descended on the beautiful valley and enfolded it in the embrace of a peaceful twilight.

"SOUTH AFRICAN."

—From the *Tiverton Gazette*.



LAUNCESTON CASTLE.

Flora of South Devon.



N a district so equable in climate and so diversified in aspect, so full of valleys, fields, and hills, of silent lanes, and immemorial woods, it is no matter for wonder that the botanist should find an unusually rich harvest.

Denizens of the lands of the sun flourish here as in their natural environment; pelargoniums and myrtles of all kinds bloom unsheltered in the villa gardens; the citron grows freely in the open air, and its fruit thus exposed has been known to attain unusually large proportions; camelias and passion flowers withstand the mild rigours of our winter; and in gardens in the hollows of the hills, groves of ilex and avenues of palms, hedges of flowering tamarisk, and clumps of verbenas triphyllas put forth their green luxuriance at all seasons of the year.

The chief glory of the neighbourhood is, however, the number and variety of its simple wayside flowers. With the first breath of spring the hedgerows are starred with primroses. These are succeeded by the delicate wood anemones; then a great billow of bluebells floods the woods and overwhelms the fading gold and white.

With May arrive the roses which in their abundance and variety are perhaps the chief botanical feature of the district. The wild cherry blossom which comes in with the roses is noticeable in the valley of the Dart; the golden iris is abundant in the marshes, and its rarer relation the purple iris, grows freely in the drier soil of the hedge banks; the yellow dead nettle curiously displaces its usually much commoner relative *lamium album*; and the warmth-loving valerian, so beloved of the butterflies, is found in an uncommon triplet of varieties, white, crimson, and red. With the approach of Autumn the hardy compositæ takes predominance and are found in bewildering varieties in the pastures and on the cliffs. Christmas brings the sweet-smelling coltsfoot, the leaves of which are a feature of the Babbacombe Downs. By cliff and coombe salad burnet and the wild cabbage are found. Near by in barren cleft and rocky nook the stone-crop family flourishes in great variety; houseleeks and pennywort subsist on ancient mossy walls and ruined buildings. That curious plant, the butcher's broom, the only native plant that can claim even distant relationship with the palm, grows plentifully in the woods and thickets. Lichens are numerous, and the high banks of the lanes and the silent avenues of the woods are carpeted with rare and beautiful mosses.

It is impossible to enumerate all the ferns that are to be found here; the hart's tongue is perhaps the most common. On the shaded hedge banks of the lanes in moist dark woods, among ruined walls, and in the pure silence of old wells, its bright green fronds are found. Scarcely less numerous is the common polypody. Its favourite habitat is the roof of a thatched cottage, or the decayed stump of an ancient tree. The shield fern is abundantly distributed; and the bracken grows on heath and moors in jungles of almost impenetrable density. Maidenhair and sea spleenwort are found in sea caves and wet crevices in the rocks in parts of the coast near Brixham, and the osmunda or royal fern in boggy places near the Dart.

Among the many botanical rarities may be mentioned the wild sweet pea, the horned poppy, and the soapwort near Paignton, the white rock rose, the homewort, and the tree orchis at Berry Head, near Brixham; the green hellebore on the Totnes road; samphire, fennel, sea purslane, sea rocket, and the narrow leaf or grass vetch on the Warberries. Dried specimens of practically all the local flora are to be found in the Museum of the Torquay Natural History Society.

—From "Torquay and its Surroundings," by PERCIVAL H. W. ALMY.
London: Homeland Association, Ltd.

Picturesque Bits of Old Plymouth.

Castle Quadrate.

AT the foot of Lambhay Street is still to be seen a small but very substantial building, which is all that is left of the Plymouth Castle, which was built on the rocky spur at the eastern end of the Hoe, immediately overlooking and commanding the entrance of Sutton Pool, somewhere in the reign of Henry IV. When Leland visited Plymouth he found the entrance to Sutton Pool defended by a blockhouse on the south-west, and on a rocky hill hard by "a strong castle quadrate, having at each corner a great round tower." Risdon also speaks of it. From this old "Castle quadrate" the town takes its arms, a saltire between four castles. This interesting relic was until recently used as a dwelling-house.

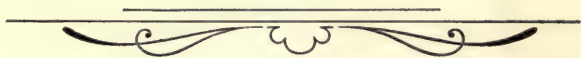
The Hoe Gate.

UNTIL the year 1863 this fine old gateway stood at the top of Hoegate Street, and this was one of the ornaments of the town as a relic of bygone days. It was built in the sixteenth century, and was the last of the ancient town gates. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was rebuilt, and in 1657 it was leased by the Corporation, but eventually passed into the possession of the late Thomas Were Fox, who caused its demolition at the date named above. There was no adequate cause for its removal; as a structure it was highly ornamental, the thoroughfare was but little used, and the sum realised by its sale was little more than the value of the material. Moreover, it was the only relic of the town defences, save the gatehouse in Lambhay Street, and recalled the time when Plymouth was a walled town, with gates at convenient intervals. Needless to say, the removal of this old landmark evoked strong expressions of disapproval. It is a pity that the Corporation did not purchase the structure and so preserve it, but the Corporation at that time had little or no reverence for antiquities, certainly none for the æsthetic features of our streets.

The Citadel Gate

A very striking entrance to the Citadel is this elaborate archway. It was erected in 1670, the main portion of the fortification which it adorns having been erected between the years 1666 and 1670. Until the extensive alterations made by the Corporation of Plymouth a few years since, this fine gateway was reached by a drawbridge through an outer smaller gate, now rebuilt at the western sallyport. This, the principal gateway, is a very fine piece of stonework with elaborate ornamentation. On either side of the entrance archway are sculptured trophies between the pilasters, the arch being surmounted by the arms of Grenville, Earl of Bath, who was Governor of the Citadel, and consequently military Governor of Plymouth, when the citadel was erected. In the centre of the next stage over the archway is a niche with a semi-circular head, which once contained a figure of Charles II., now replaced by a pile of cannon balls. On each side are warlike trophies, and the entablature and cornice are supported on Corinthian pillars, the whole surmounted by the Royal arms within an arch, over which is a globe between two crowns, while the lion and unicorn, each supporting a shield of the St. George's Cross, stand out clear above the building. The Citadel as a fortification is obsolete, although it has a few guns mounted on different batteries, which are used chiefly for drill and saluting purposes. The Citadel was built by command of Charles II. on the site of an old fort, which had long existed on the spot, and which doubtless comprised the "platforms" so often referred to in the Corporation records as having been repaired.

— From "Streets of Old Plymouth," by CHARLES E. ELDERED, R.N., and
W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. HIS. SOC.



VIEWS ON THE YEALM.

The Exe as a Salmon and Trout River.

SALMON fishing is *par excellence*, the highest branch in the art of angling. Probably it does not require the same technical skill, or the same keen powers of observation on the part of the fisherman as in trout fishing, but it does demand greater perseverance and greater skill in the manipulation of the rod. It is true that much must be left to the element of chance, as the salmon only frequents certain pools in the river, and whosoever has the good fortune to secure one of these pools is in the best position to meet with success—yet even the likeliest pools will fail the most skilful angler at times. Very capricious indeed is the appetite of the king of fishes! Nothing will tempt him at times to rise from the depths, where he has taken up his quarters. He looks with disdain upon the bright feathers and tinsel which float so easily down the surface of the water, and though the expansion of the many feathers, and the opening and shutting of its many strands, give a life-like attraction to the fly, “in vain is the snare set.” It is just this element of chance which gives to salmon fishing its greatest zest. There is always a buoyant hope in the breast that the next throw may bring a swirl of the great body, and then a giant tug, and finally a mighty rush. And how the heart beats with excitement as the strain on the rod bends the supple points, and the reel whirls and whizzes and screams in answer to the victim's efforts to shake himself free from the trammels. Salmon fishing is, in fact, to the angler what big game shooting is to the sportsman who carries a gun! There is doubtless much to commend trout fishing with its many little technicalities and greater possibilities of catching fish, but there is wanting in the latter that keen touch of excitement which only the salmon fisher experiences and realises.

Sea trout and salmon peel, of course, must be classed in the same category as the “*Salmo-solar*,” the true salmon—for they are migratory in their habits, and must take their annual jaunt to the salt sea. The conservators also of our English rivers regard them as such, and requires those who fish for them to take out the same license as is necessary in the case of the salmon proper; so that, when one speaks of the salmon as the ideal inhabitant of the angler's paradise, all the fish also which migrate to the sea must be included in the list.

There are many who will tell you that the best day's sport is obtained with sea trout and salmon peel, and I must say that I quite agree with them in this. Wherever these species of the salmonidæ haunt a river, they are sought for quite as keenly as their more lordly brothers, for they take the fly more eagerly, and are more lively in their play when hooked. Unfortunately in the river Exe neither of these species appear in any numbers; it is only very occasionally one is captured. Would that its waters were less polluted and fewer obstructions impeded their passage to its higher reaches. No river in England could then outrival the Exe in the variety of the sport it would afford the angler well nigh all the year round.

As a trout river it has few equals. The fish may not run to the great size of the Test and the Itchen, but in numbers there is no comparison; even in size the trout compare very favourably with those of the majority of streams, and if only two inches were added to the limit (at present seven inches) of takeable fish, restocking would be quite unnecessary. There is no doubt, in fact, that the River Exe holds quite a high rank in the list, so far as trout fishing is concerned; but as a salmon river it is only of secondary importance.

There is very much which militates against it ever becoming a salmon river of the first rank. In the first place, it is terribly polluted with sewage, so much so, that even the shell-fish at its mouth are uneatable, or if eaten, there is always the risk of incurring a doctor's bill. And secondly, it is impeded by numerous weirs, which makes the ascent of the river more like hurdle jumping; and thirdly, which is the most important of all, the flow is liable to great

fluctuations. In years gone by, when Exmoor was not so highly cultivated as at present, this did not occur to the extent it does now. The numerous bogs which then lined the greater portion of the course of its higher stretches, were then untouched by the hand of man, and acted as reservoirs, from the spongy nature of the soil. Now all this has gone. Modern farming and modern drainage have entirely changed the nature of the soil, so far as its retentive capacities are concerned, and the water now, instead of draining off gradually, rushes at once down the channels to the main stream, and the river soon becomes a raging flood. But unfortunately for the fisherman it just as quickly subsides, and unless a very wet season occurs—a season which spells disaster to the husbandman—the salmon fisher had better let his rod lie in its case, and take in its stead his eleven feet of solid cane, and fish for trout.

—From the *Tiverton Gazette*.



A New West Country Novel.

Miss M. P. Willcocks, who was already responsible for two west-country stories—to wit, “Widdicombe,” and “The Wingless Victory,” has now developed into a much more realistic and thorough style in “A Man of Genius,” published, as were the others, by that man of the West, John Lane, of the Bodley Head, London, and himself a son of fair Devon. Here we have a story of North Devon, with sufficient incident to satisfy the most exacting of mortals. The scenes are laid at Hartland, Appledore, and elsewhere, in that stormy region of North Devon, so full of romance and reality. Then the scene shifts to Tonacombe, that fine old manor house in North Cornwall, a district almost sacred to the Rev. R. S. Hawker and his church and home at Morwenstow.

But other localities and incidents are woven into the story, which is far and away the best that the writer has essayed. It is a clever plot, the story is well told, the characters are real, living, and breathing entities, not mere mechanical puppets dancing at the will of the one who pulls the strings. We are in this novel brought face to face with nature and natural men and women. Sex is the mainspring; it is the old, old story of two men and a maid, or two maids and a man—put it how we will, it is the same in the end. But we cannot help thinking that Miss Willcocks has been studying closely the works of Eden Phillpotts and Baring Gould; there is just a suspicion of the influence of these two writers in the incidents and the characters of her novel.

Damaris Westaway is an exceptionally fine character; there are few such on this earth. Thyrsa Braund, who is really the heroine of the story, is also a well-drawn character, ignorant, and self-willed, like a spoiled child, and not fitted to be the wife of Ambrose Velly, the “Man of Genius.” The latter, by the way, was a young fellow with natural ability as an artist and architect, with too much ambition to allow him to be a fitting mate for Thyrsa; hence the usual disagreements and little misunderstandings, which to a large extent marred both their lives. Then there was John Darracott, a coast-guardsmen, who loved Thyrsa with a dog-like devotion, and loved her to the end—a tragic end—although unable to win her.

Such are a few of the characters in this attractive story; attractive because of the human interest which pervades it; attractive also by the delightful descriptive passages, especially those relating to the wild scenery of Hartland, and the equally interesting picture of Tonacombe. The work is eminently quotable, and we hope to give an excerpt or two later. At any rate we think we have said enough to induce Devonshire people, as well as visitors, to read “A Man of Genius.”



Devon Notes.

THE Editor of the *Bazaar*, in answering a correspondent who sought information as to “Gardening in Devonshire,” gives the following practical advice:—The soil and climate of Devonshire vary in different parts of the county, but the whole of the county, with the exception of Dartmoor, is eminently suited for gardening purposes, more especially the Clyst Valley to the east of Exeter, and the strip of land south of Dartmoor between Teign and Tamar, which is called the “garden of Devonshire” on account of the fertility of the soil; Yealmpton, Modbury, Ivybridge, Brent, Kingsbridge, Totnes, and Newton Abbot lie in this district, whilst along the coast are Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton, Dartmouth, and Plymouth, all frequented watering-places, and the last-mentioned the most important town in Devonshire,” etc., etc.

The Port of Exeter.

A Veteran Ship Canal.

THE ancient city of the West, clustered about its great cathedral on a hill among surrounding hills, gives at first sight no sign of sea-borne trade. Even from the summit of the cathedral tower no vision of salt water meets the eye; on every side are meadows, hills, and woods, a verdant inland beauty threaded by the windings of the river's silver chain. Not till the wanderer comes at length upon a quaint outskirts of the town, and finds himself upon a little cliff, does he behold a goodly mass of shipping in the docks upon the farther side of the stream. How these close-clustered vessels, many of a burden of five hundred tons and more, have reached this inland harbour, is a puzzle to the stranger in the place; for scarcely three hundred yards below the quay the river roars across a weir, and a stroll along a meadow-path reveals the fact that two like barriers are stretched, further down, between the city and the river's mouth.

A Countess of long years ago—or so the story runs—had built these weirs to spoil the city's trade; and so, more than three centuries since, the little ship canal was made to link it with the sea six miles away. Enlarged, improved, the ancient waterway still holds its course, opening at one end to the river almost opposite the quay and just above the weir, and at the other to the broad salt water estuary.

Crossing the river by a ferry-boat, and threading a path among the trucks and laden lorries that surround the busy docks, we find ourselves upon the banks of the canal, and soon are in the open country between town and sea. So level is the land through which this watery highway runs its course that but one lock, half-way, is needed. On one side is the river, taking its winding way through bordering trees; upon the other are the railway and the high road to the West. In the flat meadows below the level of the raised canal banks herds of ruddy cattle find rich summer pasturage; and steersmen who but a few hours before were battling with the Channel or the Bay, now have on either side their course the bleat of lambs.

There is a weir, too, a few yards above the river's ancient bridge, and with the passage of the stream thus barred both up and down the oarsmen of the place must exercise their skill upon the waters of the old canal. The afternoon of any summer's day will bring a ceaseless stream of skiffs and dinghies into sight. When floods have raised the river to above its usual height, the surface of the canal is but little below the level swing-bridges which span it at intervals to link the lanes and paths that cross the fields on either side. At such a time the rower must bend low, or even, stretched upon the bottom of his craft, push hand by hand along the under surface of the bridge. At one such bridge, indeed, where a high road crosses the canal, and a one-storeyed keeper's cottage stands beside the bank, a crank may sometimes be obtained with which to swing the bridge aside; but it is at best a slow and toilsome task, and woe betide the luckless schoolboy who shall leave the bridge displaced when some chance vehicle appears upon the road. For the temper of the old bridge keeper is short and sour to the last degree, and his flow of language full and infinitely varied; one specimen will usually make the recipient prefer to lift his boat from the water and carry it along the bank.

But skiff and dinghy are the idle summer butterflies of the old waterway, and on this chilly afternoon no such light craft are to be seen. Instead a sturdy schooner from a Tyneside port comes into view. Six of her crew are on the towing-path, the tow-rope on their shoulders, pulling steadily in single file. Behind her comes a Baltic steamer, with the engines going "slow," and at her bulwarks swarthy faces with their ears be-ringed, taking a curious glance at the green land around.

The half-way lock once passed, there comes a tang of salt into the wind, blowing stiffly from the eastern sea. The meadows yield their place to open marsh; the canal broadens out, and at the sides great rafts of seasoning wood are moored. Half an hour more has brought us to our journey's end; a double lock, a little inn, and beyond these the estuary, its gull-flecked sandbanks, and the open sea. A barque lies half a mile down stream, waiting the evening tide to make her way to port; the boat moored at the outer gate of the great lock bears the ship's name upon her stern. With any luck we ought to find her captain by the fire in the snugger of the inn; to find him, and with the thawing warmth of a stiff glass of grog, to draw long sea-going yarns, of which the least exciting will be welcome to a landsman's ear. And sure enough we see, veiled in a haze of smoke, a stout, blue-coated figure, and know that our six miles against the wind has not been walked in vain. Two hours later comes the evening "flood," which brings the barque to the lock-gates of the canal, and we retrace our way, not by the lonely towing-path, but on the ship herself—now at the skipper's side upon the bridge, now in the snug if somewhat stuffy cabin down below.

—From the *Globe*.



A Devonshire Menu.

"Now," said he, drawing a paper from his pocket, "I want your careful consideration of this. I went up to the Devonshire dinner last year, and they gave us Devonshire cream and junket."

"Well, why not?" laughed Damaris.

"Why not," saith he, "why because one swallow doesn't make a summer, and that's all we had that *was* Devonshire. Just listen to this; tell me how it strikes you."

Spectacles on nose he went solemnly through the menu, marking the courses with a beat of his great forefinger.—

"Chives Soup.
Tea-kettle Broth.

Whitebait from the mouth of the Exe.
Clovelly Herrings.

Squab Pie.
Leekie Pie.

Venison from Exmoor.
Saddle of Exmoor Mutton and Laver Sauce.
Pig's Chitterlings.
Hog's Puddings.

Mazzard Tart and Clotted Cream.
Whortleberry Tart and Clotted Cream.
Junket.

Coffee.

Methlegin.
Plymouth Gin.

"Now," said he, looking over his glasses at her, "do you know what I'm going to do with that?"

"Use it for your next dinner party," said Damaris maliciously, for she knew the doctor's weakness for economy.

"No, madam," he shouted, "I'm going to send it to the Secretary of the Devonian Dinner, and if he uses it I'll come up to dine with 'em, and if he doesn't I won't; and I suppose you call that cheek," he chuckled.

"Something rather like it," acquiesced Damaris, "but you're both loyal sons of Devon, so I expect he'll love you the better for it."

—From "A Man of Genius," by M. P. WILLCOCKS.

Published by John Lane,, London, 1908.

Appreciation of "Devonia."

WHATEVER lack of appreciation there may be at home for the work of the United Devon Association in general, and its organ *Devonia* in particular, it is certain that our efforts are appreciated in distant corners of the Empire. The following proofs have just come to hand:—

"Pietermaritzburg,
Natal, 16th May, 1908.

The Secretary, United Devon Association, Exeter.

Dear Sir,

If that delightful publication *Devonia* is as much appreciated in Devon as it is by "exiles" abroad, the Association should be speedily relieved of any anxiety which may exist with regard to the future of its official journal. I trust there will be a most liberal response to the appeal which has been issued in respect of the *Devonia* fund. I enclose my subscription for the ensuing year.

Yours faithfully, GEO. BULL."

"Devon Street,
New Plymouth,
New Zealand,
May 12th, 1908.

To Cecil R. M. Clapp, Esq.

Dear Mr. Clapp,

I was sorry to see Lord Clifford's appeal for assistance in publishing *Devonia* in the February number, and would have written you earlier, but that at this distance I thought that my communication would take so long getting to you, that its fate would be settled before you could receive mine. But I have just had the March number, and see you haven't stopped yet, so perhaps 'his may be of use to your Association and help to keep it going. I cannot but think that Devonians generally will suffer if you allow *Devonia* to lapse. I have no personal axe to grind; its stoppage or otherwise will not affect me, but I wonder if you at home realise the good an advertising agency like this does to you. From this little town three families have gone this season; they will all spend some time in Devonshire; suppose it is only three days. Eleven people, three days—thirty-three days at, say, twenty shillings per day; that's £33 spent amongst you that very probably would have been spent on the Continent or in London, but for your publication. Now in how many districts throughout the world does *Devonia* circulate? If only half of them send home the same number of visitors every year as this little place does, think of the money that is necessarily circulated amongst you. I hope Devonians will not adopt a penny wise and pound foolish policy; in these times you must advertise, and, in my opinion, in *Devonia* you have a good advertising medium.

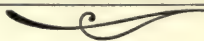
Yours very truly, C. E. BAKER."

Our Hon. Secretary adds further:—"I have had further proof from a visit I received last week from the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Devonian Society of Johannesburg, who is touring Devon. He expressed a strong hope on behalf of his Society that the work will not cease."

In the same strain were the remarks of Mr. R. W. Chubb (of Plymouth), the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Devonian Society of Calcutta, who in a personal interview a few days ago, gave most unmistakeable proof of the appreciation of our efforts in his far-away Indian home.

Mr. C. H. Cawse, a member of the Committee of the Devonian Society of Johannesburg, and a former President, called upon the Editor of *Devonia* a few days ago, and renewing an old acquaintanceship, spoke of the great interest taken by residents in South Africa in the work of the United Devon Association.

These are merely samples of the testimonials we are continually getting from all parts of the world.





DEVONIA.



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

Edited by W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

VOL. IX.]

AUGUST, 1908.

[No. 2.

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Devonia is the official magazine of the United Devon Association, is published monthly, and is widely circulated throughout the British Dominions. It has a guaranteed circulation of 60,000 per annum.

It is brought under the notice of tourists and travellers on all the great railways in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and is placed on board the vessels of nearly all the principal lines of steamers sailing to and from the United Kingdom.

It is to be found in all hotels, boarding-houses, clubs, and other places of resort in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and on the Continent.

The Association is in close touch with all Devonian Societies and kindred Associations in all parts of the world, and has correspondents in Greater Britain and America.

Contributions of original articles or notes, original poems, photographs, pen-and-ink sketches, newspaper cuttings, and anything of interest to Devonians and residents are earnestly solicited.

The President and Members of the Council invite the cordial co-operation of their brethren at home and abroad in the work of the Association for the love of the old County and for mutual help. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited.

All literary matters for *Devonia* should be sent to the Editor, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth; correspondence on monetary and other matters should be sent to Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp, Hon. Sec., 17 Bedford Circus, Exeter; advertisements should be sent to Messrs. Underhill and Co., Advertisement Department, U.D.A., 14 Frankfort Street, Plymouth.



PLYMOUTH HOE AND SOUND.
From a Water Colour by G. H. JENKINS, Junr.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.**"In the Land of Lorna Doone."**

UNDER the above heading an article appeared in the July issue of *Devonia*, in which was a brief paragraph which seemed to cast an aspersion upon the management of the Carnarvon Arms, Dulverton, now and for some years kept by Mr. C. W. Nelder.

The article in question was copied from an American publication, dated 1895, and purported to describe a series of "Pleasurable Excursions in England," in the course of which the author criticises somewhat freely places he has visited in the course of his rambles.

We regret that we should have inadvertently allowed the printer to set the article in its entirety, without eliminating the offensive paragraph, thus giving currency to a statement that would not be endorsed by any British traveller who has ever had the good fortune to wander down West as far as Dulverton, for we are assured by competent authorities that the Carnarvon Arms, as now managed by Mr. Nelder, will bear comparison with any hostelry in the country.

We desire, as far as lies in our power, to remove any reflection or aspersion that the paragraph in question may have cast upon Mr. Nelder's establishment, and to assure him that no malice was intended, but that we construed the remarks of the American traveller as a jocular criticism upon some droll experience or other.

At any rate, we wish it to be clearly understood that we repudiate unconditionally any imputation that may appear to have been cast in the article in question, and that we intend to give equal publicity to this explanation as we gave, in an unguarded moment, to the light-hearted statement of an irresponsible globe-trotter.

Ilfracombe.

It is unfortunate to find that an article so interesting and well written as "In the Land of Lorna Doone," which appeared in our July issue, should have contained some paragraphs that have given offence in certain quarters. But so it is. We have referred to the Dulverton case elsewhere; we now wish to remove from the minds of our friends at Ilfracombe any impression that we had malicious intentions in publishing the article, or any desire to cast a blemish on their beautiful town.

The fact is, being short of original matter, we selected the article in question from a little volume published in America in 1895, which contained a series of chapters descriptive of the writer's wanderings in England. Thus the West country, and particularly North Devon and the Exmoor district, came in for a large share of attention and some little criticism. We do not say that either Ilfracombe or the other places mentioned deserved the criticism accorded to them by the writer of the article in question at the time he paid his visit, but we can assure our readers that, as regards Ilfracombe, it is to-day a well-governed and delightful place, a splendid tourist centre, and merits all the encomiums that many writers have lavishly bestowed upon it.

Charles Dickens freely criticised American institutions when he visited the States, and we presume our American cousin, when he came to England, felt himself justified in pointing out what he considered to be blemishes on some of our local institutions.

All the same, we regret that we allowed the statements complained of to pass current, and we will do all in our power to remove any reflection that may have been cast upon a place so beautiful and famous as Ilfracombe.

We quote elsewhere some extracts from an article which appeared recently in the *Daily Mail* as a sample of the good things the London papers are saying about this much favoured spot.

Quiet Delights of Devon and Cornwall.

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Daily Mail*, the real way to enjoy the Devon and Cornwall coast is to walk it. In fact, it is only by walking that you can enjoy any great part of it at all. Those who motor get glimpses of the sea every now and then. But they miss the constantly changing features of cliff andcombe, the fishing villages packed tightly into rocky clefts or spread with straggling picturesqueness along the shore, the joy of having the sea for companion all day; the delight of springy turf under the feet, with the seagulls ever circling in bold sweeps between water and cliff edge, and the larks singing their songs overhead.

Walking tours are out of fashion, but I think if the fascination of our western coasts were better known they would soon come in again. To tramp through flat inland country is, I admit, tedious; walking, to be really enjoyable, must be either among mountains or by the sea. And there is no stretch of coast anywhere offering more attractions to walkers than this. You have cliffs nearly all the way, and you have them to yourself.

You are far enough away from railways and dusty high roads, yet not so far that you cannot at a pinch get a train ride or a lift. Civilisation is kind enough also to provide decent hotels at suitable points for lunching and staying the night. Sometimes, it is true, you may find yourself obliged to take what you can get, but that only adds to the fun of the holiday.

Some day, I suppose, there will be big seaside places every few miles along the coast. There are plenty of admirable sites, and the tendency of holiday makers is to go further afield. Travelling has become so much more rapid, and excursion fares are made so tempting that people who used to think the Kent and Sussex coasts far enough off now turn up their noses at Walmer or Broadstairs and are found at Bude or Scarborough or Whitley Bay. Devon and Cornwall are likely in course of time to become the favourite playground of England and to lose a great deal of their charm. Do not miss seeing them while they are yet unspoilt.

As yet between Dartmouth and Plymouth there is only Salcombe, a pleasant little town with a perfectly beautiful sheltered situation on the big arm of the sea which goes up as far inland as Kingsbridge. For those who are fond of sailing, but are not, in the physical meaning of the phrase, good sailors, this is an ideal spot. The vast estuary, with its wooded shores and large open sheets of water, and pretty creeks and bays, is like a lake, except that its water is salt, and that the air has a stinging freshness which no lake could match. It is just as good as the sea, in fact, and for those who are not happy when boats roll or pitch, a very great deal better.

In Plymouth Sound there is good sheltered sailing, too, though it is more affected, of course, by weather than the Salcombe River, and there is too much shipping about to let the amateur feel quite comfortable. The movement and animation of the Sound lend Plymouth one of its most attractive features. From the Hoe, which is among the finest promenades in Europe, one has a view which is among the most interesting and beautiful in the world.

There are always warships at anchor, and every other kind of craft besides, dotting the blue water with black funnels and white or brown sails. Every child

knows how Drake was playing bowls here when he had word of the Armada being in sight, and how he would not leave his game unfinished for the news. Here is an heroic statue of the great seaman and another monument to keep the destruction of the Armada in mind. The inscription on this: "He blew with His wind and they were scattered," is neither a quotation nor a fair statement of the case. It was only after the Spanish fleet had been utterly demoralised by the British attack that there arose the storm which completed its ruin.

The Hoe has not greatly altered since the Elizabethan captains played at their bowls. It was then a green hill where the townspeople took their pleasure, and so it is still. There was no pier then to look down upon, no bandstand, no flower beds, and if Drake and Hawkins and Sir Humphrey Gilbert could stand there now they would probably deny that the battleships and cruisers lying in the Hamoaze were ships in their sense of the word at all. But otherwise the difference is not great. At all events, the historic Hoe has not suffered the indignity of being built over, while the sunsets to be seen from it are just as beautiful, and the air to be breathed upon it just as exhilarating as ever.

No one should be in the West without seeing the Sound and the Hamoaze, the wide estuary of the River Tamar, which is one of the great naval anchorages of the world, where you can steam almost as at a naval review

"Through stately lines of ships; and as we pass,
The tale goes quickly round of glories old,
Of battles won on the great sea—of chiefs,
Whose caring flags triumphantly were borne
By this or that famed vessel."

No one should miss the view from the Hoe, and a walk among the old waterside quarters of Plymouth, where old doorways and deep-set embrasured windows and here a gabled front and there a broad oak staircase remind one of the days when the port was the chief haunt of the seadogs of the Age of Adventure, when there were sailings for the New World and arrivals of galleons heavily laden with treasure from the Spanish Main.

—From the *Daily Mail*.



DARTMOUTH CASTLE.



. . West Country Artists. . .

Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A.

No. 4.

LIKE Northcote and Haydon, with whom we have already dealt, this distinguished painter was a native of Plymouth, where he was born on the 17th of November, 1793. His father was Mr. George Eastlake, Solicitor to the Admiralty, and Judge-Advocate General.

Young Eastlake was first sent to the Corporation Grammar School at Plymouth, but afterwards to the Charterhouse, in London. Whilst at this school, and when about fifteen years old, he begged his father to allow him to take up art as a profession. It is said that he was prompted to this request by emulation of his fellow-townsmen, Benjamin Robert Haydon, who had recently exhibited his first picture.

In 1809 Eastlake became a student at the Royal Academy. His first picture, "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," was painted on commission from Mr. Jeremiah Harman, a connoisseur.

Having succeeded in this first undertaking, he painted several others for the same patron, who, seeing the latent talent of the young man, determined to help him to develop that talent by a course of study in the best schools. Accordingly, at the cost of this kindly patron, young Eastlake went to Paris and resided there for some time, until the exigencies of war and the hostile relations of the two countries compelled his return to England. Instead, however, of remaining in London, he settled down for a while in his native town, where he painted several portraits.

It was during this visit to his home that the opportunity occurred for painting a picture that gained him much reputation, viz., "Napoleon at the Gangway of the *Bellerophon*." It happened that the illustrious prisoner was brought into Plymouth on the way to his place of exile, and the vessel in which he was, remained in Plymouth Sound for some days. During the time thousands of persons flocked to Plymouth on the chance of seeing England's greatest foe. It is said that the boats containing these sight-seers were so numerous that the Sound seemed full of them, and that it was almost possible to walk on the boats from the Hoe to the ship. This is, of course, a gross exaggeration, but there can be little doubt, as we have heard from persons who were present on the occasion, that the craft were very numerous, and the excitement to catch a glimpse of "Boney" was intense.

Napoleon was accustomed to present himself at the gangway to gratify the idle curiosity of his visitors, and possibly also to gratify his own, and Eastlake was fortunate to be near enough to see; as well as to make a sketch of the prisoner. Hence this picture, the sale of which gave him funds to carry out the wish of his heart, by making a tour in Italy and Greece, and, as we have already said, the painting greatly increased his reputation. It is now in the possession of Lord Clinton, by whom it was lent for exhibition in Plymouth on the occasion of the visit to the town of the British Association, in 1877.

The following note is appended to the entry of this picture in the Catalogue of the Exhibition:—"Painted at Plymouth in 1815. Behind the Emperor, on the left, is Grand Marshall Count Bertrend; behind, on the right, is an adjutant. The picture was purchased by five Plymouth gentlemen, and was exhibited in London and the provinces." The artist was twenty-one years of age when the painting was executed.

After a lengthened sojourn in the lands of Southern Europe, Eastlake returned to his native town, and then proceeded to more northern climes, visiting the Netherlands and Germany, afterwards returning to Italy, where, at Rome, he resided for twelve years. It was during this period that he acquired such knowledge of, and attained that excellence in, his art which afterwards stood him in good stead and made him so esteemed in his after life.

The following are briefly the chief events of his life:—

In 1823 he exhibited his first pictures at the Academy.

In 1825 he, being then at Rome, sent to the Academy "A Girl of Albano leading a Blind Woman to Mass."

In 1827 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, his picture that year being "The Spartan Isadas rushing undraped from the Bath to meet the Enemy."

In 1828 he exhibited "Pilgrims in sight of Rome."

In 1829, "Byron's Dream."

In 1830 "Una delivering the Red Cross Knight." On this occasion he was elected a full member of the R.A.

In 1831, "Haidée, a Greek Girl," with other subjects, was exhibited.

In 1833, "Greek Fugitives."

In 1834, "The Martyr," and "The Escape of Francesco da Carrara."

In 1839, "Christ Blessing Little Children."

In 1841, "Christ weeping over Jerusalem."

Many of these works are well known, having been engraved and copies published in various volumes of fine arts.

A very honourable distinction was conferred upon him in 1841. The New Palace of Westminster having been erected, a Commission was appointed, of which the Prince Consort was President, to consider the most fitting manner of decorating the building. To this Commission Eastlake was appointed Secretary, a position for which his art knowledge, his literary attainments, and his business capacity, eminently fitted him.

In the next year he became Librarian of the Royal Academy; in the year following, Keeper of the National Gallery; and in 1850 came the crowning event of his life, his election as President of the Royal Academy and his knighthood. Thus he attained the most honourable distinction to which any man of genius could aspire, and thus it came to pass that a Devonshire man succeeded to that high dignity which Sir Joshua Reynolds had been the first to fill.

In 1855 Eastlake was appointed Director to the National Gallery, and that appointment necessitated his making frequent visits to the Continent for the purpose of collecting pictures. In this position also his ability shone most conspicuously, and his taste and knowledge of art generally, added to his intimate acquaintance with the great works of Italy resulted in his procuring many valuable paintings for the national collection. But his own practice was virtually stopped, and he did not again exhibit. He died at Pisa in 1865.

His literary works were few but valuable; they were: *Materials for a History of Painting*, 1847; *The Schools of Painting in Italy*, translated from Kugler, 1851; *Kugler's Painter's Handbook of Painting*, 1855, besides some Treatises and Addresses.

He married, in 1849, Miss Rigby, the authoress of several works of considerable reputation. In addition to his other distinctions, Sir Charles Eastlake was decorated with the Legion of Honour, and had the degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society. Of his character, Mr. S. C. Hall, in his *Retrospect of a Long Life*, 1883, thus speaks: "It must be admitted that the high position Sir Charles Eastlake obtained in the art history of his country was due far less to his talent as a painter than to his knowledge of art, and to the general qualifications he possessed for presiding over the academic body. His pictures in no single instance show remarkable genius, but they are distinguished by great delicacy of feeling, by pure taste, and by a pervading grace that rarely fails to win attention, though never forcing it. As a colourist they show him to have no ideas in common with the ablest painters of the English school; and though he studied in the chief schools of Italy he acquired none of the glowing tints of Titian or Giorgione; his life-size female heads, however, have, in elegance of composition and sweetness of expression, some affinity to those of Titian. It may be that the knowledge of how much more developed was his ideal of perfection than his power to attain it inspired a humility of character, a distrust of himself, that impeded his justification of the choice that made him President of the Royal Academy. He was a thorough gentleman, of calm and refined manners, so over-cautious that he would risk nothing to work out a purpose. If he was not greatly loved he was greatly respected; if with power to do much he did little to advance the interests of British art, he, at all events, added largely to its literature, and has educated by his pen much more effectually than he did by his pencil. A little more of the self-esteem of Haydon would not have ill become him, and would surely have made him a greater man than he was. He seemed so perpetually afraid of doing wrong that he omitted many opportunities of doing right. The most common-place letter he usually prefaced with the word "private," as if he dreaded the publicity that was, after all, the breath of his life. Among the worthiest of Devonshire worthies let his name be classed, for he was in all ways an honour to his native county."

Mr. Hall also remarks "that Eastlake was of a good and highly respected family at Plymouth. Some members of it, much esteemed, still reside in the vicinity; and a younger brother is now (1883) Keeper of the National Gallery, an office which Sir Charles long held." The gentleman here referred to by Mr. Hall was a nephew of Sir Charles, and held the office of Keeper of the National Gallery for many years. He died in 1906.

West-country readers will also doubtless recollect the late Mr. William Eastlake, a Plymouth Solicitor and Deputy-Judge-Advocate of the Fleet, himself an artist of considerable repute, and an art critic of great ability. This gentleman was related to the subject of the present notice. His office was in the old family residence on the Parade, Plymouth.

W.H.K.W.



NEWTON ABBOT.



LYDFORD CASTLE.
ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, BRIDESTOWE.



A Week's Walking Tour on Exmoor.

BY GERTRUDE GILLIAT.

TOWARDS the close of the delightful September of 1907, two English girls decided to return to old-fashioned methods and tramp o'er Exmoor, carrying their scanty kit, and armed with an inch scale 278 and 294 Ordnance maps, compass, and strong boots. Their friends said, "Fogs will descend, also rain, and perchance wild cattle or gipsies." What cared they. "Keep to the roads," they smiled. Let us hie to Dulverton, sleep at the good Red Lion, and start on Sunday," said the brown-haired to the auburn locks; so leaving the clean little town with its memories of Ruth Huckaback and John Ridd, encircled by woods, hills, and a sweet brown stream, they plodded up Marsh Hill, Mouncey Hill, and over Winsford Hill, the pure air blowing freely across the expanse of heather, and the sight of another foot passenger hastening on, making them pause after Corner's Cross at Withypool, and snatch a well-earned meal. Through this wild moorland village flows the babbling Barle, but higher ground entices, and led by mine host, they discovered a track, which up and down past Pickedstones Farm and Cow Castle, leads to Simonsbath, where a rest was called at the Exmoor Forest Hotel. Next morning they retraced their steps along the Exford Road, until opposite Honeymead Farm, and then the best of the walk began, for leaving the road, they struck left at right angles over common land, then descending steeply to the little Exe, which is crossed by stepping stones; a stiff climb up led on to a small plateau, the watershed between the Exe Valley and the Badgeworthy Water; thick coarse grass and many holes made the going slow, but descending past the Hut Circles and Little Tom's Hill, leaving the solitary farm of Larkbarrow on their right, they followed the Badgeworthy river, or Doone Valley, a lovely glade, even penetrating the sacred Deer Forest, until Malmsmead Farm claimed them for repose. After a hasty glimpse of the sea at Countisbury these wanderers set out early for Horner along a sweet valley fragrant with heather and fern, through Oare and Oareford up Hookway Hill, crossing Porlock Common via Lucott Farm to the Horner Woods and Water, until the little white cluster of thatched cottages appeared, and a welcome stay of two nights was made, to enjoy the kindness of the simple Devonshire folk in this sylvan spot, ever ready with their abundant cream or refreshing cider. A whistle at the gate next day heralded the arrival of the postman—a rare event. Then grasping their sturdy staves, these damsels hied to a meet of the "Devon and Somerset" staghounds at Cloutsham, where amidst a motley throng they had a good view of the "find" and start; then, after a healthy day in the heather, and brief visits to Porlock—home of artists and sportsmen—and little Allerford, they once more closed their eyes. The next day's walk led over Dunkery, the highest point of Exmoor. The road was rough, but what matter, as it was soon falling ground, ever that keen, pure air and sense of vastness, whilst an occasional berried mountain ash lit up the brown ling, with the busy peat cutters reminding one of approaching winter. The first reverse was experienced at Wheddon Cross, the "Rest and Be Thankful" being full up with hunting folk; still on they sped with many a quip, in glorious weather, to Winsford, said to be the prettiest village in England, and well it deserves the title, with its four little bridges, clear brown stream, and thatched cottages. The last day was devoted to the return via Timberscombe to Dunster, that quaint village with its broad street and old yarn market, then, alas, the train. As they regretfully flew back to motor dust and other results of an over-civilised race, these fair tramps recalled their sense of absolute freedom during the week and the kindness of the natives of North Devon and Somerset, ever ready to help when required, grudging no one access to their lands, and ever grateful and pleased to see you.

—From *Woman*.

“Virtuous Lady” Mine.

NATURE, fortunately, clings pertinaciously to her old-time fashion of wearing beauty spots and patches on her face—the fashion which the world of men (or rather women) copied years ago and found unsatisfactory; and it is rather a curious thing that in many instances she has placed one just where man has done his best to disfigure her in years gone by. In the West Country she seems to have a penchant for ancient mine workings, and there are at the present time scores of disused shafts with their concomitants of rickety timbers and rusty girders transformed into the veriest bowers of beauty, almost as though in a spirit of gentle defiance she had said: “See what can be, in spite of your scratchings of the earth for hidden treasure!” In a ramble of any distance you happen upon them time and again, and in some cases they are so picturesque and so old as to take to themselves legends—such as the “Giant’s Coffin” in Bickleigh Vale, which is nothing more gruesome than the oblong stone base of a vanished water wheel, overgrown with flowers and ivy.

One of these splendid ruins is situated at the confluence of two small but energetic Dartmoor streams, the Walkham and the Meavy, and is known as “Virtuous Lady.” The river’s point of junction is one of the many “double waters” met with in the West, and is spanned by a narrow plank bridge. From this position the view is one for the worship of an artist—behind, the two valleys rising and diverging towards the bare moor (although in July and August when it is covered with miles of purple heather, “bare” seems quite the wrong adjective); in front, the shine of the sun on wet, smooth, boulders, the foam and fury of the recalcitrant streams, the bustle and disagreement before they can consent amicably to flow together and form the wider, peaceful reaches of the Tavy. Wild flowers grow among the pebbles at the very edge of the water, but a few hundred yards farther down the banks rise to a towering tree-clad hill that shuts the river into a shallow, tempting pool, wherein many youngsters (and, it must be confessed, persons of larger growth) have paddled the long summer afternoon.

Why the mine should be called “Virtuous Lady” is a mystery which no county historian as yet seems to have unravelled. Mr. J. W. Page, the author of two or three very charming books on Dartmoor and its rivers, admits his ignorance on the matter, and if he does not know, it is fairly certain that nobody else does.

Strangely enough, no one has made a legend to fit. In “Rivers of Devon” Mr. Page says, referring to the scenery of this district: “It is a pity that rubbish heaps of the mine should take from the attractions of this watersmeet.” Here is one of the few points on which the writer ventures to differ from him. For mechanically-inclined juveniles (and what boy is not fascinated by a wheel, with the possibility of shoving it round?) it vastly enhances the pleasure of a visit, this chance of coming across a balanced axle on rusty bearings, a huge cog-wheel, or a pile of suggestive old timbers among a wilderness of bramble growth, to say nothing of the fortune of picking up a fine piece of glittering ore; this luck has added two or three specimens to the writer’s collection. Here, too, is no danger of an old shaft being left exposed, as is the case in some parts of the mining country.

The course of the rivers up or down from this point is very beautiful; upwards towards the moor is perhaps the more lovely, for here the stream—whichever you choose to follow—has a narrower, steeper channel. At one moment it is furious, foaming and swirling round the solid boulders that year after year have watched it imperturbably through winter flood and summer drought; at another moment it is slim, sinuous, and strong, hurling itself noiselessly without a bubble to the edge of some precipitous rock, whence it falls to a deep, dark pool—the very place for a dip. Moreover, hardly ten people pass here the whole long day, so unfrequented is the valley. People nowadays want stations or “haltes” erected almost on the very boulders of the

stream; walking is out of the fashion; but nothing has happened yet to spoil the solitude of Tavy or her tributaries as they brood, or chatter, or storm on their way to their big sister Tamar. The nearest station is Horrabridge—miles off, over the hill and across a grand stretch of open down, neither field nor moor; and although a fair number of visitors discover the mine, not many trouble to follow up either of the rivers. Even in these times of excursions and railways the finest, most delicately lovely spots of Devon and Cornwall are unvisited—almost, one might say, uncharted—and we may well be thankful. But unless you are a born explorer or have a friend in the neighbourhood you will probably be puzzled to find them.

—From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.



The Summer Girl at Ilfracombe.

HERE are social grades among summer girls, and the “lovliest” are to be found at Ilfracombe. North Devon attracts the best kind of summer girl for several reasons. It is a long way from London (where most summer girls come from), and therefore, more select than the cheap-fare South Coast resorts. Its climate is more bracing, and its scenery more varied and inspiring. The summer girl’s taste in watering-places is certainly improving. She is no longer contented with a straight parade, a pier, and a pebbly beach. She wants something more “out-of-the-way.” She feels a desire for romantic scenery.

She does not fancy a very quiet place. She wants life and amusement, and something to do in the evenings. But she must have Nature to commune with as well. At Ilfracombe she finds just the mixture of attractions which she demands. Of all the big seaside places this is the least conventional, the least ordinary. Where you have huge cliffs of rock broken here and there by narrow “combes” or inlets, you cannot have a regular sea front or a regular esplanade, or, indeed, any regular seaside feature at all. Instead you have a place with a character all its own, built in an original, unexpected way.

Nearly all visitors live in boarding-houses, or, as the more dashing call themselves, private hotels. There are a few hotels on the usual lines, and there are apartments to be had. But the summer girl likes the cheerful bustle of a boarding-house, the wide choice of companionship, the inclusive payment, and the absence of care; the music after dinner in the drawing-room, the occasional dances, and the parties made up every evening for excursions next day.

A famous centre for excursions is Ilfracombe. Every day a long line of coaches, brakes, and waggonettes starts off for the beauty spots around. Every morning from the harbour steamers carry full loads to Lundy Island, Clovelly, Lynmouth, Minehead, and other places along the coast, getting as far even as Newquay when the sea is quiet, and crossing also to the Welsh coast, whose misty mountain-tops can be seen distinctly on a clear day.

After describing the facilities for bathing, and the out-of-door amusements and recreations, the writer goes on to describe the varied beauties and charms of the place, Lantern Hill, Capstone Hill, Woolacombe Beach, Morte-hoe, the charming little village of Lee, and other attractions, and winds up by saying:—

“Every way there are the pleasantest of walks out of Ilfracombe, never tedious, for you are continually up and down, never seeing the same view for long together, always finding fresh beauties open out before you. It is the country which Charles Kingsley loved so well. Westward Ho! is only just round the corner. Everycombe and headland almost have been described by him, who knew them all. Ilfracombe he praised for its ‘quiet nature and quiet luxury, its kind people, and, if possible, its still kinder climate, which combines the soft warmth of South Devon with the bracing freshness of the Welsh hills.’”

That is quite the summer girl’s opinion. She has already made up her mind to go back there next year.”

—From the *Daily Mail*.



CATHEDRAL YARD, EXETER.



VIEWS OF TAVISTOCK.

Twixt Devon and Cornwall.

THOSE wise folk who make holiday in unsuspected crannies of the country and leave business severely alone find some of their best hours down in the bonnie West. The feeling comes over them that there is something wrong with the man who at ten o'clock on a summer morning can mix up the scent of the honeysuckle with the state of the market, or worry about his office and the post. Of course there is something wrong with the man who worries at all; but under these circumstances it becomes a disease—one, however, from which the wise folk before-mentioned suffer very little.

Of all the rivers of the West, the Tamar, separating Devon from Cornwall, is the most beautiful, although until it narrows just past Brunel's great bridge at Saltash the scene is anything but sylvan. In the estuary lie imperturbable battleships, grim, grey cruisers, lean, clever-looking gunboats, black, sharp destroyers moored in long lines; floating bridges saunter across the stream, swift naval launches hurry about, bluff, red-funnelled tenders are anxious—noisily anxious—over an approaching liner. Sounds of a thousand hammers from the big dockyards seem to fill the air. But as the river closes in and the Tavy's mouth is passed all these busy modern affairs recede, and the steamer sways the drooping rushes heavily as she curves along by the sloping meadows; soon she enters a wonderland of bending branches that dip to the water's edge to be reflected in quivering lines; others mass together as the banks grow higher and merge into a soft, green gloom.

In about an hour and a half from Plymouth Calstock is reached on the left bank, where there is as much fuss as if we were a liner straight from Bombay, and a great debarkation for tea. A score of trim, white-capped old ladies fold their hands in print aprons, line up on the quay-side, and compete in loquacity for the favour of your presence at their table: "Tea be ready, sir, come along o' me; us woan't kape 'ee waitin'!" Should you decide on one, she will lead you with many wrinkled smiles and much chatter to her house, which eleven times out of twelve will be covered in roses or flaming creeper, or bushy ivy-geranium; her garden will have banks of crimson wild fuchsias, hollyhocks impudently high, arum lilies queening it among the clusters of adoring pansies, and (if you are right sort of person for the West-countrie) you will probably lean out of the window at an alarming angle, take several long breaths, feel a sudden creepy tingle over your whole body, and forget all about tea for a few minutes. Then you will turn to gaze—and not only gaze—at that big bowl of cream, those pyramids of red, ripe strawberries—picked an hour ago from the gardens up the hill, those homely wedges of saffron cake, the smell of which will bring you down again next year, if anything will. Ah!

You may then be in a fit condition to explore, and we must only mention here one of the delightful excursions in the neighbourhood—excursions for which no tickets, no crush, no train have to be negotiated; a good pair of legs and a few pence in pocket are all the requisites. To the Weir Head, the top of the navigable portion of the river, the road is hilly, and perhaps the way of the water—sixpence will do it—is better for the ladies; at any rate, on a warm day it is easier. Into those four miles are crowded all imaginable beauties; cliffs and rocks, woods and valleys, lowroofed villages, splendid sweeps of the open country; every bend discloses fresh wonders. And some of the bends are remarkably sharp; you look at the captain on his little bridge—he seems quite cool considering that he is running the steamer full tilt at a precipitous wall of rock. There seems no possible outlet; the boat is completely shut in with trees and rich brown cliffs. But a tinkle comes from the engine-room; the wheel spins urgently, and is held down by a firm wrist; round swings the boat, back, only to find that once more fairyland has imprisoned you. The sun changes his position in a most bewildering fashion until you give up in despair trying to ascertain whether you are going north, south, east, or west—having

done each approximately in the last twenty minutes. Many a time the leaves of overhanging trees brush the paddle-boxes as we pass.

Presently the Weir Head is in sight. A group of tiny cottages—Gunnislake; an uncultivated meadow stretching steeply down to the river; a tiny lock from which gushes a musical curl of water, with a tiny barge penned inside; a cluster of rosy youngsters shouting and merrily waving—such is the Weir Head. From the actual Weir close by comes an undertone of thunder as the main river falls its last step in a smother of foam.

The steamer is warped round by ropes until her bows point homeward, for there is no room to turn properly. The diamond-paned windows of the cottages begin to flash back the red glow of the sky; the masts and cordage of the barge turn to lines of gold; over the meadow float thin wreaths of mist. Stealthily into the deep river-valley we glide again with a wave and an answering shout to the children, the blue haze opening in front and closing down in a thin curtain behind all the way; then to land at Calstock, a walk, and a read, and a smoke, and bed. Was ever such a holiday?

There are many other trips; far up in the woods are mammoth old water-wheels lost in the leaves, philosophically splashing their solitary round with a great disdain of such things as steam and electricity. But—time enough for that to-morrow.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



ENGLISH GARDENS, MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

The Call of the West.

Here in the North I am pining for the day,
 The day so long a-coming when I'll wander far away
 To the good Devon land and the haunts I love the best—
 The rivers and the combes that are waiting by the West.
 The moorland! The moorland! where pixy-people call,
 When the noon sun dazzles, or when darkness covers all;
 I would give a month of riches for the heather and the broom,
 And the ripple of the river as it wanders through the coombe.
 O, west wind! west wind, blowing from the sea,
 Tousele all the tree-tops as you sweep along to me
 Tell me of the red earth, for there I've left my heart,
 Sing of windy moorlands and of Greenaway by Dart!

TINSLEY PRATT.

Plymouth,

As seen by Alien Eyes.

PLYMOUTH, almost on the borders of Cornwall, needs little description here. It may be fairly described as the terrestrial paradise of the modern excursionist. Let him prolong his stay for a month, and there is still something left to see. To the lover of boating, the "Tamar's faithful bound," the Hamoaze estuary, the Lynher, the Plym, and the Yealm afford golden opportunities. Trout fishing may be obtained at a moderate cost in the fruitful waters of the Tavy, the Plym, and half a dozen other streams, while the waters round Plymouth will delight the lover of every kind of deep sea fishing.

The Promenade Pier stretches out from the shore from about the centre of the Hoe, and a covered pavilion has been built for concerts, skating carnivals, and the like, and the visitors will find that private enterprise in the town provides extremely good theatrical companies from time to time. The "Royal" is, of course, the most important of the town's playhouses.

If one desires to see the British Navy in the making, a trip to Devonport will be most interesting. This town is given over almost entirely to the interests of the "Services" and its dockyards, with the recent addition of Keyham Extension, range for many miles along the River Tamar, and visitors assembling in sufficient numbers at the gateway of the Fore Street entrance are conducted round. This town, which is within a very short distance, possesses the further attraction of a beautiful park—Devonport Park—a well laid out pleasure ground overlooking the river, and towering away in the distance can be seen the Cornish hills.

The variety and cheapness of the sea and river trips will strike the tourist on a first visit to Plymouth. Excursions by steamboat to the bays and coves of the Sound and adjoining coasts are innumerable, and also to the rivers that flow into the sea. From the Docks at Millbay and Ocean Quay, Devonport, the larger vessels of the Great Western and the London and South Western Railways make constant pleasure trips to more distant places, and the luxurious equipments of the steamers make a voyage in them, be it long or short, delightful. River steamers run daily up the Tamar, which has often been described as "The English Rhine," sharing the honour of that title with the Dart. The two are somewhat different in character, and are equally beautiful, but the Tamar is probably richer in historical interest. The vessel which conveys you to Weir Head, more than twenty miles distant, passes up the great estuary of the Hamoaze, on the shores of which the Dockyards are placed. In the stream abreast of them you may see representatives of every class of ship in the British Navy from the old three-deckers, which are now used as training-ships, to the latest sixteen-thousand-ton battleships and thirty-knot destroyers.

Various other river trips may be made, including one to the Lynher, to the westward of Saltash. The steamer at favourable states of the tide reaches St. Germans, the Cornish seat which was once the westernmost bishopric, containing a remarkably fine church and the grounds of Port Eliot, the Cornish home of the Earl of St. Germans. Lopwell and Maristow are reached by river excursion. A short run by water which is difficult to beat for panoramic interest is that to the Yealm river, passing the Mewstone, a rocky island to the south-east of the breakwater, entering the estuary immediately after, and proceeding to the villages of Newton and Noss. Every bend of the river is of exquisite variety.



OKEHAMPTON.



BUDE.

Devon Notes.

GRANITE-HEARTED Dartmoor feeds many humble children. Ponder it, ye who talk elsewhere of agricultural depression. There is never a farm to let on Dartmoor for long, and the farmers are well-to-do, for pony breeding needs little labour and brings in steady returns. Every man, in some parts farmer, carpenter, or blacksmith has a mare or two, and "suckers" feeding on the wastes. An "upland" or moor farmer will turn over a good sum at Brent Fair in the autumn, when the roads are black with ponies driven to meet the up-country dealers, who sell mostly to the Welsh or Midland mines; £10 or £12 a-piece is a fair average price. They are seldom fed on Dartmoor, except in the hardest winters and by the most humane owners, for in snow time they tread the gorse branches to soften it for food—and grow terribly thin. Once a year the "drift" takes place. From all the quiet hills the grazing ponies are driven by the moormen in dense struggling crowds to the pound for identification by their owners by brand or earmark. Life does not easily change here, though the wolves are gone, for Dennabridge Pound, used now for pony driving, is really a prehistoric cattle pound repaired.

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OF late years Torquay has made remarkable progress as a summer holiday centre. A decade or so ago, famed almost wholly as a resort for delicate persons desiring to escape the rigors of winter elsewhere, it is to-day held in high and increasing favour by summer holiday makers. Probably no factor has so largely contributed to the change as recognition of the fact that Torquay is by no means the torrid place at this season that most persons have imagined it to be by reason of its winter warmth. The fact is that by reason of its favourable geographical position Torquay's summer temperature is appreciably cooler than that which prevails at most other resorts, as the records during the late warm weather again demonstrated. A temperature higher than 78 degrees is exceptional. With Midland and Northern people Torquay is exceedingly popular. They find it, in its sylvan garb, and with its wealth of public gardens, walks, eight miles of undulating coast-line, and excursions by land and sea, in striking contrast to watering places along other parts of the coast, and though there are some who are disposed to complain of its lack of entertainments, compared with such resorts as Margate or Blackpool, the large majority do not hesitate to declare that they prefer it on this account. A party of 250 people from Bolton have just concluded a week's delightful holiday, embracing railway fare, board and lodging, and five days' sea and land excursions for the remarkably low sum of £3 10s. Many similar parties are being organised for August and September.

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THE brass to be erected by public subscription, in memory of Sir George Somers, the famous Elizabethan Admiral and first colonizer of the Bermudas, was unveiled in the Church of St. Candida, Whitechurch, Canonicorum, Dorset, by Lieut.-General Sir Henry Le Guay Geary, K.C.B., Ex-Governor of the Bermudas, on Saturday, 25th July (St. James' Day), the 299th anniversary of the wreck of the *Sea Venture*, which led to such important results. A movement is on foot to celebrate next year's tercentenary of the Bermudas becoming a British possession by a historical Pageant, in which Sir George Somers, who is a Devon as well as a Dorset worthy, will be, of course, the central figure. It was from Plymouth that the intrepid Somers set out on the various adventures which led to the colonization both of Virginia and the Bermudas. The portraits of Sir George and Lady Somers are now in the possession of Miss Bellamy. Mr. E. W. D. Bellamy, of Plympton, and Mr. J. E. B. Bellamy, of Holford, Yeovil, are both descendants from Sir George Somers's only daughter.

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TAVISTOCK has a very fine and spacious church, dedicated to St. Eustacius, restored in 1846, and containing some very fine monuments. But the glory of the town is the ruins of its ancient Abbey, the splendour of which it is difficult to realise from the battered and time-worn fragments which are left. It is believed to have been founded by Ordulf, son of Orgar, and dedicated to St. Rumon for the Benedictines about the year 961. At the dissolution of monasteries the site of the Abbey and its enormous estates were bestowed by Henry VIII. upon Lord Russell, and is still in the possession of the Russell family, represented by the Duke of Bedford. Many and varied are the associations of this quiet little market town. Sir Francis Drake, "first of England's Vikings," was born at Crowndale, near the spot where stands a fine statue of the old sea-dog. William Brown, author of "Britannia's Pastorals," was a native of Tavistock; so was Sir John Glanville, a notable Judge of Elizabethan days. Another interesting link with the past may be recorded in the fact that one of the first printing presses in England was set up at the Abbey of Tavistock, and some works which emanated from this press are to be found in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Not far from Tavistock is Morwell, one of the farms or hunting lodges of the Abbots of Tavistock, and from a point of vantage on the cliffs overhanging the river Tamar a magnificent view of the Cornish hills may be enjoyed. Here is Harewood House, the scene of Mason's drama of "Elfrida"; and Morwell, is also the locality of "Eve," one of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's popular novels.

Amongst the beauty spots and places of interest in the neighbourhood of Tavistock are Brent Tor, with its tiny church, around which an interesting tradition lingers. Tavy Cleave, one of the most rugged and romantic bits of river scenery to be found in Devonshire; and Lydford, with its magnificent gorge and beautiful cascade, and its ancient castle, where Judge Jefferies sat during the "Bloody Assizes," also the site of an ancient mint in the far-off days of Ethelred II. The castle was granted to Piers de Gaveston by Edward II. Another charming spot in the neighbourhood of Tavistock is Endsleigh, a country residence of the Duke of Bedford, approached through miles of the most exquisite woodland, amid which meanders the Tamar, winding its way to the sea. The valley of the Tavy is delightful, whether one goes up into the heart of the moor or follows it by devious ways until it joins its elder sister, the Tamar, just above Saltash.

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WIND and weather play strange tricks even with hard stone, and many a statue in an exposed position has slowly but surely had its nose whittled away by keen, rain-laden blasts from the icy winds this country enjoys during the winter months. Occasionally, however, the elements adopt a creative and not a destructive policy. This has been the case in the Valley of Rocks, in North Devon, where wind and rain have carved in the solid stone an excellent likeness, in profile, of Mr. Chamberlain. The ex-Colonial Secretary's strong features have been given a singularly aggressive cast, and the "pushful" qualities popularly attributed to him have been accentuated in this portrait done by the weather of his native land. The Valley of Rocks is in the "Lorna Doone" country, and actually raises itself from the left-hand side of the mound surmounted by the famous Castle Rock. It lies about a mile to the west of Lynton, but few in all probability of the hundreds who visit that well-known and picturesque little town have ever noticed the natural portrait of Mr. Chamberlain in the vicinity.

—The Royal Magazine.

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THE Westcountry appears to be coming into its own. Every year its attractions are appealing more and more to those who find the charms of the ordinary resorts Dead Sea fruit. And there is no reason why Plymouth should not share in the golden shower that we all hope is impending. At any rate, the town ought to appeal to that numerous class of people who are ever on the look-out for a healthy place of residence. The Medical Officer of Health's annual report makes good reading for the patriot sons and daughters of Imperial Plymouth, and Alderman Yeo's hint thrown out in the Council Chamber recently to lay stress upon some of its really remarkable features should be acted upon forthwith. The death rate of last year was substantially below the average of the large towns of England; the deaths from zymotic diseases were the lowest of any large town; and as regards infant mortality, Plymouth's rate was lowest of all with one exception. It is a fine record. The Ratepayers' Association would be serving a useful purpose if it took steps to spread the knowledge of facts like these. Apropos of the cult of the West Countree, several smartly appointed motor cars have been shipped across the Atlantic by wealthy Americans, and Plymouth has been the starting point for motor tours in Devon and Cornwall by people overseas, whose imagination has been fired by descriptions of the two westernmost counties, and the legendary lore of their old-time places.

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Tiverton and District.

SURPRISE is often times expressed by visitors that Devonshire people do not more fully appreciate the great advantages Nature opens up to them. Women as well as men grow up in the picturesque villages of the West country without giving so much as a second glance at the beautiful sights confronting them on every hand (except, of course, when a Devonshire drizzle is falling). It is not till they move to other parts of the country that they realise what they have lost.

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Where could one find a more delightful walk than the one leading from St. Andrew Street, Tiverton, between the swiftly flowing Exe and the little watercourse skirting Collipriest? It is no wonder that visitors want to pause to look around them as they wander through such Arcadian surroundings. When they leave the river bank and ascend the hill over the Council's farm, the view becomes much more extensive and hardly less beautiful.

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Another pleasant walk may be had through the Lowman valley over Cowleymoor and round either Chettiscombe or Chevethorne according to the strength of the pedestrian. Here you get pleasing peeps at Blundell's School and Sir John Amory's charming park.

How many people are there living in Tiverton who know not the beauties of Washfield Weir? Judging from the few I have met while strolling in that neighbourhood, their name must be legion. Yet this is as delightful a spot as there is to be found in Devon.

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Farleigh Lane winding upwards from the Calverleigh road between verdant banks covered with flowers, gives one some beautiful views of Tiverton, and leads at length under some monster beech trees and by a belt of young firs to the top of what is known as the Long Drag. Few seem to know of this delightful walk.

From Bickleigh, one of the prettiest villages in Devon, an enjoyable climb may be made to Cadeleigh, whence a lovely panorama of country unfolds itself. Cadeleigh Church, with its quaint monuments, is well worth a visit, and one of the advantages of this particular route is that the walker does not have to take his own refreshments with him in the Tiverton district.

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By the opening of a new road in North Devon, constructed at a cost of about £900, the "Switzerland of England," as Lynton and Lynmouth are sometimes called, has been rendered much more easily accessible than it has ever been in the past. Hitherto the only roads into Lynmouth have been very steep descents from the Porlock side and from Lynton, necessitating extra horses for coaches and virtually prohibitive for motors. A new approach by way of Watersmeet has now been provided.

The land required for the new road was given by Earl Fortescue, who also defrayed the cost of the fencing. The work of making the road was undertaken by the Barnstaple Rural District Council and the Somerset County Council; one-third of the cost being raised locally. Mr. C. W. Nelder acted as secretary for a committee representing the Dulverton side of the moor, and raised £100; Lynton and Lynmouth, with Mr. E. B. Jeune as secretary, £200.

If, as is thought probable, the Great Western Railway Company take advantage of the new route to establish a motor service between Dulverton and Lynmouth, it will bring Lynton and Lynmouth into direct communication with Tiverton, Exeter, and South Devon; and at least an hour nearer London.—*From the Tiverton Gazette.*

* * * *

DARTMOOR: the most untameable wilderness in England. Still over the moor the curlew calls and the moor fox barks on his rabbit-hunting when the dry heath rustles in the scented winds and the rushes bend together in the peaty streams. The home of buzzard, heron, crane, badger, otter, fox; shot, hunted, preserved, even here in the wilderness, yet still with something of the freedom of the earlier world.

"God dropped Devon out of Heaven,
Devon by the Sea," they say.

However this may be, Dartmoor refuses to alter at man's command. Try to tear wealth out of the granite heart of her and she will only ruin you. The valleys are scarred with ancient tin-streaming works, the hills covered with "new-take" land, but bracken covers the mine works, and granite boulders dot the fields, and neither works nor new-take make much more difference to the moor than the cloud shadows, which seem like the phantom armies of bygone races, who have passed over the moor and left only a few burial cairns, thousands of hut circles, and a stone avenue or two. This at our feet is the chief prehistoric enclosure on the moor. Grimspound, with a score of granite hut foundations, thick now in ling and double wall of cyclopean blocks to keep out the wolves. The name of the tors still recall the worship of the Sun God Baal. There in the mist is Belliver, and people here still answer to the name of Balhatchet, Priest of Baal.

* * * *

DEVONIANS at home and abroad will be interested in the Western Counties' Exhibition, to be held in the Drill Hall, Plymouth, from November 4th to 21st, 1908. The Exhibition is one of a series that has been run in the Autumn at Plymouth for several years, and is rapidly growing. It embraces Photography, Art, Crafts, Lace Needlework, and Junior Sections in all of which valuable gold, silver, and bronze shields and handsome diplomas are offered for competition as well as numerous special prizes. Copies of the 24-page schedule will be sent on application to the Secretary, Mr. A. D. Breeze, F.C.I.S., Great Western Chambers, Plymouth. The Exhibition is run under distinguished patronage, and will be opened on November 4th, at 3 p.m., by Lord Morley, supported by the Mayor and Mayoress of Plymouth, Sir Charles and Lady Radford, the Mayor and Mayoress of Devonport, Mr. and Mrs. Smerdon, etc., etc.



Echoes from all Quarters.

Princetown.

An appeal is being made for funds to restore the Church of St. Michael's, Princetown, "Dartmoor's Historic Church," as it has been called. We cordially endorse this appeal, for the need is pressing, and the church is a most interesting one. It was built by French and American prisoners of war, who were incarcerated in the great war prison during the years 1813-1814, when we were at war with France and their American allies. The tower of this church is a conspicuous landmark on the bleak heights of Dartmoor, and it may be seen from one or more points of vantage in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. The building has become very dilapidated, and the cost of its complete restoration will amount to a little over a thousand pounds. About half this sum has been guaranteed, and a grant has been obtained for a further sum of £335 13s. 4d. on the condition that the remaining £165 shall be raised

before October 1st, 1908. Englishmen in general, and Devonshire men in particular, should have an interest in the restoration of this historic building, and even our American cousins, forgetting the circumstances under which it was built, may wish to be identified with a work in which their compatriots were engaged in the stormy times which preceded the great peace of 1815. At any rate, we venture to echo the appeal made by the Rector of Lydford, under whose jurisdiction Princetown Church comes; in conjunction with the Rev. Heathcote Smith, Curate-in-charge, Princetown, who has taken up the work with great enthusiasm, and is confident of being able to carry it through. We may couple with these the names of Mr. Aaron Rowe, of the Duchy Hotel, Princetown, and Mr. H. Brummell, who are the Churchwardens. Delay in responding to this appeal may mean putting off the restoration for an indefinite period.

* * * *



BATHING AT BIGBURY.

Oh, Bigbury Bay, divinely fair,
A queen of romantic water ways,
Not all that words or thoughts may dare,
Can limn thy charm or speak thy praise.

At the moment of going to press we hear a Plymouth Syndicate has purchased the celebrated Bigbury Warren, opposite Burr Island, and purpose laying the same out as a bungalow town.

* * * *

Coleridge's Cottage.

THE movement for the acquisition of Coleridge's Cottage at Nether Stowey, West Somerset, as the property of the nation, has been successful, and the premises will be vested in trustees for the benefit of the public. The subscribers include a large number of politicians and literary men of the United Kingdom. Lord Lytton has been Chairman of the Committee, with Professor Knight and the Rev. J. H. P. Greswell as Hon. Secretaries. The movement for the acquisition of the cottage had the sympathy of the King and the support of Princess Louise. Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and other poems at Nether Stowey, where Lamb, Hazlitt, and Wordsworth visited him. —*Tiverton Gazette*.

* * * *

THE West Country, and especially Devonshire, has been well to the fore of late in the London daily and weekly papers. Here are a few titles out of many articles which have appeared during the last two months:—

Daily Mail.—"Quiet Delights of Devon and Cornwall."

Ladies Field.—"In Dorset and Devon" (illustrated).

Daily Graphic.—"Sunset Land" (Illustrated Supplement).

Pall Mall Gazette.—"Traditional Morthoe," by Arthur L. Salmon.

Morning Leader.—"Tor and Torrent, the Health-giving Highlands of Devon."

Daily News.—"On Exmoor," by G. G. Desmond.

Daily Mail.—"Ideal Watering-places. Ilfracombe's Hills and Valleys."

Pall Mall Gazette.—"The North Devon Farmer. Prosperous West Country Yeomen."

Morning Leader.—"The Crimson Coast: Superb Scenery of South Devon."

Daily Mail.—"Ideal Watering-places. Dartmouth's Rare Beauty."

Daily Telegraph.—"Plymouth, the Gateway of the West."

Bailey's Magazine.—"Otter Hunting." "Staghounds of To-day."

Graphic.—"In Picturesque Devon: Two Idyllic Refuges from London's Heat and Dust" (Cockington, near Torquay; Watersmeet, on the Lyn, North Devon).

The Queen.—"Notes on the Devonshire Coast."

The Globe.—"The Pixie's Post Office."

Photography.—"A Visit to Clovelly."

The County Gentleman.—"Dartmoor, and its Attractions for the Antiquarian, Naturalist and Sportsman."

The Temperance Caterer.—"Torquay."

The Globe.—"A Veteran Ship Canal."

The World.—"A New Devonshire Manor House."

Evening Standard.—"What Sunday Amusements should be allowed. War on Touts."

Daily News.—"By the Lyn. In the Footsteps of Girt John Ridd," by H. W. Venton.

T.P.'s Weekly.—"Travel as a Teacher. Devonshire."

Madame.—"Delightful Devonshire."

Daily Telegraph.—"Cloutsham Cream."



THE HAMS AND CRADDOCK AVENUE, UFFCULME.

Oversea.

ALL Atlantic records from Glasgow to Canada have been broken by the Allan Line steamer *Grampian*. She left Glasgow on Saturday, July 4th, and arrived at Quebec on Saturday, July 11th, after an unprecedented run of seven days. The *Grampian* and her sister ship, the *Hesperian*, which are the largest and fastest steamers from Glasgow to Canada, have steadily improved their steaming time from port to port. They are both new twin-screw vessels of 10,000 tons each, and are fitted with magnificent passenger accommodation.

* * * *

THE vogue of the picture postcard appears to be as great as ever, among the most popular cards being those representing the great ocean liners. A set has been issued by the Allan Royal Mail Line of their turbine steamers *Victorian* and *Virginian*, and of the *Corsican*, *Grampian*, and *Hesperian*, together with a scene on the promenade deck of an Allan Liner. They are all in colours, and convey an excellent impression of these famous steamers of which they form appropriate souvenirs.

* * * *

IT is a notable feature in turbine propulsion that the speeds of the great turbine steamers on the Atlantic are steadily increasing, instead of remaining stationary for a time and gradually diminishing with the use of the engines, as has been the general experience with high-powered ships of the reciprocating type. This is doubtless due to the perfection that has been attained in the production of the latter style of engine, enabling the best results with them to be obtained at the outset of their career, while in the turbine system the size, pitch, form of propeller, and rate of revolution, to give the best results, are to some extent in the experimental stage. The last voyage of the *Lusitania*, on which all previous Atlantic records were broken, is an illustration of this point, but the Cunarders are not alone in this respect. The turbines of the Allan Line on the Canadian route are also steadily increasing their speed records, and this

increase, taken in conjunction with the time saved in their short land-to-land route, is bringing the Canadian port-to-port service into prominence. The *Victorian*, the speed of which formerly did not greatly exceed 17 knots, attained on her last voyage a speed of nearly 19 knots, and made an average for the whole voyage of 18.27, or a little over 5½ days from port to port. The *Virginian*, which sailed from Rimouski on Saturday, 4th July, for Liverpool, was signalled off Malin Head early on Thursday evening, after a rapid run of 5 days 8 hours, her previous record being 5 days 17 hours. Her passengers landed at Liverpool on Friday, the voyage from port to port requiring only six days.

* * * *

ANCHOR LINE.—This Company have just launched on the Clyde their new Indian liner *Elysia*. She is an exceedingly fine vessel of 6,500 tons gross register, and has splendid accommodation on the bridge and promenade decks for about 100 passengers. She has just been specially constructed for the Eastern trade, and will be fitted throughout with electric light and electric fans, etc. The *Elysia* is intended to sail from Liverpool for Bombay on the 3rd October next, and in conjunction with the fine vessels *Castalia*, *Circassia*, *Olympia*, *Massilia*, and *Scindia*, all of which have been built within the last few years, will form the Bombay Fleet of the Anchor Line.

Buller.

[Written by one who, while assisting in a small way to oppose the advance of Buller's army across the Tugela, always admired the bull-dog tenacity with which he tackled the seemingly impossible positions.]

In peace at last the soldier sleeps,
While o'er his loss an army weeps.
E'en foemen read the news and say:
"That was a man with heart of steel
And courage like unto the king of beasts.
'Tis sad that such as he must die."

Some say he lost his guns
When by Tugela's sullen banks,
'Mid scream of shell and Maxim's leaden rain,
Two armies met.
But what of that?
On dim Hlobane's grassy slopes,
When Zulu horde dashed to destroy,
He risked his life three times
To save another from a cruel death.

His foemen called him brave,
And better they to judge than he
Who sits by cosy hearth
And prates of tactics and defeat.
Hast seen Colenso's heights?
Nay? How can'st thou judge
If he did fail?

Those mounts and rocky ridges
Stood defiant, fringed with gleam of Mauser,
While Long Tom coughed his cloud of death,
And French gun hurled a shrapnel hail.

The Mauser's bark incessant death
Flung in his ranks
'Twould make the bravest flinch
And deem the task impossible;
Yet he prevailed by dogged pluck
And found a way.
Queer failure this; yet there are they
Who say he failed.
To him was left the stream, the hill,
The kopje full of hidden death;
While others led great troops of horse
Through open flat.
Nay, he was brave, for I
Have seen those sullen heights
Where he was placed.
He sleeps, at rest—
He was a man.

Johannesburg, June 3rd, 1908.

FRED G. HANCOCK.

—From the *Transvaal Weekly*, June 6th, 1908.



HIGH STREET, HONITON.

Exeter Churches.*

EXETER has frequently been called the City of Churches, but few visitors to the "Ever Faithful City" realise what that means. The book before us, admirably produced in every way, enables us to form some idea of the manner in which the Church dominated the city in very early days.

"The Deanery of Christianity," the writer tells us, "includes all the parish churches of Exeter and its suburbs, with the neighbouring parish of Heavitree and that of Countess Weir. The three and thirty churches thus grouped together represent buildings of every date, from before the Conquest to the present day, when the church of St. Matthew remains uncompleted."

This sentence lets a little light upon the subject, and brings before our minds the startling fact that many of the churches of Exeter have a very ancient origin, and that the bulk of them have features of especial interest to students of history and archæology. So long ago as the time of William the Conqueror, Exeter had twenty-nine parish churches, and twenty-five of these are familiar to us at the present day. Later, in 1222, the number was reduced to nineteen, and in the time of the Parliament the number was again reduced to four. These were St. Petrock's, St. Mary Major, St. Mary Arches, and St. Edmund's. In the case of some of the others, the citizens of Exeter bought them in, and a few years later, at the Restoration, they returned to their proper parochial uses, albeit somewhat damaged by the treatment they had received during the troublous times of the struggle between King and Parliament.

Without going into the individual history of each separate church, as recorded in this acceptable volume, it is sufficient to indicate that the talented author has given us a most concise and interesting history of all the ancient and some of the modern churches of Exeter, and that the work is embellished by numerous pictures, being faithful representations of many of the most important ecclesiastical structures in Exeter, excepting, of course, the venerable cathedral. The book is brimful of information not only with respect to the history of the particular churches of Exeter, but also to their inner history, the monuments they contain, and the associations connected with them.

Such a work is of great importance, and we are glad to add it to the multitude of works which have recently appeared dealing with the general and parochial history of Devon. The book is published by Mr. James G. Commin, Exeter, and the price is 7s. 6d.

**Notes on the History, Fabrics, and Features of interest in the Churches of the Deanery of Christianity, Devon. By Beatrix F. Cresswell, Exeter, Commin, 1908.*

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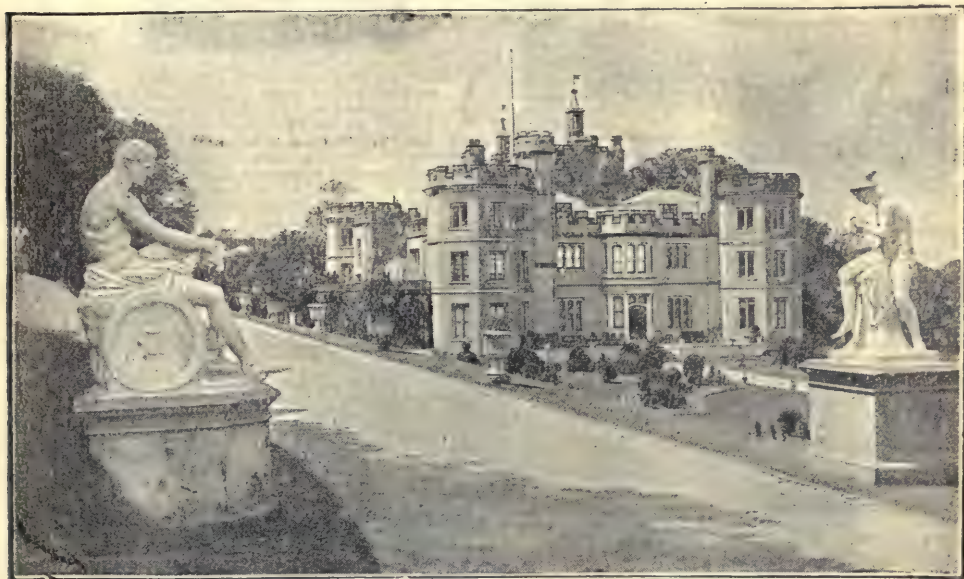
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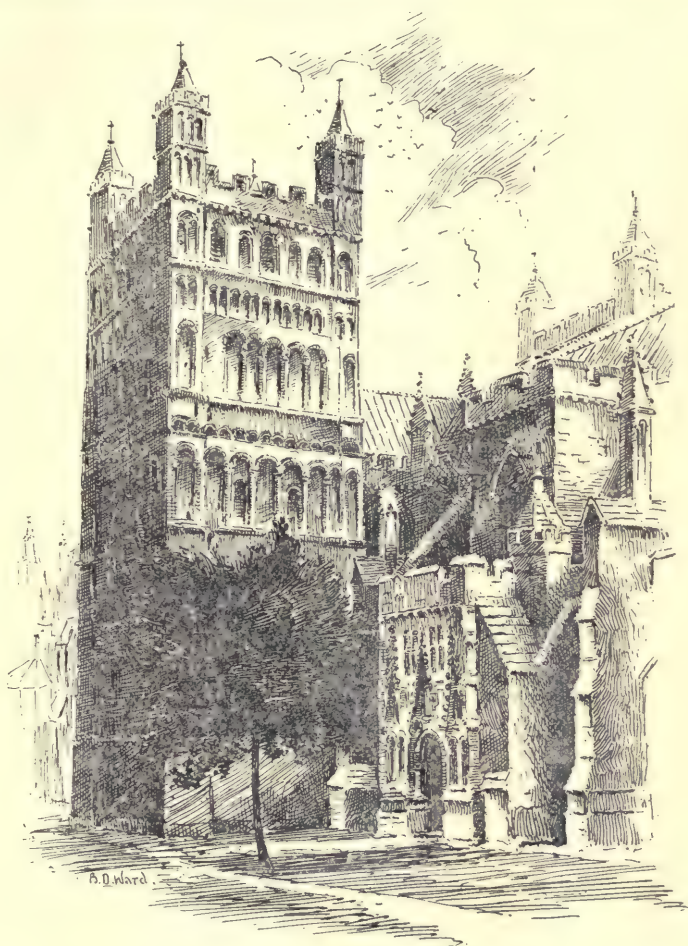
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Special terms for sons of Clergymen.

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NEWTON ABBOT.**St. BERNARD'S SCHOOL,**

Splendid situation on summit of (high) hill.

For the daughters of Gentlemen.
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Very healthy Situation. 1000 feet above the Sea
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G.P.D.S.C. Pupils prepared for London Matriculation,
Oxford Locals, Royal Drawing Society, Music Examinations, etc.
Numerous successes every year. Daughters of gentlemen received as boarders.
Hockey and Tennis Ground.

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A large number of lodgings to let. The only Reading Rooms are at the Constitutional and Liberal Clubs. Coaches go through from Bovey and Torquay and Newton for Dartmoor. Roads very good. Water supply excellent. Rate of mortality very low. Cricket Lawn Tennis, and Football Clubs.

South Devon and Dartmoor Foxhounds, Haldon and Dart Vale Harriers hunt the country. Good Salmon and Trout Fishing open to visitors below Buckfastleigh; upper waters, permission and tickets. Cycles can be obtained from Messrs. Eales, Saddler. Local maps at Dent's, Stationer. Garage provision at Golden Lion Hotel—an excellent house and good garden.

Hon. Local Secretary Mr. ROBERT C. TUCKER, The Hall, Ashburton.

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Bridestowe. (L. & S.W.R.)—A delightful centre for walking excursions over Dartmoor on the main line from Exeter to Plymouth; 900 feet above sea level.

Axminster.—A most interesting town in the East of Devon, within six miles of Seaton, Lyme Regis, and Charmouth—attractive seaside resorts—and twenty-six miles from Exeter. The town is well situated, on a gentle slope, having fine views of the lovely valley of the Axe. It has historical associations, dating back to Roman and Saxon times. Later it was associated with Monmouth's rebellion and the coming of the Prince of Orange. In former times the famous Axminster carpets were manufactured here.

Local Hon. Sec., U.D.A. ... Mr. W. PITFIELD CHAPPLE, The Shrubbery, Axminster.

Hon. Correspondent, Mr. J. GAGE, Bank Chambers, Axminster.

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(ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS):

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—AND ESTATE AGENTS.—

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Wedding Cakes, Ices, Jellies
Fancies for Afternoon Teas.

THOMAS A. PEARCE,
97 High Street, BARNSTAPLE.



Barnstaple. (L. & S.W.R., G.W.R.)—This town is the natural capital of North Devon, on the River Taw, which, being tidal, is equivalent to placing it on the sea, with great advantages. Consequently it has a fine and bracing air. It is a vigorous, busy, clean, and attractive town, excellent in every way as a centre to that portion of Devon. No town in Devon is richer in antiquarian interest and ancient history. There is plenty of sport.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Mr. G. LINDSLEY, Golden Lion Hotel, Barnstaple.

Belstone.—(Station Okehampton and Sampford Courtenay, L. & S.W.R.) is situate on Dartmoor and is a favourite resort of artists as well as a growing health resort. Its sanitary arrangements are good, and the water supply, now being enlarged, is of excellent quality. The church of the Annunciation is an ancient building of granite in the Norman and Early English styles with an embattled western tower with pinnacles. There are five bells, all cast in 1761.

Hon. Local Secretary Mr. W. P. HEATH, Tors Hotel.

Bideford.

Wednesday, August 19th, Northam and Westward Ho! Horticultural Society's Annual Show at Westward Ho!

In August (date not fixed), Polo Tournament at Fremington.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. W. H. JOHNS, North View, Bideford.

BIDEFORD.

TANTON'S HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY. Overlooking Promenade, River and Old Bridge. Adjoining Town Hall. 15 minutes from R.N.D. Golf Links. Posting and Livery Stables, Garage and Inspection Pit. Famous for its First-class Cuisine and Comforts. Table d'Hôte, separate tables. Moderate Tariff and en pension terms. Livery Stables.

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HO!
VIA
NORTHAM.

14 TIMES DAILY.

Fares 6d. Return.

R. DYMOND & SON, Proprietors, Bideford.

Bovey Tracey. (G.W.R.)—A South Devon moorside town on the Moreton branch of the Great Western Railway. Hey Tor is the principal tor near at hand, about three miles away. The town is very popular and is being much appreciated as a quiet holiday resort, and the district offers plenty of work for the sketcher or photographer. Lustleigh Cleave and Chudleigh Glen are not far away. The Parish Church, dedicated in memory of St. Thomas Becket, is said to have been originally built by Sir William de Tracy, Lord of the Manor, as part of his penance for the murder of the Archbishop. The building is ancient and beautiful (lately decorated), and its Rood Screen of XV. Century carved oak, among the finest in the County. Fishing in the Teign and Bovey. Coaches start for moorland drives twice daily on weekdays. Good hotels and lodging-houses.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Rev. Ven. H. B. HYDE, Archdeacon of Madras,
The Vicarage, Bovey Tracey.

Branscombe. (L. & S.W.R.)—Situated between Seaton and Sidmouth, is a very attractive, quaint, and picturesque little seaside village, the haunt of artists and lovers of rural scenery. The cliff landscapes are superb there, and three separate valleys merging into one, which open out to a large beach and sea from which splendid bathing and sea fishing may be obtained. The climatic conditions are varied from almost constant summer in the valleys and cliffs to a highly bracing atmosphere on the downs above. The village is noted for its healthiness and longevity.

Brendon.—(Lynton 5 miles, via L. & S.W.R., and 7½ hours from London. Minehead 15 miles by coach, via G.W.R.)—A pleasant, quiet little village in an open valley 600 feet above sea level, is situated in the midst of beautiful moorland scenery, and from some of the hills near by some extensive views may be had. There are many nice drives and lovely walks in the neighbourhood. The fishing in the Lyn is excellent and well preserved. The trout are not large, but there are plenty of them, and they show good sport. Brendon is situated midway between the ten miles of fishing available to the angler. It is also a good centre for meets of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and the Exmoor Foxhounds. Quite near is the far-famed Doone Valley, made so popular by Blackmore in his book, *Lorna Doone*. There is plenty of good accommodation for visitors.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. J. T. TOTTERDELL, The Stag Hunters Hotel.

Brixham. (G.W.R.)—This town lies on the further southern bend of Torbay, and is reached by a branch line of the Great Western Railway. Historically, the place is interesting as being the landing place of William, Prince of Orange, a memorial celebrating that event is on the quay. Near the town is Berry Head, a fine promontory. Some fine caverns in the town are interesting, and illustrate prehistoric man. Water is good; sanitary arrangements excellent; and accommodation ample.

South Brent.—A large number of lodgings to let. Situated on the main line G.W.R., the town is easy of access. The station is the junction of the Kingsbridge branch, hence the circuitous cheap day coach drives, both by sea and moor, are within short distances. Excellent service. Postal and telephonic communication. Wyman's bookstall at the station, and also an agency in Station Road for Smith and Sons' Library, from whom daily papers and library books can be obtained. Roads very good. Water supply excellent and abundant. The Devon Gas Association has recently built new works, and in May last the inhabitants rejoiced in gas illumination for their houses and cookery. During the summer months the Dartmoor Otter Hounds, kennelled here, give continuous enjoyment to all lovers of such sport. The Avon flows within the area circumscribed within this parish, and with the daily or other licenses obtained at the Post Office, the angler can enjoy his trout or salmon fishing. Golf Links at Wrangaton—two miles distant by train or road. A good Cricket Club and ground, fixtures numerous; also a Rifle Club and Range.

Local maps at the Post Office, Mr. Robt. H. Gill, Postmaster.

Lying on the southern fringe of Dartmoor, the watershed is within easy approach, and the forest can be viewed in its truly wild state, with tors, cannons, hut circles, stones, avenues, and crosses in great number and variety.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. W. R. GAY, Moorland Park, South Brent.

Budleigh Salterton. (L. & S.W.R. via Exmouth)—This charming place on the south-east coast of Devon is becoming more and more attractive every year. It impresses everyone with its clean, bright, and cheerful appearance. The town is naturally well drained, and is protected from all the keen winds of winter, which make it ideal for that season. There are plenty of clubs for all out-door games, and a good library. Hounds meet in the neighbourhood, and there is both sea and fresh water fishing close at hand. There is good accommodation in great variety in the town.

Devonia Guide, 2d. for postage, on application to Mr. DALGLEISH, Hon. Sec.

Bude. (L. & S.W.R.)—Just over the border on the north coast of Cornwall, Bude is rapidly coming into favour as a health resort. The golf links may well claim prominence, with a very sporting nine-hole course for ladies. A copious and pure water supply is drawn from the Tamar Lake, which nestles away among the inland hills. Really good rough shooting can readily be obtained in the neighbourhood. Mr. Brendon's hounds hunt the immediate district and other packs are within reach. Very good sport is shown, and in this mild, though bracing climate it is seldom that a frost interferes. Facing westward, out over 3,000 miles of uninterrupted sea, and sheltered from the cutting east winds, Bude is as warm in winter as it is cool in summer, a singularly equable climate where summer often dies in the very arms of spring. Accommodation is ample and suits all classes. *Devonia Guide* to Bude can be had by sending 2d. to Mr. H. Harrison, Hon. Local Correspondent, 5 and 6 Belle Vue, Bude.

Chagford.—Good accommodation in the various hotels and boarding-houses, the greater part of which are quite up to date. Daily motor services (L. & S.W.R.) to and from Exeter. Six motor cars daily between Moretonhampstead Station and Chagford (G.W.R.). Pair-horsed bus to Okehampton on Saturdays during winter months; daily in the summer. Coaching trips daily during summer to the most interesting parts of Dartmoor. They are in connection with G.W.R., J. Osborne, Proprietor, Rock House, Chagford. The town has an excellent water supply, and is also thoroughly well drained; streets are lit by electric light. As a health resort Chagford cannot be surpassed, the air being very bracing. According to statistics, its death rate is generally the lowest in the Union area.

The Mid-Devon Foxhounds are kennelled here at the Factory. They hunt the immediate neighbourhood, meeting twice weekly. Reliable hunters, thoroughly accustomed to the moor can be secured on hire. Good trout fishing immediately adjoining the town; moorland fishing two to three miles distant. Good shooting can also be obtained without difficulty. Golf Links were opened on Whit-Monday by the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. They are situate on Dartmoor, about a mile from the town. Being at an elevation of 1000 feet above the sea level, they command extensive views; a professional is engaged. Visitors may, at the discretion of the Committee, be admitted as temporary members for a period not exceeding two months in any year, to the privileges of the Club House and Links, on payment of a small fee. Visitors who are members of recognised golf links will be admitted on production of the visiting club cards. Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. C. G. Hayter-Homes, Chagford House, and J. B. Wood, St. John's, Chagford.

There is a good Cricket Club, with pitch at the Moor Park Grounds; matches weekly. Hon. Sec., Mr. J. J. Pope, The Square, Chagford. There is also a Rugby Football Team.

Although the roads are somewhat hilly and curved, the surface is well adapted for cycling, and some capital runs over the moor can be made from Chagford. Good accommodation for motors is provided at the Moor Park Hotel.

Local Hon. Secretary G. SMITH, The Schools, Chagford.

Chudleigh. (G.W.R.—This interesting old town is most picturesquely situated on high ground on the banks of the Teign, on the line of railway which joins the branch from Newton to Heathfield. There are plenty of subjects for artist and photographer, and especially on Chudleigh Rocks, in the Glen beneath, and even in the caves where the pixies dwell. Near the town is Ugbrooke Park, the seat of Lord Clifford. There is good accommodation for visitors and the popularity of the town is greatly increasing.

Hon. Local Correspondent, Mr. A. R. HOLCOMBE, Editor, "South Devon Weekly Express," Chudleigh.

Churston and Brixham, South Devon

Churston is a well-built village, bounded on the west by the Dart. It lies near the village and sands of Goodrington, but is not exactly on the coast. It is famous for its golf links, situated on the Downs, and being a junction, it is a convenient centre for excursions. The climate on the Downs is bracing.

Brixham is, on the other hand, very mild, and might be considered relaxing. It is a charming quaint little town, a good deal frequented by artists—rather a busy fishing town than a fashionable watering-place, though a good many visitors go there for the sake of the quiet and the fascination of the district. The cliff scenery is very fine, but the beach is not good, and the accommodation for bathers is poor. Good boating and sea fishing are, however, obtainable. The walks and drives around are numerous and very pretty, including that to Mudstone Bay, with its splendid beach (twenty minutes' walk), Elbury Cove and Broad Sands (half an hour's walk), and the magnificent headland Berry Head, approached through a ruined arch over a drawbridge. The view obtained from the Head is beautiful in the extreme. On the slopes leading to Berry Head are cottages in which apartments may be obtained. Kingswear, Dartmouth, Paignton are all easy of access, and the golf links of Churston are only two miles distant.

—From the *Bazaar*.

Combe Martin.—On the North Devon coast, delightfully placed. The village is reached by conveyance from Ilfracombe, which is distant about four miles. As a place for a quiet holiday, the village is quite deserving of attention, and is properly taking a foremost place in North Devon resorts. Accommodation has been very much increased of late.

Croyde. (L. & S.W.R.)—Reached by way of Braunton, London and South Western Railway, this rising watering place in North Devon is becoming deservedly popular, as indeed its position, looking out upon the broad Atlantic, ought to entitle it to. The parish church is very ancient, and some interesting incidents are connected with it. The air is bracing and restorative, and the place is a delightful one for a sensible, quiet holiday. Accommodation is good and increasing.

Clovelly.—In reply to an enquiry as to Clovelly, the Editor of the *Bazaar* writes—"Clovelly is perhaps the best-known village in England. Artists innumerable have painted it, and so many charming word-pictures have been written that it seems almost superfluous to dwell on Clovelly's unique loveliness. The little out-of-the-world village, reached by a long coach drive from Bideford or Bude, or better still, by one of the numerous boats plying from Ilfracombe, is situated in a wooded cleft of the cliffs, its one street—the much-talked-of 'street of steps'—reaching down to the sea. Whether approached from the sea or the land, the first view of Clovelly is equally delightful. Immediately around the village there is the far-famed Hobby Drive. There is much magnificent coast scenery, also much pretty country inland. Near is the pretty little fishing village of Bucks Mill. Further afield, reached by coach, is Hartland Quay, renowned for the wild beauty of its scenery, whilst in an opposite direction is Bideford, with its famous bridge and its historical and literary interest. For the rest, those who visit Clovelly, including many artists and literary men, go for the scenery and the quietude. When the sea is calm there is good boating to be had, as well as good sea fishing. A certain amount of trout may be obtained by permission from the farmers. The bathing is only safe for good swimmers, and good at certain states of the tide. There are two hotels or inns—the Red Lion and the New Inn. Lodgings may also be obtained in most of the cottages." —From the *Bazaar*.

Crediton. (L. & S.W.R.)—A town of great antiquity, which was in early days, up to 1050, the seat of the see, which was then removed to Exeter. The educational advantages of the town are excellent, and the Grammar School has a high reputation. There is a good water supply and excellent sanitary arrangements. The air is bracing and good. There is plenty of fishing in the Creedy, and several packs of foxhounds and harriers meet in the neighbourhood. There is also plenty of shooting country near at hand.



Dartmouth.—Accommodation excellent. Train service very much improved of late years. Water supply continuous and pure. Town lighted by electricity. Health statistics prove that the Borough is one of the healthiest in the Kingdom. Death rate for last ten years, only 8 per thousand of population.

Hunting during season twice weekly with Britannia Beagles. Splendid facilities for river and deep sea fishing. Rabbit and Game shooting by arrangement. Good Rifle Club in the town. Splendid golf links four miles from town, easily accessible by rail.

Cricket matches at Kingswear—excellent ground. Splendid Bowling Ground in centre of town.

Fixture of Dartmouth Bowling Club—August 12th, v. Paignton, at Dartmouth.

There are excellent Football Clubs (Rugby and Association) and a good Hockey Club in the Town. Unique facilities for Yachting and Boating—river or sea. Owing to the safe harbour and splendid river, both are much indulged in. Good Swimming Club with Swimming Instructor and every convenience at Castle Cove. Persons can join the club known as "The Dartmouth Amateurs' Swimming Club" on payment of one shilling per annum.

Cycling much patronised; the roads in the neighbourhood are rather hilly, but cyclists are more than repaid by the beauty of the country, the scenery being unsurpassed for natural grandeur. Good Motor Garage at Prout's, close to station and town. Motors are plentiful in the district, owing, no doubt, to the magnificent views obtainable.

The town has many historical associations and relics to boast of. The fine old churches and Elizabethan buildings being a great attraction for the archæologist, whilst the picturesque surroundings of the town and exquisite beauty of the river and precincts are a source of delight to artists and all lovers of nature.

Excursion steamers ply three times daily between Dartmouth and Totnes (11 miles up River Dart), and are extensively patronised. Pleasure steamers also ply two or three times each week between Dartmouth and other towns on the sea coast.

Dartmouth Royal Regatta on 27th, 28th, and 29th August.

Local Hon. Secretary SYDNEY J. POPE, Town Clerk, Dartmouth.

Dawlish.—The town is amply provided with first-class hotels, boarding-houses, and good apartments. On the main line, is well served by the G.W.R. both with express trains to and from London and the North, and also by motor rail cars to local stations. The roads have recently been relaid with a view to improvement in consequence of the increase in motor traffic. Water supply unlimited and of excellent quality. Good Sea Fishing; Trout and other fishing easily obtainable. Golf Links on the Warren, about one mile from the town and reached by motor rail or by pleasant walk along the sea wall. Cricket Club—good ground and fixtures. Tennis Club.—The public gardens are now provided with Tennis Courts and Bowling Green, and open to the general public. Football and Hockey Clubs. Yachting and Boating may be indulged in to heart's content, good accommodation provided for all requirements. Bathing is safer and more facilities granted than any town on the coast. Family bathing accommodation provided as well as for ladies and gentlemen; the charges are extremely moderate, while the beach is perfectly safe and sandy. Good Motor Garage and Repair Shop in the town and easily accessible—open at all hours.

Hon. Local Secretary Mr. F. G. AVANT, 26 Strand, Dawlish.



Devonport. (L. & S.W.R., G.W.R.)—This is the greatest arsenal in the world, and here are the Royal Dockyards, steam factories, and stores of war material of the Government. It lies on the east bank of the Tamar, with a water front of about four miles. The town of Devonport is not in itself very old, though the manor of Stoke Damerell (the mother parish) is. It is quite modern, and has increased enormously in later years, there being spent some £5,000,000 on public works. It is a busy place, the population being, of course, largely connected with the Navy or the Army, the latter occupying large barracks in the town and forts in the vicinity within the borough. Locomotion is easy and cheap in the town, the electric tramways covering 22 miles, and there are nearly a dozen railway stations and halts (where motor trains stop) in the borough. Devonport Park is a splendid open area from which fine views may be had. Suburbs of Devonport are quite in the country, and easily accessible by tram and railway. Accommodation is plentiful and varied. There are splendid schools in the town.

Local Hon. Correspondent, Mr. W. D. RUTTER, Free Public Library, Devonport.

Dulverton.—A good Hunting district (the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds).

The Dulverton Golf Links of nine holes are near the railway station, and are kept in order by W. Gibbons, who is a useful player and careful instructor. After some years of persistence, golf is taking root, and a love of the game is arising among residents. Hunting, fishing, and shooting have such strong claims and so much prominence that it has been an uphill struggle to keep the links going. They are now in good order and in regular use. Members' subscription, one guinea per annum.

Hon. Secretary Mr. J. D. SCOTT, Bury, Dulverton.

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HACKS AND FOR MOTORISTS.
CARRIAGES. INSPECTION PIT.

"RED LION"

Family & Commercial Hotel,

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Central for Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds and neighbouring packs.

Free Fishing for Visitors.

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DULVERTON JUNCTION, G.W.R.

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Trout Fishing Free for Visitors.

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The "Uncle Tom Cobby" Brands of Scotch Whiskey and Devonshire Sloe Gin are as much appreciated by visitors as by Devonians themselves.

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—Wine Merchants,—

80 Queen Street, EXETER.

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Eggesford. (L. & S.W.R.)—This is a pretty village in the charming country through which the L. & S.W.R. runs, beautiful woodlands of great charm and fine colour, in which are the rivers Taw and Little Dart, where good fishing may be had. Hunting and shooting is also within easy range. Several packs of hounds meet in the district. The seat of the Earl of Portsmouth is at Eggesford House. The air of the district is bracing and restorative, and though the place is of no great size, it is worth attention from those who may desire a quiet country holiday.

WORTH'S ART GALLERY,

(FACING EXETER CATHEDRAL.)

SPECIAL WATER COLOR EXHIBITION by Mr. F. J. Widgery, and others..

"Doone Country and Dartmoor Hill-Tops."

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ADMISSION FREE.

—**WORTH'S** Sole Agents for GOSS' China, and Exeter Art Pottery.—

Exeter. (G.W.R., L. & S.W.R.)—As a tourist centre Exeter is unequalled. All the prettiest parts of Devonshire are within easy reach of visitors who make the city their head-quarters.

Cathedral Services, 7-45 every morning in the Lady Chapel and from 10-30 to 12 in the Choir; also at 3 to 4 p.m. Visitors can view the Cathedral between the hours of service. The Chapter House in the Cloister, and the Bishop's Garden at the back of the Cathedral by the kind permission of the Bishop.

Cab Fares from Queen Street Station 1s.; St. David's Station, 1s.; or Tram Service.

MUSEUM and PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Open daily. Museum 10 a.m. till dusk; Reading Room 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Lending and Reference Libraries, Wednesdays, 10 a.m. till 1 p.m.; other days 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. (Sundays excepted).

GUILDHALL.—Open daily. It is a fine oak panelled hall, with fine open roof and paintings by Sir Peter Lely. The Regalia is also shown here by one of the Mace-Sergeants.

ROUGEMONT CASTLE, now the Assize Court. The Castle Yard and Portcullis is extant, also the walls, from which a fine view of the estuary of the Exe is obtainable. Can be approached from Nothernhay.

EXETER—*continued.*

NORTHERNHAY.—A delightful Public Promenade and Pleasure Ground, approached from either High Street or Queen Street.

THE OLD MOAT OF THE CASTLE.—Owned by Miss Outhwaite, is an exquisite valley, finely wooded, leading with gentle declivity to a grotto and ancient subterranean passages. Permission given to view the place on Thursdays.

MOL'S COFFEE HOUSE.—In the Close; reputed meeting place of Sir Walter Raleigh and his friends.

OLD HOUSES IN THE CLOSE.—(Dr. Wood), with ancient Quadrangle, probably remains of Town House of Abbots of Buckfastleigh. Palace of Bishop Oldham.

LAW LIBRARY.—The Close. Mediæval Hall, with very fine roof.

COLLEGE HALL IN SOUTH STREET.—Hall of the College of Vicars Choral, with good architectural work and old furniture.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY STEPS AND STEPCOTE HILL.—Anciently the main approach into the city from the West Gate. Fine Norman font and old screen.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Mr. OCTAVIUS RALLING, 9 Bedford Circus.

Enquiries may also be made at the Head Office of the U.D.A., 17 Bedford Circus.

Guide free, on application to Town Clerk, enclosing 2½d. to cover postage.

STONE'S ESSENCE OF RENNET

**For making Devonshire
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Never Fails, and will keep for years
in the Hottest Climate.

*Stone's Rennet makes a junket in
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Sold in Bottles, 6d., 1/-, 2/-, and
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Large assortment of Diamond and other fine
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Art Enamel Jewelry set with fancy coloured
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and Estimates Free on application.

Exeter City Arms Souvenir Spoon,

Solid Silver **6/6**; Part Gift, **7/-**.

Exeter Cathedral Souvenir Spoon,

Solid Silver **6/6**; Part Gift, **7/-**.



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Saloon excursion steamers run daily trips during the summer to all the coast towns, between Weymouth on the one side, and Plymouth on the other.

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Holsworthy.

Good train service. No reading room, but papers can be had at Station. Several hotels and temperance hotels for visitors to put up. Plenty of carriages to be had to visit places of interest. Otter Hounds and Fox Hounds hunt the neighbourhood and afford good sport. The Otter Hounds are hunted by Mr. Wyley, and called "The Tetcott Otter Hounds." "The Tetcott Fox Hounds" are under the Mastership of Mr. Shuker; and Mr. Scott Browne's Fox Hounds are also within easy reach. Fishing can be had; for further particulars apply Mr. Williams, Bodmin Street, Holsworthy. There is good shooting in the neighbourhood; also a Rifle Range in the town (Morris tube). Golfing at Bude—18 minutes by train—a good 18-hole course. A good Cricket Club with professional cricketer and good ground; frequent matches. Tennis Club, Hon. Secretary, J. W. Cory, Esq. Football in the winter—good team. Bathing at Bude, convenient trains. Roads improved for cycling; several places of interest within easy reach, namely, Launceston, Clovelly, Bideford, Torrington, Hartland, Bude, etc. Particulars of motoring to be had of Mr. Whitelock, Ironmonger. Maps of Mr. W. Ellis, Stationer. Many pretty picture postcards of Holsworthy and neighbourhood can be had of Mr. Crane, Photographer, Holsworthy.

The town of Holsworthy is on a hill, prettily situated, and there is a fine church. Some of the churches in the neighbourhood are well worth a visit.

Cricket matches in Stanhope Park on August 13th, 20th, 22nd, and September 5th

Local Hon. Secretary Mrs. PETERSON, Holsworthy.

HOLSWORTHY.

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Honiton.—The health of the town and neighbourhood of Honiton is so well known that numbers of visitors have filled the hotels and lodging-houses during the latter part of July and the whole of August, and visited Seaton, Sidmouth, Branscombe, Beer, and Budleigh Salterton by train and otherwise daily, returning to Honiton each evening. A larger number of visitors than usual have been to Hembury Fort, Dumdon, and other places near Honiton, of geological and historical interest.

All facilities for motoring, garage, provision, local maps, etc., to be found at the Dolphin Hotel.

Hon. Local Secretary Mr. H. BANFIELD, Dolphin Hotel.



Ilfracombe. (L. & S.W.R.)—Although particulars are not yet available, it is believed that the train service for the season will be even more improved than was the case last season. The water supply is second to none in the kingdom; whilst the drainage system is as perfect as modern science can make it. The bathing arrangements are really splendid, and both baths and beaches are well managed with competent swimming masters.

Some of the finest packs of hounds in the Kingdom hunt the district, and splendid polo is played in the neighbourhood.

There is an excellent nine-hole golf course, and magnificent views are to be obtained from the links and pavilion. There are plenty of hazards which comprise quarries, walls, hedges, and water courses.

During the season several cricket clubs play on various grounds in the town. Yachting and boating may with safety be indulged in.

Beautifully Illustrated Guide will be sent free, postage 2d., on application to the Town Clerk, Ilfracombe.

Agricultural Show on the 18th August at Hillsboro' Pleasure Grounds.

Band and Fireworks on the Pier.

Regatta towards end of month.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. R. M. ROWE, Clerk, U.D.C., Ilfracombe.

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1-8 **Mrs. M. A. LEWIS, Proprietress.**

Horrabridge. (G.W.R.)—A high lying town on the Great Western Railway, close to that spur of Dartmoor known as Roborough Down, now well served by rail and motor bus (Great Western Railway). Not far away is the village of Buckland Monachorum, where is Buckland Abbey, and where are kept Drake's Drum and other relics of the great navigator, Sir Francis. Horrabridge is well placed for exploration of the charming immediate neighbourhood. Good fishing is within easy reach in the waters of the Cad, the Meavy, the Tavy, the Tamar, and the Plym.

Ivybridge. (G.W.R.)—This little town, though locally well known, does not enjoy the reputation it deserves. It is on the banks of the Erme, which flows through moorland and woods, affording numberless picturesque vistas. The moorland lies adjacent, and southward is the rich agricultural district of the South Hams, full of charm for the artist and antiquary. Ivybridge stands high and has a fine climate. There is plenty of good fishing to be had, and several packs of hounds hunt the district.

Hon. Local Correspondent, Mr. E. W. HAWKER, Beaconsville, Ivybridge.

Instow.—A pleasant little holiday haunt, on the bank of the River Taw, but practically affording all the enjoyment of the sea-side. There is an excellent polo ground and golf, and river and sea fishing can also be had. The town is opposite Appledore, with which it is connected by a well-served ferry. Enquiries answered by Mr. J. P. Connebear, Marine Hotel.

Kingsbridge and Torcross.—(G.W.R.)—Kingsbridge, an old market town, a centre of great richness, served by a branch of the G.W.R. from Brent. It is at the upper end of a long estuary. The town is becoming much more visited than formerly, and from it coaches run to Dartmouth *via* Slapton Sands and Lea. There are a number of interesting villages near by, affording work for the artist. The coast is at no great distance, and there also may be found quaint villages and interesting scenes. Shooting can be found in the district, which is regularly hunted by harriers and other hounds. Accommodation is excellent. Torcross is a seaside hamlet about $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Kingsbridge and $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dartmouth. The drive is considered to be one of the finest in Devon, and certainly in some respects unique. Frequent coach service to and from Kingsbridge, Torcross, and Dartmouth. There is plenty of boating to be had, with sea fishing and fresh water fishing in Slapton Ley and Torcross Ley, each giving very fine sport. In the season some excellent wild fowl shooting is to be had hereabouts. The railway station is Dartmouth.

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1-8 Proprietor

Launceston. (G.W.R., L. & S.W.R.)—Launceston has many special attractions for tourists and residents, including the ruins of the ancient Castle Terrible, with lofty keep and outer wall, surmounting well-kept public grounds and pleasure garden. Magnificent views over Cornwall and Devon from the Castle and Windmill Recreation Ground. The unique antiquities of Launceston Priory, the town wall and gates, the splendidly carved granite church of St. Mary Magdalene, the Museum and public buildings. Great educational advantages. Good sporting and fishing centre. Excellent hotel accommodation and posting facilities, modern markets, etc. An abundant water supply. Fine residential district. A centre for pleasant excursions to Bude, Dartmoor, Clovelly, Boscastle, Tintagel, Endsleigh, the Cheesewring, etc., etc.

South Western Poor Law Conference meet in October next; and Devonshire Association in July, 1909.

Local Hon. Correspondent ... The TOWN CLERK (Mr. C. H. Peter).

Lydford. (L. & S.W.R., G.W.R.)—This very ancient town is to be reached by either line of railway. It is set high on a hill and has a fine bracing climate, yet with no rigorous quality at any season of the year. It is close to some of the finest examples of moorland scenery, and the magnificent tors within easy range afford splendid exercise in the tramp to them and the climbing of them. The town and its vicinity is becoming quite residential in character, as trains to Plymouth are convenient. The Gorge is a very fine sight and attracts many visitors. Lydford is for those desiring a restful holiday.

Local Correspondent ... Mr. W. H. SYMONS, Post Office, Lydford.

MANOR HOTEL, Lydford Junction.

Close to Moor and Station. Extensive Private Grounds of over 50 acres, including the beautiful wooded Valley and Gorge of the River Lyd and Waterfall. Private apartments in Farm House in Grounds. Fishing. Dark Room for Photography.

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APPLY F. WEBB. 1-8

BROOK'S (late Truscott's) DARTMOUTH COACHING TRIPS will now be run by the Proprietor from the WHITE HART HOTEL, MORETON-HAMPSTEAD, to PRINCETOWN on Monday, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, commencing June 1st, in connection with the Great Western Railway. Tickets, including Rail and Coach Fare, can be obtained from any of their Stations. The Afternoon Trip leaves Princetown about four o'clock, or after the arrival of the train from Plymouth.

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Posting in all its Branches. Telegraphic Address—
"Pedder, Lynmouth." E. J. PEDDER, Proprietor.

Lynton and Lynmouth. (L. & B.R.)—These twin towns have been described as Switzerland on a small scale, and the comparison is not far-fetched. It is without exaggeration a most striking and remarkable district. The two places, though not actually merged into one, do, of course, form one whole. Lynton itself is nearly 450 feet above sea level, while Lynmouth is on the sea, at the mouth of the tumbling Lyn, or rather the united East and West Lys. The former is right above the latter place, which is an ancient fishing village, open at all times to the fresh breezes from the sea. Lynton, too, is breezy and bracing, and its recuperative quality is admitted, and this is not excelled by any place in that delightful portion of Devon. The heights above and near by give far-reaching views, as from Countisbury Foreland, 1,100 feet above sea level, there may be seen the counties of Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Pembroke, Carmarthen, Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth. The neighbourhood is full of fine walks, a number having been cut in the cliffs overlooking the sea, and drives that take the visitor into the magic country of *Lorna Doone*. There is plenty of facility for getting about in the way of coaching. Good shops abound, and the accommodation for visitors is excellent. Sir George Newnes has presented the town with a splendid town hall of fine design, and largely owing to his efforts a funicular railway takes passengers from the upper to the lower town and vice versa. Lynmouth is certainly a very ancient place, and had a fishery well established in the 16th century.

Formerly much woollen yarn for warp was spun here by hand, but this industry has passed away. Early in the 17th century a great flood took place, and this probably accounts for the fact that Lynmouth does not show itself to be so ancient as it is. Kingsley and Blackmore both bring in the towns in their masterpieces. The district is rich in archaeological and traditional associations. The church is ancient, and has been restored. No one who visits Devon ought to miss this district with its unique attractions. As a place of residence the year through it is worth attention, as the climate is excellent and equable. A good supply of water and an adequate drainage system prevail. The two villages are lit with electric light. There is great variety in accommodation for visitors, which is ample.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Mr. E. HOLE, Cottage Hotel, Lynton.

Moretonhampstead.—Moretonhampstead occupies a beautiful and elevated situation on the outskirts of the Moor, 600 feet above the sea level, and is sheltered and guarded on all sides by hills, the varied views from the top of which well repay the trouble of ascent. The town is becoming increasingly popular as a health resort and a centre for tourists and holiday seekers, and recently there has been a good deal of house building in the neighbourhood. Added to its many natural advantages, the town has acquired many benefits which visitors will appreciate. The sanitary requirements have been thoroughly dealt with, and there is an abundant water supply. There is an excellent service of trains on the local branch from Newton Abbot during the summer months, and the facilities for taking drives in the neighbourhood are numerous. Four times a week a char-a-banc runs from Moreton straight across one of the most characteristic parts of Dartmoor to Princetown, returning the same day. From Bovey Tracey, six miles distant by rail, some delightful trips may be taken. There are also coach trips run to the Teign Valley district and to Grimspound, and other spots on the Moor from Moreton in connection with the Railway. Within easy reach of Moreton is the breezy moor, together with the far-famed valley of the Teign, and Fingle Bridge, Lustleigh Cleave, Horsham Steps, Becky Falls, Manaton, Cranbrook Castle, and Wooston Castle. About a mile from the town is Mardon, a fine piece of common lying high above the town, from which splendid views may be obtained. Close to the church, which has lately been much improved in appearance, is the "Sentry," formerly called the "Sanctuary," a field to which the public have access—a favourite place for quiet resting and for enjoyment of good air and pleasing landscape. Moreton possesses a well-built and excellent Library, with Reading Room, and a good book-lending department, which visitors are allowed to frequent and use for a small charge. Moreton has also a brass band of its own, and cricket and lawn tennis clubs.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Mr. H. S. NECK, Solicitor, Moretonhampstead.

Morthoe. (L. & S.W.R.)—Five miles or so from Ilfracombe. It is famous for its healthful situation and its climate. Off Morte Point is the *Morte Stone*, or stone of death, a title given by the Romans without doubt. On the Point is an interesting cromlech. The vicinity is full of good things for the sketcher and the photographer. Accommodation is good and growing. The water supply is drawn direct from Exmoor, and there is an admirable drainage system.

South Molton.

Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds, Sir John Amory's Stag Hounds, Eggesford Fox Hounds, South Molton Harriers. Fishing in the Mole to visitors, George Hotel, South Molton, Fortescue Hotel, South Molton Road. Free water on past Mole and Bray. For tickets apply to Sir T. D. Acland's agents, Messrs. Houlditch and Anstey, at Black Cock Hotel, Molland Station, 1s. per day ticket; Trout Licences 5s. season, 1s. per week at Burgess, South Molton. There are Cricket, Bowling, Tennis, and Football Clubs.

Newton Abbot.

Well-appointed four-horse Char-a-bancs leave Newton Abbot daily at 10 a.m. and 12 noon for drives over Dartmoor. Fares, 5s.; Box Seats, 1s. extra. Seats may be booked and all details of information obtained at the Globe and Commercial Hotels Newton Abbot. Newton Abbot boasts of having by far the best racecourse in the West of England. Steeplechases and Hurdle Races are held three times a year under National Hunt Rules. Salmon and Trout Fishing may be enjoyed from Newton Abbot in the rivers Teign and Bovey through the Lower Teign Fishing Association; whilst the Upper Teign, the Dart, the Avon, and the Exe are all easily reached for a day's fishing from Newton Abbot. There is an excellent 18-hole Golf Course at Stover, near Newton Abbot. Headquarters of the South Devon Cricket Club. There is a very excellent public Bowling Green in Courtenay Park, Newton Abbot. Being situated within a few minutes by rail of Torquay and of Teignmouth, the yachting and boating facilities of these places may be enjoyed by residents and visitors at Newton Abbot almost as easily as if the town were actually on the sea coast. Good up-to-date Motor Garage and Repairing Shops, Balls Bros., Motor Garage, Newton Abbot.

Local Hon. Secretary, Mr. P. C. CORNISH-BOWDEN, 2 Courtenay Street, Newton Abbot.

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Guide Book. P. C. CORNISH BOWDEN, Local Hon.
Sec. U.D.A., 2 Courtenay Street, Newton Abbot. 6-8

Okehampton.

Okehampton, situate on the northern borders of Dartmoor, about 500 feet above sea level, is a busy town of growing importance in the midst of a picturesque district. Being on the main L. & S.W. Railway line, it has an excellent service of trains, and is easily reached from all parts. There is a regular service of 'buses to Chagford and Hatherleigh, whilst char-a-banc trips, arranged by Mr. J. G. Heywood, of the White Hart Hotel, in conjunction with the Railway Company, afford opportunities of visiting some of the pleasantest parts of the neighbourhood. The water supply and sanitation of the town are believed to be perfect. The Cheriton and Tetcott Otter Hounds hunt in the district and are showing good sport this season. Good Fishing may be had, the rivers in the immediate neighbourhood being the East and West Okement, whilst the Taw, Teign, and Torridge can be easily reached. Leave must be obtained, as also Conservator's licences, which are issued at the White Hart Hotel. A new Golf Links is about to be made near Bristow Station, seven miles away. The course will be laid out under the supervision of Mr. J. H. Taylor, the ex-champion.

Cricket and Tennis are now in full swing. The prospects of the present cricket season are distinctly encouraging, greater keenness being exhibited than has been shown during the past few years. There is a Tennis Club in the Station Road, open to visitors on payment of a small subscription. Okehampton has an excellent Swimming Bath, 100 ft. x 25 ft., under the management of a small company. It is fitted with spring and high diving boards and has a constant stream flowing through it. The cycling in the neighbourhood is enjoyable, most of the main and bye roads being in good condition. The town makes a capital centre for visiting the whole district.

The town is much frequented by motors, being on the main road to the West. There are two firms of official repairers, Messrs. J. Glass and Sons, in Fore Street; and Messrs. Day and Sons, in New Road; both of whom have ample garage arrangements.

One of Okehampton's most interesting features is its Castle, situate half a mile from the town, dating from Norman times. There are also many Druidical and Roman remains in the vicinity. To those fond of the beauties of Dartmoor, the town offers special attractions, as some of its most rugged and picturesque spots and some of the finest scenery in Devon is within easy reach.

The annual Agricultural Show will be held this year early in September, when it is anticipated a good class of exhibits will come before the judges. The prizes amount to upwards of £300, and given fine weather, there is every reason to believe the affair will be a success.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. J. D. PRICKMAN, Okehampton.

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Local Hon. Secretary H. D. HIGGS, *Observer Office*, Paignton.



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Plymouth. (G.W.R., L. & S.W.R.)—There are few towns in the United Kingdom possessing so many attractive features as old Plymouth, the "Mother Plymouth sitting by the sea." Its situation, geographically, has made it a place of great importance in naval annals; and of late years, commercially, it has made great strides, for which further developments may be expected in the near future. A climate mild, but not enervating; abundance of sea and river fishing, and trips in all directions, railway excursions and coaching trips to the romantic Dartmoor district and in many other directions. It is a delightful place for a holiday, and unrivalled as a tourist centre, at any time of the year. The population is 120,000, but the aggregate population of the Three Towns (Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport) exceeds 200,000, with a large proportion of the naval and military element. This being the case, band performances are frequent, balls and social festivities are of constant occurrence, and the presence of the leading officials of both services give a tone to the social functions such as is met with in few other places.

The Hoe is one of the lions of Plymouth, and well does it deserve the distinction. It is laid out as a promenade and people's park, where military bands play frequently

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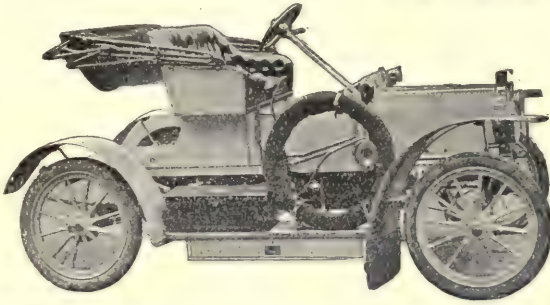
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PLYMOUTH—continued.

during the week. The view from the Hoe of moor and sea is unrivalled. Mount Edgcombe, the noble demesne of a noble owner, is open to the public once every week, and is enjoyed by thousands. The Promenade Pier, beneath the Hoe, is a place of popular resort, concerts being held there daily throughout the summer months. The Citadel, an obsolete fortification on the eastern Hoe, is a place of interest—erected in the time of Charles II. The Eddystone Lighthouse and the Plymouth Breakwater are within sight of the Hoe, so also is Staddon Heights, the scene of many a smart skirmish during the Civil Wars. Devonport and Keyham Dockyards are full of interest, with their thousands of men employed in building and fitting out His Majesty's ships. The Government is now spending something like eight million pounds in extending these important establishments.

Amongst the places of interest within the town of Plymouth may be enumerated the Guildhall, opened in 1874, with fine historical windows; the mother church of St. Andrew, a very ancient structure, with many interesting monuments; numerous churches and chapels, libraries and museums; parks and pleasure grounds, two good theatres, several music halls, and other places of public entertainment; fine streets, palatial shops, large and comfortable hotels; and every other accessory of a great community. The principal streets are lighted by electricity, gas is very cheap, and there is a service of electric tram cars, running in all directions.

Plymouth is celebrated in national history as the place of embarkation of the Black Prince and his army; as the rallying place of the fleet under Howard, Drake, and Hawkins, which defeated the Spanish Armada in 1588; as the final port visited by the Pilgrim Fathers; also as the place from which all the great expeditions to found Greater Britain sailed; and in modern times as being, not only the rendezvous of the British Navy, but as being the port of call of many lines of ocean steamers. It is connected with the Metropolis and the rest of the country by two main lines of railway—the G.W.R. and the L. & S.W.R., the former running trains which accomplish the journey in a little over four hours. There is also a good local service of motor trains by each company.

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Plympton. (G.W.R.)—Of all the towns in the vicinity of Plymouth this claims the most ancient foundation. Sir Joshua Reynolds was born here, and went to the Grammar School, built in 1664. There are a number of interesting gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood, the principal of which is Saltram House, the residence of the Earl of Morley. Accommodation is ample and varied. There is good fishing and hunting in variety in the immediate neighbourhood.

Princetown.—

HUNTING.—Harriers and Foxhounds meet from October to the end of April.

SHOOTING.—Permission to shoot can be obtained by application to Mr. A. E. Barrington (Duchy Steward), Tor Royal, Princetown.

GOLFING.—There are capital links at Velverton and Tavistock, both places about seven miles from Princetown and easily accessible by train.

The roads are in good condition for cycling, motoring, etc., but hilly. Good accommodation for Motors, etc., at the Duchy Hotel and at Two Bridges Hotel.

Antiquarian remains, hut circles, etc., in the neighbourhood.

Local Hon. Secretary ... AARON ROWE, Duchy Hotel, Princetown, Dartmoor.

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A PRIVATE Hotel, for those who prefer such a resting place while enjoying the many charms this moorland resort affords to the Sportsman, Naturalist, Archæologist, Antiquary, or Botanist, or the simple seeker for a change. Dartmoor, with its mystery and charm, is ever fresh and enjoyable. Tariff moderate, with all the comforts of home. Particulars furnished to all enquirers.

Salcombe.—At the lower or sea end of the estuary that opens near Bolt Head, and at the top of which is Kingsbridge, the little town of Salcombe is to be found. It is reached by coach from Kingsbridge Station, Great Western Railway, or by steamer from the town of Kingsbridge, usually twice a day. The town is placed on the side of a hill, well wooded at the back, naturally drained, and picturesque in appearance, especially when approached by water. It is growing in several directions and new houses are being erected in most picturesque situations. Facilities are being afforded in this, and landowners and builders are enterprising and wishful to meet the desires of those who would settle in so charming a district. The climate is very equable and exceeding mild, as the fact that lemons and oranges grow and blossom out of doors testify.

Local Hon. Correspondent, Mr. W. T. ELLIS, Hon. Sec. Town Association,

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Seaton.—Seaton is a pretty seaside place on the south-east coast of Devonshire, four and a half hours by rail from London, with a good train service. The climate differs somewhat from that experienced in some of the neighbouring seaside places, it always being cool on the hottest summer day, the broad valley of the Axe conducting the fresh breezes from the Somersetshire hills, fourteen or fifteen miles away on the north, straight to the English Channel. In winter the severe cold is tempered by the great amount of sun, bearing out the description given by the late Dr. Shapter, of Exeter, in his book on the climate of South Devon—"A fine, bracing climate, tempered by a soft mildness." From end to end of the bay is a good sea walk—on the western side entirely sheltered from any cold wind, and a veritable "Madeira" in winter months. The health of the town is remarkably good, as may be judged from the fact that it boasts the smallest death rate in Devonshire. There is an excellent water supply, and when analysed it was described as "good and pure." The sanitation is perfect, having been carried out in the most approved manner. Eastward across the Axe, and within a short distance of the town, is Haven Cliff, 150 feet above the sea, topped with beautiful grass slopes, on which are laid golf links of nine holes, with two club houses for ladies and gentlemen. Further along the coast is the scene of the remarkable landslip, which excited such intense interest throughout England in 1839. The chasm created is now overgrown with luxuriant vegetation.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Mr. E. TERRELL, Fore Street, Seaton.

Sidmouth. (L. & S.W.R.)—Very few places are so beautifully placed as this little town on the Sid, reached by the L. & S.W.R. It is quite as good for winter as for summer. The air is fine and restorative, and the climate equable. The rich luxuriance of plant life is an indication of the warmth and sunshine, tempered by genial breezes, which obtain here. In spring the whole district is one glorious garden, with great wealth of colour. There are fishing (fresh water and sea) and hunting. Medicated baths of all kinds, for those requiring such treatment, are provided. There is good sanitation and a fine water supply.

Hon. Local Correspondent ... Mr. T. SAUNDERS, Fore Street, Sidmouth.

Starcross. (G.W.R.)—Lies on the estuary of the Exe, reached by a good service of trains from Exeter. It is growing in esteem as a place to stay at, because it suits those who like the country with a touch of the sea. Its climate is equable and excellent, as the vigorous vegetation shows. The Warren is easily got at from this place, and is a very pleasant place for an outing. There are plenty of nice walks and drives in the neighbourhood. The accommodation is good and moderate in cost.

Stonehouse. (G.W.R., L. & S.W.R.)—This is the middle and smallest of the group of towns known as the Three Towns (Plymouth, Stonehouse, Devonport), and is served by both railways. It is ancient, and has long belonged to the Edgcombe (of Mount Edgcombe). It is a brisk, thriving town. There are large Government establishments in its borders—the Royal William Victualling Yard, the Royal Marine Barracks, and the Royal Naval Hospital. It is well served in the matter of drainage and water. Locomotion is easy by tram, and railway stations are near.

Tavistock.—The water supply of Tavistock is excellent both in quality and quantity, and quite free from pollution. Vast improvement have been made in the appearance and general cleanliness of the town. Total population, all ages, 4827.

The Urban Council have during the past year carried out a scheme for the remaking of the footpaths in the district with Portland cement concrete, this form of footpath has added very much to the comfort of pedestrians, it is non-absorbent, and a great sanitary improvement. The highways have also received noteworthy attention. The utility and convenience of motor cars are too real to allow of the old-fashioned methods of road-making, and it is gratifying to observe the progress that is being made in road construction. The general sanitation of the town and its water supply is excellent.

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Teignmouth.—The Charm of the West.

Devonshire is undoubtedly the Garden of England, although other counties may lay claim to this distinction; still Devon is famed, and justly so, for its foliage, its flowers, its lanes, its hills and dales, its moorland, its coastline, and its rivers. There is surely no other county with such an infinite variety of scenery, such wealth of pasture, such beautiful colourings, and such alluring attractions to the jaded city man seeking rest and restoration after being "run down" in the hurry and bustle of everyday life; or to the tourist, whether he be fond of scenery wild and grand, as is to be found on Dartmoor and Exmoor, or the quieter scenery of the valleys and the lowlands. Quaint villages nestling among the hills are to be found throughout the county; delightful old-world dwellings with thatched roofs, the windows and doorways surrounded by creepers. Such a village is Holcombe, about a mile from Teignmouth, once the home of smugglers, so it is said, with "Smugglers' Lane" leading from the village down to the sea shore; but now the village is noted for its Devonshire clotted cream, which is sent by post to all parts of the Kingdom. A walk of a mile or so along the cliffs brings one to the seaside resort of Teignmouth, with its golden sands, its harbour and shipping, and red cliffs, with the Dartmoor tors in the distance, reminding one that although on the coast, yet the wild wastes of Dartmoor are within easy reach.

Aug. 13 and 14.—Teignmouth Regatta.

„ 15.—Water Polo Match—Teignmouth Chiefs v. Surrey Ramblers.

„ 22.—Water Polo Match—Teignmouth Chiefs v. Newport (Mon.).

„ 29.—Water Polo Match—Teignmouth Chiefs v. Cheltenham.

Sept. 5.—Tennis and Croquet Handicaps v. Stoke at Teignmouth. Shaldon Regatta. Water Polo Match—Teignmouth Chiefs v. Hyde Seal.

„ 12.—Tennis Match—v. Mannamead at Teignmouth. Watermen's Regatta.

„ 19.—Tennis and Croquet Handicaps at Teignmouth.

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Tiverton. (G.W.R.)—A very prosperous and vigorous town on the Exe. In itself and its surroundings it is picturesque to a degree, beautiful scenery being a characteristic of all the Exe country. Pure air and a temperate climate, a supply of excellent water and adequate sanitation, all combine to render Tiverton a very desirable place of residence. It possesses educational establishments of a high order, chief amongst which is the famous Blundell's School—the training ground of so many distinguished Devonians. The neighbourhood has great attractions for lovers of field sports. Stagounds, fox-

hounds, and harriers are kennelled within a mile or so of the town, and meets in the season are frequent. Master of Stagounds: Mr. J. M. H. HEATHCOAT-AMORY, Hensleigh, Tiverton. Master of Foxhounds: Mr. W. C. L. UNWIN, Hayne, Tiverton. Master of Harriers: Mr. C. R. S. CAREW, Warnicombe, Tiverton.

TIVERTON GOLF CLUB—Golf Links, nine holes, are to be found close to the town. Hon. Sec., Mr. F. S. DOBREE, 3 Blundell's Crescent, Tiverton.

TIVERTON BOWLING CLUB—Green in People's Park. Hon. Sec., Mr. R. COTTRELL North View, Tiverton.

Trout, salmon and grayling abound in the rivers, and there is coarse fishing in the canal.

Local Hon. Secretary ... Rev. E. J. DAMEN, St. John's, Tiverton.

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PLACES OF INTEREST.—River Dart ("English Rhine"), the Church, Guildhall, Island, Totnes Castle, Berry Pomeroy Castle, etc., etc. Town water supply is being improved by taking in additional springs, of which analysis is particularly favourable. New Drainage System, costing over £20,000 just completed, so the town has splendid sanitary arrangements.

HUNTING.—Dartmoor Otter Hounds occasionally meet in the locality; Master, Mr. A. Pitman, Ivybridge. Dart Vale Harriers, also meet in the neighbourhood; Hon. Sec., Mr. Leigh, Densham, Buckyette, Totnes.

GOLFING.—Links close to the town. Visitors can be introduced by playing members. Hon. Sec., Mr. C. F. Rea, King Edward VI. Grammar School.

TOTNES—continued.

BOWLING.—Green near the centre of the town. Hon. Sec., Mr. C. W. Vibet, High Street, Totnes.

Salmon and Trout Fishing commences on the Dart 1st March. Tickets can be obtained from Dart Board of Conservators and Dart Angling Association, or from Mr. H. T. Distin, High Street, Totnes.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. A. E. MORTIMER, Totnes.

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Torquay (G.W.R.)—TORQUAY CRICKET CLUB.—(Hon. Sec., T. H. Fogg, Heath Bank, Babbacombe) have a splendid list of fixtures for July and August, including nine two-day matches, mostly against teams on tour, and ten one-day matches. From the 12th to the 25th August there are a series of six consecutive two-day matches, so that there will be no lack of play. The Incognito, M.C.C., and Ealing Dean are amongst the teams with which fixtures have been arranged. The home team also have a goodly number of fixtures, having sixteen matches arranged for the two months. Terms for visitors are—monthly sub. (except August), 7s. 6d.; August, 10s.; ordinary sub., 10s. 6d.*

The TORQUAY TENNIS CLUB have a series of tennis and croquet matches and club handicaps arranged. The annual Tennis Tournament is fixed for August 10th to 15th (Hon. Sec., Dr. H. K. Lacey, Melita, Torquay). Entrance fee, £1 1s.; sub., £1 1s.; family sub., £2 2s.; hon. members, 10s. 6d.; visitors, £1 1s. per month, 7s. 6d. per week, and 2s. 6d. per day. There are fixtures for the Torquay Golf Club and Torquay Ladies' Golf Club during the summer, but the course is always available for play (Hon. Sec., A. Mybrea, Westhome, Babbacombe; entrance fee, £1 1s.; sub., £2 2s.; visitors, 2s. per day, 7s. 6d. per week, 25s. per month. Ladies' Club, Hon. Sec., Miss M. Keary, Orwell Lodge, Torquay; entrance fee, 10s.; sub., 10s. 6d.; visitors, 1s. per day; 2s. 6d. per week; 5s. per month.

TORQUAY BOWLING CLUB (Hon. Sec., T. H. Wills, Market Street). Club sub., 5s.; season ticket entrance to gardens, 7s. 6d., and fee for use of green, 7s. 6d., payable to the Corporation. In addition to the Club Competition for the Championship Cup, which the winner holds for one year, and other prizes, during the last week in July, matches are fixed for the County Cup and the Potts Chatto Cup. The club are the present holders of both cups. The former to be won by any Devonshire club winning three times; the latter by any club between Exeter and Plymouth winning twice running or any three times.

ST. MARYCHURCH BOWLING CLUB (Hon. Sec., W. H. Grant, Kinsmore, St. Mary-Church). Club sub., 5s.; fees for season for use of green, 7s. 6d., payable to the Corporation.

TORQUAY CORINTHIAN SAILING CLUB (Hon. Sec., O. Toms, 34 Torwood Street, Torquay; Sub., 5s.).

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Coaching Trips over Dartmoor and the neighbouring country start from the Strand twice daily throughout the summer; and steamers leave the Princess Pier every day for sea trips up and down the coast, touching at various places.

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Mr. Harry Godfrey's Band has been engaged to perform daily in the Princess Gardens for ten weeks, commencing on July 1st.

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Bottles and Packages free.

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(Facing due South.)

The Hotel has lately been much enlarged and almost entirely rebuilt, and now is one of the most complete and up-to-date Hotel out of London. . .

TORQUAY. "IMPERIAL" HOTEL. TORQUAY.

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THIS HOTEL stands in its own grounds of several acres, and has been Re-furnished and Re-decorated. Magnificent New Lounge. W. WORSTER.

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TABLETS



Torrington. (L. & S.W.R.)—The town of Great Torrington is the
present terminus of the L. & S.W.R. in North Devon. The town itself
is 500 feet above sea level, and therefore enjoys a bracing climate. The
neighbourhood is a delightful one in the matter of landscape, and
charming walks and drives abound. Torrington enjoys a great reputation
in the matter of bowling, and it is, perhaps, the strongest seat of the
game in Devon.

Hon. Local Secretary Mr. G. M. DOE, Town Clerk.

Two Bridges.—This is a very favourite resort for fishermen who love the
Dartmoor streams, and for those who desire to get the invigorating influences of
Dartmoor air, than which nothing is more restorative. The railway station for Two
Bridges is Princetown, Great Western Railway, about a mile or so away. It may be
reached also by coach from Totnes and Moretonhampstead, by a very beautiful drive
across Dartmoor in either case. The district is a fine one for a quiet recuperative
holiday and is the scene of many traditions and stories.

Westward Ho!—This place is approached from Bideford by road and light
railway, and either journey is very enjoyable. The air is agreeable and the climate
equable, though in the winter "the wind bloweth in from the sea." This does not,
however, act detrimentally, and tends to brace up and invigorate. Rudyard Kipling
went to school here, and some of the school life incidents appears in *Stalky and Co.*
Here is the finest golf links in England where have been trained champion golfers.

Woolacombe. (L. & S.W.R.)—Though a small village on the coast of North
Devon, about four miles from Ilfracombe, this place is growing in reputation as
a resort. It is admirably placed facing due west, and well sheltered. The same
influence that help some other places—the Gulf Stream—have given Woolacombe
a very fine and equable climate. It is a place much favoured for sunshine. The
sands are a paradise for children. There is a fine golf course of nine holes, where
good play can be had. The accommodation of the village is good and moderate
in cost. The water supply is drawn direct from Exmoor. Morthoe, nearest railway
station.

Yealmpton. (G.W.R.)—An ancient village, nestling among trees, with a picturesque old church, where may be seen monuments of the families of Crocker, Copleston, Pollexfen, and Bastard. According to tradition, the Saxon King Ethelwold built a palace at this place. The walks by the river Yealm show some typical South Devon scenery, whilst a ramble towards Puslinch Bridge will bring the visitor to a large cavern in the limestone rock, which is one of the sights of the locality. Yealmpton is on a branch line of the Great Western Railway, about 10 miles from Plymouth. A motor 'bus runs between the towns, also between Yealmpton and Modbury.

Yelverton.—Good accommodation. Boarding-houses, Lodging-houses, Furnished Houses. G.W.R. via Plymouth, 10 miles; Tavistock 5 miles. Water supply and drainage excellent; air bracing; situation on Roborough Down, 600 feet above sea level; scenery moorland, diversified with wooded river valleys and Devon lanes.

Otter Hounds, Fox Hounds, and Harriers. Trout and Salmon fishing. Rivers easily accessible—Meavy, Cad, Tavy, and Walkham; Upper Dart—rail to Princetown and drive or walk. Shooting by arrangement with farmers; good rabbiting may be obtained. No wild shooting. Good 9-hole Golf Course at Yelverton and 18-hole Course at Whitchurch—5 miles; railway halt near links. Swimming may be indulged in some of the deep pools on the rivers. Splendid roads for cycling, and magnificent scenery. Fair Garage with some lodging-house proprietors. Interesting antiquities on Dartmoor. Hut circles, stone avenues, etc., at Drizzlecombe and Merivale.

Local Hon. Secretary Mr. W. E. H. HOWARD, Rockvale, Yelverton.

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Beautifully situated in one of the loveliest parts of Dartmoor, 900 feet above sea level. Air rivals that of Switzerland. Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Billiards, Cycling, Fishing, Cricket.

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VISITORS will find its Advertising Columns an invaluable mart for finding Lodgings, and also for the fullest instructions in regard to Excursions in Devon, Somerset and Cornwall, by Sea, Railway, Coach or Motor Car. Frequent Notes are also made on Fishing, Coaching, Boating, &c.

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Notes to Travellers.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

The Great Western Railway is the longest railway in the United Kingdom. It runs through twenty-seven counties, has stations at fifteen Cathedral cities, serves places as far apart as Manchester, Liverpool, and Penzance; London and Aberystwyth. It penetrates the mountain fastnesses of Wales, and runs the traveller to the fertile valleys, ruddy cliffs, deep blue seas, and smiling landscapes of Devon.

Being in touch with so many cities, towns, and manufacturing districts, anyone residing in or near the Great Western Railway can easily reach the "Shire of the Sea Kings."

Torquay, with its radiant sunshine, only takes four hours to reach from the Metropolis, a good part of which time is occupied by luncheon while gliding alongside the Thames, skirting the chalk slopes of Salisbury Plain, or getting glimpses of the fruit orchards of Somerset, nearly all associated with our great King Alfred.

From the North of England to Devonshire is now but a pleasant interlude, passing through the Welsh Marshes with the mediæval castles that line the route from Shrewsbury to Caerleon. It is not only the shorter time that is occupied, but the advantage of through corridor carriages with the many conveniences, and the luncheon and dining cars that make the old luncheon basket system of feeding antiquated and unendurable.

The country traversed is rich in historical, antiquarian, and romantic associations, whether we visit Exmoor, the land of Lorna Doone and Katerfelto or the wilds of Dartmoor, seeking Christowell and the land of mystery under the guidance of Eden Phillpotts or Baring-Gould.

Exeter, standing in a delightfully undulating country, on its own river Exe rolling down from Exmoor, with its rich historical past, beautiful Cathedral, and cherished traditions as the "ever faithful city," is an excellent introduction to the county. Through Dawlish and Teignmouth, with the sea on one hand, and ruddy cliffs of good red earth on the other, the coast line right away to Dartmouth makes this piece of line unique—there is nothing like it elsewhere.

With Devonshire it is no longer a question "how to get there." Since the Great Western Railway Company absorbed the Bristol and Exeter and South Devon Railway Companies they have been able to link up the Metropolis, the great Midland and Northern towns with Ilfracombe and Barnstaple, Teignmouth and Torquay, Plymouth and the wonderful river estuaries contiguous thereto. The branches that run to Tiverton and to Bampton for Exmoor, Moretonhampstead, Ashburton, Princetown, and Tavistock for Dartmoor, follow the course of those delightful streams rising on the high tablelands of Devon, which, following their sinuous courses through Devon's fertile valleys, reach the English Channel at Exmouth, Teignmouth, Dartmouth, and between Salcombe and Plymouth, without any rivals in the whole of England.

The town of Plymouth with its neighbours—Devonport and Stonehouse—offers attractions that are equalled by few, if any other places in England. Situated on Plymouth Sound, with the surroundings of Mount Edgcumbe, Drake's Island, and Staddon Heights, the view from the Hoe is never to be forgotten. In the outskirts the visitor is in contact with those concave hills so rich in colour and fertility, while ten miles away he can, on the slopes and crags of Dartmoor, obtain inspiration and invigoration as well as come into contact with charming panoramas such as make Devonshire people say their beautiful county is the "threshold of heaven." In the summer the sea excursions along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall are among the most attractive in England. From its historic side a visit to the Guildhall, with its beautiful windows, illustrating Devonshire history, and with its walls inscribed with the names among others of Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, Reynolds, Haydon, Prout, etc. Altogether Plymouth, as a holiday centre, has few equals.

LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

This Company's line is the shortest route between London and the West of England, and traverses some of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery to be found in the British Isles, which, together with the comfortable travel afforded by the luxurious carriages of the corridor luncheon and dining car trains, considerably adds to the pleasure of the traveller during the three hours' journey from Waterloo to the "Charming West Country."

Waterloo Station is the London terminus of the Company, and although it is at the present time one of the largest railway stations in the world, further additions are being made, and the whole is under reconstruction, and the fact of this being done without interfering with the working of the thousand trains in and out daily is an excellent object lesson of the splendid organisation of this up-to-date Company. It is situated south of the Thames, between the Waterloo and Westminster bridges, within about ten minutes of the principal hotels, theatres, and other places of interest, and connected by electric tube railways with the City, West-end, and North of London, affording easy access to all parts of the Metropolis, including the terminus of the railways to the Midlands, North of England, East Coast, Scotland, etc.

Our limited space precludes the enumeration of all places of interest reached by the L. & S.W.R., and a passing reference only can be given to the various attractions *en route*.

On leaving Waterloo, immediately to the right are the Houses of Parliament, and abutting on to the Thames is Lambeth Palace and Grounds, where the Archbishop of Canterbury resides. Passing through Nine Elms, the extensive goods yard and locomotive works of the Company, in a few minutes we are negotiating the bewildering network of lines at Clapham Junction, a marvel of railway construction, trains every minute in either direction; yet our express continues on its clear course, thanks to the splendid method of electric block-signalling in use on this System. The Kensington, Richmond, Windsor, Reading, and Thames Valley lines branch off here. Continuing through Wimbledon and Surbiton (for Hampton Court and its Palace), we note the junctions with the suburban lines to the beautiful residential parts of South-east Surrey, including Epsom, where the blue ribbon of the Turf—"The Derby"—is contested for each year. On the left at Esher we get a fine view of the Sandown Park racecourse, with its magnificent grand stand facing the railway. Weybridge, where the great motor car racing track is being made adjoining the railway, and Woking—the junction for the direct line to Guildford, Godalming (for Charterhouse School), Haslemere (for Hindhead), where Tennyson lived; Portsmouth with its vast Naval Dockyard, and the Isle of Wight are soon passed, about midway on the left being the Mohammedan Mosque, a fine specimen of oriental architecture, visited frequently by foreign potentates. At Brookwood, stretching away to the left, are the beautiful grounds of the London Necropolis, whilst on either side of the line are evidences of military occupation, to the right is Pirbright Camp, and beyond it Bisley Camp—the headquarters of the National Rifle Association. Entering Hampshire the first place of note is Farnborough, which, with its more important sister town of Aldershot, a few miles distant, forms the great military centre of the British Empire. Crossing Fleet Pond—a fine stretch of water over one hundred acres in extent—we approach Basingstoke; on the left is the village of Old Basing with its ancient church, and near the line the ruins of Old Basing House, the scenes of Cromwellian battles. Speedily passing the market towns of Whitchurch and Andover, through the highlands of Hampshire, to the right will be seen the light railway to Amesbury, for mysterious Stonehenge, and Bulford, for the military camp on Salisbury Plain. At Salisbury the principal attraction is, of course, the magnificent Cathedral. This lovely edifice, with its lofty spire of exquisite gothic design, the highest in England, is the most beautiful specimen of Early English architecture to be found in the country.

A glance at the map will show that the Company's system intersects the whole of Hants and Dorset to the South Coast (the main line from London branching off at Basingstoke, and from the West of England at Salisbury), including the well-known resorts of Bournemouth and Weymouth, the historic New Forest, and Winchester, with its Cathedral; also Southampton, with its enormous Docks (owned and managed by the Railway Company), from which the largest steamships afloat sail to all parts of the world. It might also be mentioned here that the Company's twin-screw vessels sail regularly between this port and the Channel Islands, the French Coast, for Paris, and all parts of the Continent.

Leaving Salisbury, we pass through the picturesque Avon Valley to Templecombe, where the through trains from the Midlands and the North to the West join this Company's system, and in a short time Sherborne is seen, with its Castle grounds on the left, notorious as the scene of the first of the pageants, which are now so popular in the various ancient towns. Skirting Somerset through Yeovil and Crewkerne, crossing the border, we enter beautiful Devon.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Of the large trunk railways which run between the South and North of England, the Midland Railway is the only one which possesses a through main line between Bristol and the large manufacturing centres in the Northern and Midland Counties. This physical advantage enables the Company to make excellent provision for tourist traffic from the Midland Counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England and Scotland to Bristol, Bath, Bournemouth, and the West of England generally. Express trains run at convenient times from Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, and Derby to Bristol, giving connections from many other principal towns, with through carriages and other facilities.

The part of England through which the Midland line is laid includes some of the most picturesque portions of England, and it is on this account that the Midland is always known as the "picturesque route." It is impossible to enumerate all the various points of interest which lie between Carlisle—the northernmost point on the Midland line—and Bournemouth—the southernmost point—but readers will find an excellent synopsis of all these places of interest in the Midland Company's illustrated Guide, "Country and Seaside Holidays."

Derby is the headquarters of this line; it links up Burton, the brewing metropolis of England; Birmingham, the great manufacturing capital of the Midlands; Tamworth; Evesham; Worcester; Droitwich, famous for its brine baths; Malvern, the famous inland watering place; Tewkesbury, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Bath, and Bristol; with many other places of great interest and importance.

Midland Railway Express Train Service to the North.

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		WEEK-DAYS.														SUNDAYS.		
FROM																		
Via Bristol.	Penzance	dep.	...	...	...	7 0	...	10 0	10 30	11 5	12 0	E	2 0	...	4 35	...	8 20	
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	Newquay	...	...	...	...	7 15	...	8 55	11 51	5 12	0 12	55	...	...	5 15	...	...	
	Fowey	...	...	...	...	8 0	...	10 32	11 45	...	1 55	3 50	...	...	6 5	...	...	
	Plymouth (Mill Bay)	...	...	...	...	8 30	8 45	10 30	10 40	12 32	1 45	2 15	3 50	5 40	...	8 20	10 30	2 10
	Torquay	...	...	...	...	9 0	9 20	11 12	11 25	12 46	1 45	2 54	4 23	6 38	...	8 55	11 0	12 57
	Exeter	...	7 0	...	...	10 15	10 35	12 22	12 44	2 20	3 6	4 5	5 28	7 46	...	10 8	12 5	3 50
Via Bath.	Bideford	...	...	...	...	7 56	...	9 41	...	12 27	1 27	1 26	2 55	5 23	...	8 4	8 29	8 29
	Ilfracombe	...	...	...	...	8 0	...	9 55	...	12 47	1 27	1 20	2 40	4 55	...	7 38	8 5	8 5
	Exmouth	...	...	...	...	6 45	6 45	...	9 40	9 40	...	12 10	...	3 30	5 20	5 20	...	...
	Sidmouth	...	...	...	...	7 7	7 7	...	10 0	0 0	...	11 52	...	3 18	6 5	6 5	...	...
	Seaton	...	...	...	...	7 5	7 5	...	9 43	10 45	...	1 32	...	3 52	6 30	6 30	...	...
	Lyme Regis	...	...	...	...	7 12	7 12	...	9 40	10 45	...	1 36	...	3 55	6 30	6 30	...	...
	Derby	arr.	12 37	1 44	3 26	4 12	5 27	6 51	7 18	8 21	9 10	11 25	3 10	3 10	5 11	5 55	11 34	...
	Nottingham	...	1 25	2 42	4 41	4 52	6 14	7 34	7 58	9 2	10 0	1 37	5 35	5 35	6 24	7 40	1 37	...
	Manchester (Central)	...	2 38	3 22	5 20	6 20	7 15	8 40	10 2	10 11	...	2 43	5 20	5 20	6 20	7 45	5 20	...
	Liverpool (Central)	...	3 50	4 15	5 55	7 0	8 15	9 30	10 45	11 5	...	5 6	6 0	6 0	8 25	8 57	6 0	...
	Sheffield	...	1 41	3 40	4 28	5 20	6 20	8 0	8 11	9 45	10 2	12 30	4 21	4 21	6 41	7 36	12 36	...
	Hull (H. & B.)	...	4 4	...	8 9	8 9	10 19	10 19	...	...	...	6 25	6 25	6 25	...	...	...	...
	Hull (N.E.)	...	4 11	...	6 55	...	10 12	11 33	11 33	...	...	4 42	9 25	9 25	10 55	11 30	4 42	...
	York	...	3 0	...	6 58	6 0	7 45	10 5	10 5	11 36	...	3 31	8 18	8 18	9 6	...	3 31	...
	Newcastle	...	5 22	6 40	7 57	8 1	10 15	12 26	12 26	1 27	...	5 58	...	11 10	11 10	...	5 58	...
	Leeds	...	2 56	3 22	5 18	6 54	7 31	9 22	9 22	11 9	11 9	1 30	5 42	5 42	9 11	8 53	1 31	...
	Bradford	...	3 50	4 0	6 20	7 20	8 1	10 0	10 0	12 17	12 17	2 55	6 44	6 44	9 52	9 25	2 55	...
	Belfast (via Heysham)	...	...	...	...	...	...	6 15	6 15	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
	Carlisle	...	6 0	6 0	7 55	...	...	...	...	1 25	1 25	4 15	10 35	10 35	12 22	2 46	4 15	...
	Belfast (via Stranraer)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 35	8 35	...	...	...	10 0	8 35	...	...
	Glasgow (St. Enoch)	...	8 35	8 35	10 20	...	...	...	...	6 10	6 10	7 0	5	...	8 0	6 10	7 5	...
	Edinburgh (Waverley)	...	8 50	8 50	10 25	...	...	...	...	3 45	3 45	6 48	...	...	8 0	0	6 48	...

B Plymouth North Road.

C Arrives later on Sundays.

D Sundays excepted.

F 4.0 p.m. on Saturdays.

G 2.52 p.m. on Saturdays.

H 11.5 on Saturdays.

J From July 11th.

E Saturday nights and Sunday Mornings excepted.

A star (*) between the hour and minute figures indicates "p.m."

Ask for Tickets by Midland Route.

July, 1908.

W. GUY GRANET, General Manager.

HULL & BARNSELY RAILWAY.

This Railway joins at Cudworth, near Barnsley, with the main Midland line, and works in conjunction with this Company between that district and the West of England.

LONDON & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE London and North Western Railway Company provides the quickest route from Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, and other towns in the West of England to the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Through carriages are run from Liverpool, Manchester, Huddersfield, Glasgow, Carlisle, and other northern towns to Bristol, Exeter, Weston-super-Mare, Torquay, Plymouth, and Penzance, via the Severn Tunnel. Dining cars to and from Bristol. Some of the finest vehicles in Europe are now running on the day and night Scotch services by the West Coast Royal Mail route, and passengers by the night trains enjoy the maximum comfort as the stoppages are few. In Scotland the Company's progressive ally, the Caledonian Company offer an unlimited variety of pleasure excursions, including a tour to the North by the famous Grampian Corridor, now running daily with luncheon and dining cars from Glasgow (Buchanan Street) and Edinburgh (Princes Street) to Perth, Inverness, Dundee, and Aberdeen. There is a much greater choice of route to Ireland by the L. & N.W.R. than by any other Railway. A passenger from the West of England has the option of no less than nine routes:—

Holyhead and Dublin (North Wall).
Holyhead and Greenore.
Holyhead and Kingstown.
Fleetwood and Belfast.
Fleetwood and Londonderry.

Stranraer and Larne.
Liverpool and Belfast.
Liverpool and Londonderry.
Liverpool and Dublin.

Between Holyhead, Kingstown, and Dublin, there are no less than six regular sailings each way daily, and it is the only route which provides daylight services in each direction. The Holyhead route is far less affected by weather or unforeseen contingencies than any other, and the L. & N.W. fleet is sufficiently ample to allow of vessels being substituted practically without delay, if necessary. Supper is served at the Holyhead Hotel after arrival of the night boats from Ireland.

LYNTON & BARNSTAPLE RAILWAY.

This railway is just over nineteen miles in length, and its headquarters are at Barnstaple. It passes through some of the most charming scenery of the delightful North Devon district. It is a light railway, on the narrow gauge principle—the rails being only about two feet apart; but the carriages are commodious. For use in the summer, cars with open sides are provided, so that all seated in them can obtain views of scenery. A number of beautiful pictorial postcards of scenes on this line are issued in the well-known "Peacock" series.

BIDEFORD, WESTWARD HO! & APPLEDORE RAILWAY COMPANY

There is a frequent service of trains between Bideford and Westward Ho! by this route. The General Manager is Mr. Henry Sowden, Bideford, who will give every information to intending tourists in this lovely part of Devon.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Visitors to Devonshire from the Midlands and North of England wishing to make a stay in London, would do well to glance at the excellent arrangements made by the Great Northern Railway.

First and third-class breakfast, luncheon, and dining cars are attached to certain expresses from Edinburgh, York, Doncaster, Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Sheffield, Nottingham, etc.

Corridor lavatory carriages are attached to all express trains between the North of England and London. In fact the comfort of the Great Northern Company's rolling stock is par excellence.

Tourist and week-end tickets are issued to Torquay during the winter months from the principal stations on and in connection with this company's system, including Bradford, Doncaster, Grimsby, Halifax, Leeds, Lincoln, Newark, Retford, Wakefield.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The rapid development of the Great Central Company's facilities in the way of through route to towns and places on their own and other lines has had their signal significance in bringing them so notably before the public. Especially is this so in connection with their through route with the Great Western Company *via* Banbury and Oxford by means of which visitors to all parts of "Lovely Devon" from the Midlands and the North have the advantage of a through express route, thus avoiding the necessity of having to cross London with its consequent inconveniences.

From Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, and all the large centres in Yorkshire and Lancashire, through express trains are run, and intermediately passengers are able to obtain a breakfast, luncheon, or dinner. This improved and direct communication is no small boon to those wishing to travel from their homes to the Holiday and Pleasure Resorts in the West of England.

NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

For holiday purposes the districts served by the North Eastern Company—the fourth largest in the Kingdom—is unrivalled. It embraces the most attractive features of other districts with its own widely recognised charms. In no part of the British Isles can so much variety be found as here—seaside resorts, peaceful or gay, secluded or known to everyone; inland watering places, fashionable or quiet; romantic dales, extensive moors, rivers and streams without number; mountains and lakes in picturesque beauty beyond compare. These attractions the North Eastern Railway offers to all. The geologist will find the whole district, especially Yorkshire, full of interest, whilst the archæologist and antiquarian has a greater number of castles, abbeys, etc., to occupy his leisure than in any other part of England. There are more than sixty golf links for the golfer to choose from; there is excellent fresh and salt water fishing, free or to be fished at very moderate rates; the roads are good for cycling and walking; and to the artist or amateur photographer the district is truly a happy hunting ground for sketch book or camera. This north-eastern part of England is easily accessible. Quick services and through trains serve it from all parts. Cheap fares operate to its principal tourist resorts from all points.

The North Eastern Railway adjoins that of the Midland Railway at Sheffield, whilst from the Great Western Company's system it is also reached by the Great Central Company's Line *via* Sheffield.



OCEAN QUAY, STONEHOUSE, L. & S.W.R.

'DEVONIA'



Is the finest Advertising Medium
published in Devon and Cornwall.



5000 Monthly.

POWELL & HOUGH,

CARGO carried to and from **LIVERPOOL** and **MANCHESTER** to and from all parts of **LANCASHIRE** and **YORKSHIRE**, **DEVON** and **CORNWALL**, at low through rates *via* **PLYMOUTH** and **FALMOUTH**.

FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS carried by **REGULAR STEAMERS**.

Telegraphic Addresses:

"COASTWISE" **PLYMOUTH**.

"COASTWISE" **FALMOUTH**.

Telephone Nos.

PLYMOUTH, 678.

FALMOUTH, 26.

From **LIVERPOOL** to **PLYMOUTH** every **WEDNESDAY** and **SATURDAY**, to **FALMOUTH** every **WEDNESDAY**. Inclusive Fares, Single 35s.; Return 60s.

To **LIVERPOOL** from **PLYMOUTH** and **FALMOUTH** every **MONDAY**.

Oversea.

THE **ABERDEEN WHITE STAR LINE**, which is one of the favourite lines amongst West Country passengers, have for some years adopted Plymouth as their regular port of call, both outwards and homewards, on their voyages between this country and Teneriffe (Canary Islands), Cape Town and Australia. They leave Plymouth every four weeks, calling in to embark mails and passengers. By their so doing passengers from Devon and Cornwall are enabled to remain at home until the morning of the day of embarkation, thus saving a great deal of trouble and expense. On their homeward voyage likewise, these fine steamers call regularly every four weeks to land passengers. The saving of time and expense to homeward-bound West Country passengers is very considerable, and one other advantage is that friends in the district are able to meet the steamers on arrival. The fleet of this Company comprises, amongst others, the splendid modern twin-screw steamers *Miltiades* and *Marathon*, of about 7000 tons each; and there has just been launched another named *Pericles*, of 11,000 tons, which will sail from Plymouth on 9th July. The local agents, from whom full particulars as to fares, dates of sailing, etc., can be obtained, are Messrs. Weekes, Phillips and Co., Ltd., Plymouth.

* * *

THE Royal Mail Steamers of the **AFRICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY** and the **BRITISH & AFRICAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY** (Elder, Dempster Line) call at Plymouth weekly, with mails and passengers from the West Coast of Africa, Canary Islands, and Madeira. These steamers are quite an acquisition to the Port, as a large number of passengers land here, and they include a great many officers and scientific men, who have been engaged in pursuits, both warlike and peaceful, on the West Coast. A fact in connection with this service is not so well known as it deserves to be, viz., that passengers may book from Plymouth to Liverpool by these ocean mail steamers for the low fare of one guinea, first saloon, including meals. The passage occupies from 28 to 30 hours. The local agents are Messrs. H. J. Waring & Co., of the Wharf, Millbay, Plymouth.

* * *

THE CROWN AND THE MAPLE LEAF.—Travellers to Canada by steamers of the **ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE** often have occasion to note the innovations made for their increased comfort. For over half a century the Allans—a name known as widely on the other side of the Atlantic as it is on this—have initiated improvement after improvement in

steamship travel, and have give nattention not only to the larger matters such, for instance, as their pioneer turbine steamers, but also to those smaller details which mean so much to the passengers' happiness. During the past few weeks another distinctive feature has been added to the steamers of the Line, this being the introduction into the saloons of a Super-Wilton carpet of an entirely new and registered pattern. The design consists of the Imperial Crown and the Canadian Maple Leaf, these being charmingly interwoven in several shades of crimson, and giving a very rich and artistic effect. The combination of the Crown, emblematic of the Dominion as part of the British Empire, with the Maple Leaf, is particularly appropriate, and will be admired alike by Canadian and English travellers. The carpets, it may be added, have been specially manufactured for the Allan Line by Messrs. A. Blain and Son, Paradise Street, Liverpool.

* * *

AMERICAN LINE passengers from New York are due regularly at Plymouth each Saturday, and land by the L. and S.W.R. Company's steamer at their wharf at the Quay Station, Devonport, proceeding immediately by special train to London, making the journey in about 4½ hours. Cabs are in attendance to take passengers from the Quay Station to any point in Plymouth, Stonehouse, or Devonport. Railway tickets can be had of the purser on board, these are available for seven days, and arrangements can be made for breaking the journey. Tickets for other places than London on the same railway, may be had from the purser also. The special trains are fitted with corridors and every convenience, and have luncheon and restaurant facilities; and when the trains are despatched by night commodious sleeping carriages are attached, fitted with every modern convenience.

* * *

In conjunction with the WHITE STAR LINE this Company has arranged to take passengers from Plymouth to Cherbourg (for Paris and Normandy), and Southampton (for Isle of Wight, etc.). A special train awaits the arrival of the steamer at Cherbourg and Southampton, conveying passengers direct to Paris and London, and the times occupied in transit are 7½ hours and 1½ hours respectively. Passengers should in every case enquire at the Companies' offices as to the probable time of embarkation at Plymouth and Cherbourg. The appointments of the steamers are unsurpassed, and the fares—which include an excellent table and all necessities—are as follows:—Southampton to Cherbourg, Cherbourg to Southampton, Plymouth to Cherbourg, 30s. (first class), 20s. (second class); Plymouth to Southampton (via Cherbourg), 40s. (first class), 30s. (second class); Cherbourg to Queenstown, 50s. (first class), 40s. (second class); Southampton to Queenstown (via Cherbourg), 80s. (first class), 60s. (second class). Wines, Spirits, and Tobacco can be obtained on board at the usual prices. Passengers are permitted to break their journey at any of the ports named, proceeding to their destination by any later steamer of the White Star or American Line (tickets being interchangeable). The railway fares are as follows:—Cherbourg to Paris (or vice versa), 34s. (first class); 22s. 6d. (second class). Southampton to London (or vice versa), 11s. (first class); 7s. (second class); 5s. 6d. (third class).

Further particulars may be had at the office of the American Line, at Canute Road, Southampton; or of Messrs. Weekes, Phillips and Co., Ltd., The Plymouth Agents of the Company.

* * *

THE BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S steamers from Calcutta to London call every fortnight at Plymouth to land passengers. Few are aware of the magnificent fleet of steamers owned by this powerful Company—it comprises over 120 vessels!—and some of the finest are on the home run, notably the *Matiana*, *Mombassa*, *Golconda*, *Rewa*, *Rohilla*, etc. Local Agents, Weekes, Phillips and Co., Ltd.

THE Steamers of the BRITISH & IRISH STEAM PACKET CO., LTD. run bi-weekly between Plymouth and Southampton, Portsmouth, London, Falmouth, and Dublin. These Steamers are well known for their sea-going qualities and excellent passenger accommodation. During the Summer months the Company publish a handbook, giving particulars of numerous trips by their Line and other Lines in connection, but passengers and goods are carried all the year round with remarkable regularity. Full particulars can be obtained from Messrs H. J. Waring & Co., Agents, Millbay, Plymouth.

* * *

THE enterprise of the CITY LINE (of the Ellerman Lines, Ltd.) appears to have no end. By the addition of the palatial steamer, the *City of Paris*, Sir John Ellerman, Bart., has made his fleet one of the foremost Lines to the East, for it now includes the two largest steamers running out of Liverpool to India. The *City of Paris*, and her sister ship, the *City of London*, both of 9,000 tons, are unsurpassed in their accommodation, and are furnished with all the latest appliances that make for the enjoyment of the eastern passage. The *City of London* created a record to Bombay, making the voyage in a few hours over 19½ days; whilst the *City of Paris* has made a remarkably fast voyage to Calcutta. Both steamers are popular among eastern travellers, a large number booking for Egypt, that land of mystery, which has such a fascination for tourists, and especially so at this time of the year. Local Agents, Weekes, Phillips and Co., Ltd.

* * *

FEW Coasting Lines are better known around the United Kingdom than that of the CLYDE SHIPPING CO., LTD. Certainly their steamers are well-known at Plymouth, and not a few of our readers in the West have travelled by this line either on business or pleasure bent. The passenger accommodation is most excellent, and overcrowding, even in the busiest season, is never permitted. There is a bi-weekly service between Glasgow and Plymouth, and a weekly service with Belfast and Waterford. Full particulars of the sailings, etc., can be obtained from the Company's Agents, Messrs. H. J. Waring and Co., Millbay, Plymouth, who will supply an illustrated handbook giving full details.

* * *

THE world-renowned CUNARD LINE from Liverpool to New York, whose magnificent Fleet includes the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*, the largest, finest, and fastest steamers in the world, have appointed Messrs. W. Leaman and Co., of 2 Millbay Road, to represent the Line in Plymouth, from whom plans of the various steamers may be obtained, passages secured, etc. The *Lusitania* now holds the blue ribbon of the Atlantic, having made the record run of 4½ days between England and New York.

* * *

FOR many years the magnificent steamers of the HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE have made use of Plymouth as their port of calling in the Channel for landing mails and passengers from New York. For the past two years their steamers have been calling at Dover outwards, and at the same port homewards with their intermediate or "P" boats—so called because that is the initial letter of the steamers' names—but owing to the recent accident which has occurred to their famous liner "Deutschland" in Dover Harbour, the Company have now decided for these boats to call at Plymouth outwards as well as homewards. Their express service liners will also continue calling on their homeward voyage as hitherto, but outwards they will call at Southampton. Full information as to dates of departure and arrival, fares, etc., can be obtained of the local agents, Smith, Sundius and Co.

LUNDS BLUE ANCHOR LINE.—The increasing popularity of the Port of Plymouth as a port of call for the landing and embarkation of passengers is again demonstrated by the fact that Messrs. W. Lund and Sons, the Managers of the well-known "Blue Anchor Line" of steamships, running between London and Australia via Cape Town, have arranged for their fine twin-screw steamers to call at Plymouth regularly on their homeward voyage to land passengers. Among their fleet are the *Geelong* and *Commonwealth*, magnificent vessels of about 8000 tons, fitted with every modern appliance for the comfort and convenience of passengers. Full particulars can be obtained from the Local Agents, Weekes, Phillips and Co., Ltd., Plymouth.

* * *

The fine steamships of the NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING CO. have regularly called at Plymouth both outward and homeward for some years. The steamers of this Line are quite modern, and almost without exception are twin-screw vessels, from 6000 to over 10,000 tons. They are fitted with up-to-date refrigerating apparatus, and bring home immense quantities of mutton, beef, and butter. The service is a monthly one both outward and homeward, and the route taken by these steamers enables passengers who are so minded, to go right around the world; the outward run being made *via* the Cape of Good Hope, and the homeward around Cape Horn. Messrs. H. J. Waring and Co., Millbay, are the local agents.

* * *

The NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD STEAMSHIP COMPANY, of Bremen, who own the well-known quartette of ocean flyers, viz. :—

S.S. "Kronprinzessin Cecille,"
S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm II.,"

S.S. "Kronprinz Wilhelm,"
S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse,"

now performing a weekly mail service between New York, Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen, have, during the past season, been well patronised by passengers from every part of the British Isles for the short trips to Cherbourg for Normandy, Brittany, and Paris, to Bremen for Berlin, the Rhine and Scandinavia. These express steamers of 20,000 tons call at Plymouth usually on Monday mornings, whilst the intermediate steamers or "Barbarossa" class generally call on Friday evenings. Return tickets are issued to Bremen from Plymouth to return to Southampton. The Company, which has been established over fifty years, is well known to the travelling public. Their lines run all over the world. Many advantages are secured by taking the Norddeutscher Lloyd services. The size of the steamers ensures both perfect safety and the greatest possible comfort; discipline and management are all that can be desired, and the catering is celebrated for its excellence. A new departure has this month been made with regard to the East Asian Service. The boats in future will call regularly at Algiers, both on the outward and homeward passages. Thus travellers to Algiers will be able to make their journey to and fro under conditions not to be surpassed on any route. In 1906 provisions to the value of £850,000 sterling were consumed on the N.D.L. steamers, whilst the total quantity of coal used amounted to 1,560,000 tons. The local agents, Messrs. Orlando Davis and Co., will be pleased to give full information with regard to sailings, fares, etc., to Germany and France, North America, South America, the Mediterranean, Black Sea, China, India, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and the East Indian Service between Singapore and Australia. It may be interesting to state that the monthly issue of *Devonia* has been regularly placed on the liners of this Company at New York and on their New-York-Plymouth line, and there can be no doubt that passengers reading it on the voyage have been influenced to make tours in Devon and Cornwall before continuing their journey to London and other cities.

THE magnificent steamers of the ORIENT-ROYAL MAIL LINE between England and Australia call at Plymouth every fortnight both OUTWARDS and HOMEWARDS, embarking and disembarking passengers to and from the following ports:—Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Port Said, Colombo, Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, together with through bookings to Southern India, Tasmania, and New Zealand.. The route to Australia followed by the steamers of the ORIENT-ROYAL MAIL LINE affords a great variety of scene, the numerous ports at which the vessels call save the voyage from tedium and monotony. At the same time opportunity is given to the voyager of at least a passing glimpse of many interesting places. From the time the steamers leave London till they arrive at Brisbane, forty-eight days later, no less than eleven calls are made (as enumerated above), and, with the exception of Suez—itself of little interest—on each occasion the passengers can take a run on shore.

It is pleasing to note that the Orient Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., have again secured the Contract for the conveyance of the Australian Mails—the contract extending until 1920. Managers of the Line—Messrs. F. Green and Co.; Messrs. Anderson, Anderson and Co., Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. The local representatives are Messrs. W. Leaman and Co., 2 Millbay Road, Plymouth

The ORIENT Co. despatch from time to time some of their steamers on special yachting cruises to Norway (land of the Midnight Sun) to the Mediterranean, Levant, and Black Sea, Egypt, and Palestine, Madeira, Canary Islands, and other places of interest according to the season. The cruises occupy periods ranging from two to eight weeks. The present arrangements are for the *Ophir* (the vessel which was chartered by the Admiralty to convey T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales on their voyage round the world) to leave London on 12 June, and Grimsby the 13th, visiting Bergen, Gudvangen, Naes, Odda, Sandsfjord, etc., returning to Grimsby on 26th June, and then making four more delightful trips to Norway from Grimsby on 27th June, 11th July, 25th July, and 8th August, each of thirteen days' duration. The fares quoted being so low as from £12 12s. For over 1,200 miles the steamer cruises in land-locked Fjords, amidst scenery of grandeur and magnificence. Land excursions are organised at all places visited by the steamer.

Further particulars of these famous cruises may be obtained in a richly illustrated booklet upon application to the Local Agents, Messrs. W. Leaman and Co., 2 Millbay Road, Plymouth

* * *

The P. & O COMPANY'S regular services are:—Weekly between London and Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, and Colombo. Fortnightly between London and Calcutta, the Straits, China, Japan, Australasia, and New Zealand. Weekly between Marseilles and between Brindisi and Port Said, Aden, and Bombay. Fortnightly between Marseilles and between Brindisi and Colombo, Australasia, New Zealand, the Straits, China, and Japan. All the Company's mail steamers from Australia, China, India, etc., call at Plymouth on the homeward voyage. The fact that the Company's steamers make Plymouth as the first home port is worth being noted. London offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and the Northumberland Avenue, W.C. Local Agents, Fox, Sons and Co., Plymouth and Dartmouth; Pinder and Tuckwell, Exeter. In addition to the services named the Company's steam yacht *Vectis*, which has been specially fitted up as an ocean cruising yacht, makes frequent trips in the Mediterranean to Morocco, Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land, and also to the Norwegian Fjords.

ONE of the oldest services of coastwise steamers is the POWELL AND HOUGH LINE, carrying cargo to and from Lancashire, Yorkshire, Devon and Cornwall at low rates, and are the largest cargo carrying steamers in Great Britain. These steamers also carry from 60 to 80 first-class passengers in two berth state rooms, excellently equipped with electric light and all modern conveniences. Fares, inclusive of hotel accommodation at Falmouth, Plymouth, Torquay, and Dousland, or from port to port only. Steamers leave Liverpool every Wednesday for Falmouth, and every Wednesday and Saturday for Plymouth, leaving Plymouth and Falmouth every Monday for Liverpool. Powell and Hough have their own offices at Falmouth and Plymouth, where any information may be obtained; or from Messrs. F. H. Powell and Co., Water Street, Liverpool, and Messrs. Samuel Hough, Ltd., Water Street, Liverpool.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the steamers of the UNION-CASTLE MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LTD., no longer call at Plymouth outward bound, West Country passengers are at no great disadvantage, inasmuch as the Company defray the rail fares from Plymouth to Southampton and arrange for their embarkation at the latter port free of all cost beyond the ordinary ocean fares. The Company's Handbook and full particulars of the line can be had of Messrs. H. J. Waring and Co., Plymouth, superintending agents of the Company for Devonshire and East Cornwall. The homeward intermediate steamers of the line call at Plymouth monthly.

* * *

As announced in previous issues, the well-known WHITE STAR LINE have adopted Plymouth as a port of call for their Atlantic steamers as well as their Australian boats. For the last few months these magnificent boats have been calling at Plymouth every week. The steamers of the fleet, which are taking this service, are the "Adriatic," of 25,000 tons register, one of the largest ships afloat, "Teutonic," "Oceanic," and "Majestic." After leaving Plymouth they proceed to Cherbourg and Southampton and thus afford intending passengers to the continent a splendid opportunity of going across from Plymouth to Cherbourg and thence to any port on the continent. Another advantage is that passengers can break their journey at Cherbourg and proceed to Southampton by any subsequent boat of the White or the American Lines. The fares are low, and large numbers of passengers are now adopting this route in preference to crossing the Channel from Dover, etc., preferring to take the railway journey from London to Plymouth in order to proceed by a magnificent ocean-going steamer. Passengers from these boats landing at Plymouth, who wish to proceed to their destination immediately, are sent on by either the Great Western or Londond and South Western Railway by special trains which leave immediately the passengers have passed their baggage through the Custom House, that is to say, within half an hour of their landing. Those who prefer to stay in Plymouth for a short period can do so, as through tickets which are in any case available for seven days can always be extended by applying to the agents. These tickets also allow the holders to break their journey at any main line station between Plymouth and London. Friends wishing to meet passengers by any of the Lines calling at Plymouth can obtain vouchers which will enable them to obtain return tickets for single fare from any station, including Exeter on the east and Truro on the west. These vouchers can be obtained at Plymouth from the agents free of charge. The Agents are Weekes, Phillips and Co., Ltd., White Star Line office.

“DEVONIA” APARTMENTS LIST.

*Applications to be inserted in this List should be made to the,
secretary U.D.A., 17, Bedford Circus, Exeter. The charge is small,
and the benefit likely to be great.*

DEVON.

Bude.

Mrs. Chubb, Upton Farm, Bude, 8 bedrooms, 3 sitting rooms; three minutes from sea. Pleasantly situated.

Exeter.

Comfortable Apartments; high, healthy position; near church and post; highly recommended; moderate. Miss Gitsham, 8 Devonshire Place

Exmouth.

80 St. Andrew's Road, Apartments, bath, south aspect, near beach and pier, golf and tennis grounds, five minutes. E. Bater.

Excellent summer and winter resort. Apartments, facing sea, south aspect, highly recommended. Mrs. Hawkins, 9 Mamhead View.

Pleasantly situated detached Apartment house, five minutes from sea, station, etc. Home comforts, good cooking. Mrs. Guscott, Homecroft, Exmouth.

Williams' "Recherché" Private Hotel, 17 Beacon. Splendid views, homelike, excellent cuisine, liberal and separate tables, moderate charges. Proprietor.

5 Morton Crescent. Three reception, nine bedrooms, on sea front. Terms on application.

On the Beacon. High class apartment house. Good cooking. Also for sale. Particulars of Mrs. Quick, 22 Beacon.

The "Crescent," Private Hotel and Boarding Establishment. Close to sea. Moderate tariff. Comfort guaranteed. H. F. WHITE, Proprietor.

Honiton.

Farmhouse, one mile from town, pleasant situation. Fishing on the Otter, nine miles from coast. Holman, Cottarson, Honiton.

Ilfracombe.

Mrs. Matthews, 8 Oxford Grove, Furnished Apartments, Central position, near sea and promenade. Terms moderate. 8-8

Lyme Regis.

Furnished Apartments, close to and overlooking sea, terms moderate. Mrs. Down, 20 Marine Parade 2-8

Newton Abbot.

Board Residence for Lady with Widow Lady, charming neighbourhood. Principal, Beech Villa, Newton Abbot.

North Devon Coast.

Furnished Cottage, kitchen, two sitting rooms, three bedrooms, fine sands within ten minutes, bracing air, good water. To Let, June and July. H.P.P. 7 Athenaeum terrace, Plymouth.

Paignton.

Tyndale, Dendy Road. Board Residence, near station, 7 minutes from sea, quiet, sheltered, moderate. Miss Luff.

Happy Home for Invalid or Lady requiring slight supervision, with married lady; or for Child whose parents are abroad. Highest references. Mrs. Casson, Pendower, Conway Road.

Furnished House, seven bedrooms, two sitting rooms, bath, w.c., close to sea, sea view, Rent moderate, Weigall, Wapella, Paignton.

Well furnished sitting rooms and bedrooms with bath room, (h. and c.), south aspect, near sea, good cooking and attendance, highly recommended. Flouda Beach Road.

Sidmouth.

2, Alma Terrace; 2 bed, 2 sitting rooms; private house; home comforts; terms moderate. Misses Cavey and Williams. 10-7

Torquay.

Apartments, near golf, sea, Lincombe drives, trams, lovely park, south aspect, moderate inclusive terms Glenister, Wellswood Park. 8-8

Seven-roomed House to let, facing park; south aspect; rent £18; near station and sea. Station Palmette.

Powell's Holiday Home. Large Villa, near sea. 30s. inclusive. Powell's Walking Tours (Guide) post free 3½d. "Sharon" House.

Yelverton.

"The Rest," Apartments with or without board, 8 bedrooms, 4 sitting rooms, bath, hot & cold, town water, south aspect, on moors. Mrs. Harris.

Westward Ho!

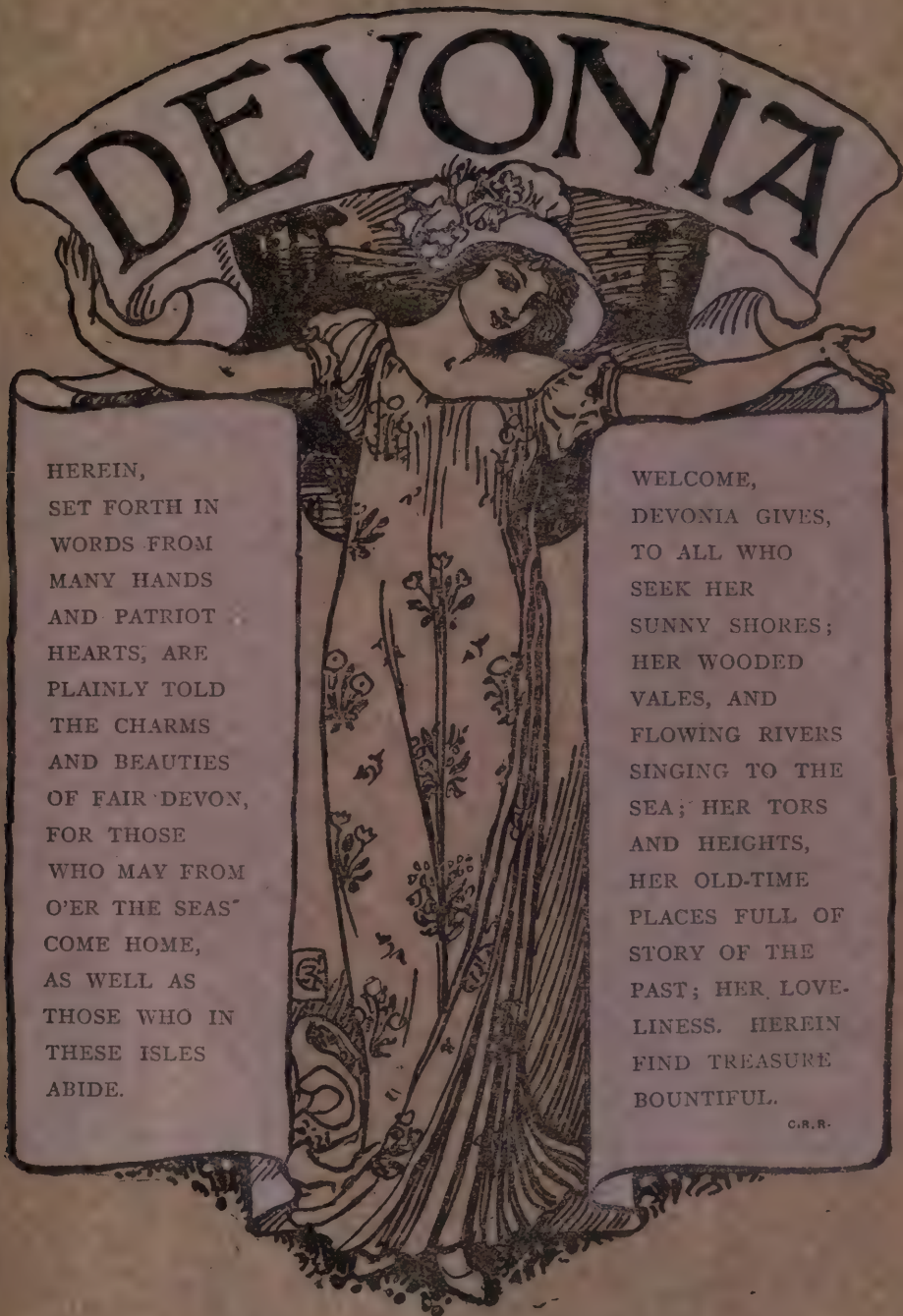
Superior furnished apartments, detached house, bath (h. & c.), close to and facing sea, golf, safe bathing, sanitation perfect. Mrs. A. L. Frith, The Chantry, Westward Ho!

Comfortable Furnished Apartments, bathroom, h & c. facing the sea, near Church Union Club, Post and Railway, with or without board. Mrs. Micklewright St. Ethelberts, Westward Ho, N. Devon.

NORTH CORNWALL.

Apartments or Board Residence, high, bracing, unrivalled sea view, bathing, boating, fishing, nice cooking. "Bellevue," Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

S. R. FORCE & SONS, Exeter, are the oldest established House Agency Specialists. Particulars of Properties are registered free of charge and fullest information readily given to all applicants.



HEREIN,
SET FORTH IN
WORDS FROM
MANY HANDS
AND PATRIOT
HEARTS; ARE
PLAINLY TOLD
THE CHARMS
AND BEAUTIES
OF FAIR DEVON,
FOR THOSE
WHO MAY FROM
O'ER THE SEAS
COME HOME,
AS WELL AS
THOSE WHO IN
THESE ISLES
ABIDE.

WELCOME,
DEVONIA GIVES,
TO ALL WHO
SEEK HER
SUNNY SHORES;
HER WOODED
VALES, AND
FLOWING RIVERS
SINGING TO THE
SEA; HER TORS
AND HEIGHTS,
HER OLD-TIME
PLACES FULL OF
STORY OF THE
PAST; HER LOVE-
LINESS. HEREIN
FIND TREASURE
BOUNTIFUL.

C.R.R.

MIDLAND



RAILWAY.

THE BEST ROUTE FOR COMFORTABLE
TRAVEL AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

Express Train Service to the North.

FROM	WEEK-DAYS												SUNDAYS.	
	dep.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	1
Penzance	...	...	...	...	6:35	...	10 35	12 0	2* 0	...	4*40	...	...	8 20
Marazion	...	...	...	...	6:42	...	10 41	12* 6	2* 6	...	4*46	...	...	8 26
St Ives	...	...	...	...	...	...	10 45	11 50	1*50	...	4*52	...	...	8 32
Falmouth	...	...	...	...	7 10	...	11 5	12*45	2*40	...	5*20	...	...	8 38
Truro	...	...	...	...	7 15	...	11 50	1*25	3*18	...	6* 6	...	...	8 43
Newquay	...	...	...	...	7 15	...	11 55	12*55	...	...	6*25	...	...	8 48
Fowey	...	...	...	...	8 0	...	11 55	1*55	3*50	...	6* 0	...	...	8 53
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	...	...	...	...	8 30	10 80	10 40	1 45	3*50	5*43	8*20	...	10 30	2*10
Torquay	...	...	...	...	9 0	11 14	...	12*49	4*18	6*39	8*55	...	10 12	12*57
Exeter	7 0	...	...	...	10 23	12*23	12*14	3*10	5*24	7*46	10* 8	...	12* 5	3*45
Bideford	...	...	...	...	7 56	10 47	...	12*27	2* 4	5*22	8* 1	...	8 29	6 29
Ilfracombe	...	...	...	...	7 30	10 15	...	12 0	1*38	4*55	7*35	...	8 5	8 5
Exmouth	7 0	...	...	...	7 0	8 40	8 40	11 24	3*10	...	4*58	4*58	...	...
Sidmouth	7 27	...	...	...	7 27	10 0	10 0	11*52	3*23	...	6* 5	6* 5	...	...
Seaton	7 10	...	...	...	7 10	9 49	10 45	1 20	3*52	...	6*25	6*25	...	...
Lyme Regis	...	...	...	...	9 40	9 40	12*30	2*18	...	...	6*10	6*10	...	...
Derby	12*43	1*42	3*25	5*26	6*50	8*20	11*32	3 10	3*10	6 10	...	...	5*52	11*32
Nottingham	1*25	2*43	4*30	6*12	7*30	8*57	1 37	...	6*27	6*27	...	...	7*40	1 57
Manchester (Central)	2*35	...	5*15	7*15	8*40	10* 8	2*35	5*25	5*20	6*45	...	...	7*45	5 20
Liverpool (Central)	3*40	...	5*50	8*15	9*20	11* 5	5 5	6 0	6 0	8*25	...	...	8*57	6 0
Sheffield	1*42	3*30	4*21	6*25	7*55	9*30	12 30	4 14	4*14	6*40	...	...	7*33	12 30
Hull (H. & B.)	3*57	6*10	...	9*18	10* 0	...	6 15	6 15	8*15	10* 3	...	...	10 3	...
Hull (N.E.)	4* 9	...	6*50	10*12	11*30	...	4 42	5*25	6*25	10*55	...	...	11 3	...
York	3* 0	...	5*50	7*45	10* 0	11*36	3 31	8 18	8*18	9*10	...	...	8 11	...
Newcastle	5*18	6*40	7*57	10*10	12 24	1*27	5 38	...	11* 5	11* 5	...	...	11 5	...
Leeds	8* 0	3*12	5*30	7*25	8*57	10*45	1 25	5 25	6*25	9*12	...	...	8*40	1 25
Bradford	3*45	3*45	6*15	7*53	9*50	11*30	2 50	6 17	6*17	9*52	...	...	9*10	2 50
Belfast (via Heysham)	...	...	...	6 0	6 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Carlisle	5*50	5*50	7*55	...	...	1*25	4 15	10 20	10*20	12*30	...	...	2 45	4 15
Belfast (via Stranraer)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 35	...
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	8*25	8*25	10*20	...	...	6*10	7* 5	...	...	3*10	...	...	6 10	7 5
Edinburgh (Waverley)	8*35	8*35	10*35	...	...	8*45	6 45	...	...	3*52	...	...	6 45	...

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February, 1907.

W. GUY GRANET, General Manager.

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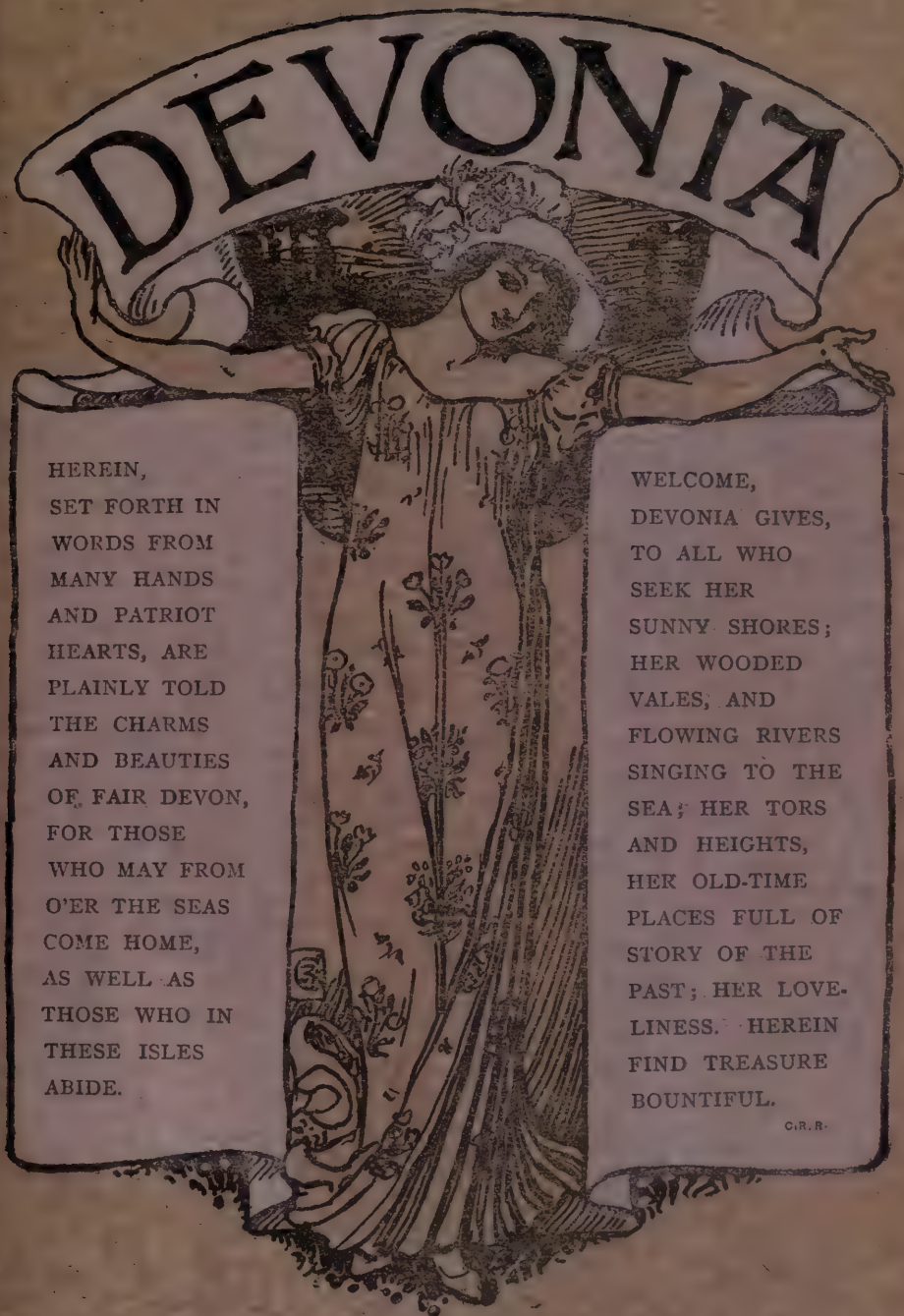
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Express Train Service to the North.

		WEEK-DAYS.										SUNDAYS.									
		Via Bath.					Via Bristol.														
Penzance	dep.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Marazion	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
St Ives	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Falmouth	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Truro	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Newquay	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Fowey	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Torquay	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Exeter	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Bideford	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Ilfracombe	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Exmouth	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Sidmouth	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Seaton	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Lyme Regis	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Derby	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Nottingham	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Manchester (Central)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Liverpool (Central)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Sheffield	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Hull (H. & B.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Hull (N.E.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
York	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Newcastle	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Leeds	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Bradford	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Belfast (via Heysham)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Carlisle	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Belfast (via Stranraer)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Edinburgh (Waverley)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

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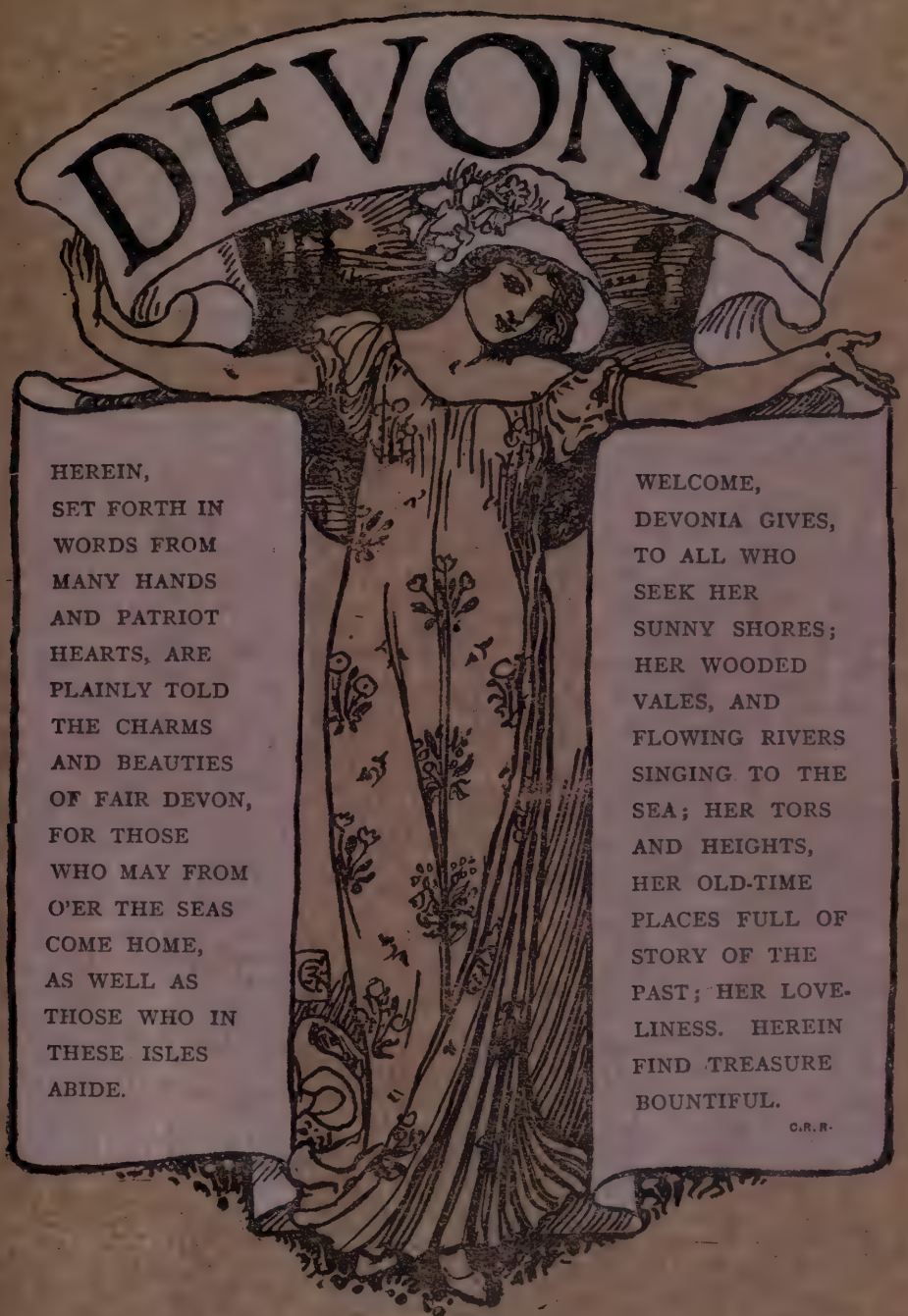
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Via Bath. Via Bristol.

FROM	WEEK-DAYS.														SUNDAYS.			
Penzance	...	...	...	8:15	...	10 35	12 0	E	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 20	...
Marazion	...	...	...	8:17	...	10 41	12* 6	2* 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 20	...
St Ives	...	...	...	...	...	10 25	11 50	1*50	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 15	...
Falmouth	...	...	...	7 10	...	11 5	12*45	2*40	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7 55	...
Truro	...	...	...	7 45	...	11 50	12*35	3*18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7 30	...
Newquay	...	...	...	7 15	...	11 15	12*55	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Fowey	...	...	...	8 0	...	11 55	1*55	9*50	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	...	...	...	8 30	10 30	10 40	1 45	3*50	4*43	...	...	...	...	...	...	10 30	2*10	...
Torquay	...	...	...	9 0	11 14	...	12*40	4*19	5*39	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	10 12	12*57
Exeter	...	...	...	7 40	...	10 23	12*22	12*14	3*10	5*28	7*46	...	...	...	...	12* 5	3*45	...
Bideford	...	...	...	...	...	7 56	10 47	...	12*27	2* 4	5*22	...	...	...	...	8 29	8 29	...
Ilfracombe	...	...	...	...	...	7 50	10 15	...	12 0	1*38	4*55	...	...	...	...	8 5	8 5	...
Exmouth	...	...	...	7 0	7 0	8 40	8 40	11 24	3*10	...	4*58	4*58	...	...	...	...	...	...
Sidmouth	...	...	...	7 27	7 27	10 0	10 11	52	3*22	...	6* 5	6* 5	...	...	...	...	...	...
Seaton	...	...	...	7 10	7 10	9 48	10 45	1 20	3*52	...	6*25	6*25	...	...	...	...	...	...
Lyme Regis	...	...	...	...	...	9 40	9 40	12*30	3*18	...	6*10	6*10	...	...	...	...	...	...
TO																		
Derby	12*43	1*41	5*20	5*20	6*50	8*20	11*32	3 10	3 10	5 10	...	...	...	...	...	5*52	11*34	...
Nottingham	1*25	2*43	5*30	6*12	7*30	8*57	1 37	...	6*27	6*27	...	...	...	...	...	7*30	1 37	...
Manchester (Central)	2*35	...	6*15	7*15	8*40	10* 8	2*35	5 20	5*20	6*45	...	...	...	...	...	7*45	5 20	...
Liverpool (Central)	3*40	...	5*50	8*15	9*20	11* 5	5 5	6 0	6 0	8*25	...	...	...	...	...	8*57	6 0	...
Sheffield	1*42	8*30	4*21	6*25	7*53	9*30	12 30	4 14	4*14	6*40	...	...	...	...	...	7*33	12 30	...
Hull (H. & B.)	3*57	6*10	...	9*18	10* 0	...	6 15	6 15	6*15	10 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	10 3	...
Hull (N.E.)	4* 9	...	6*50	10*12	11*30	...	4 42	9 25	9*25	10*55	...	...	...	...	...	...	4 42	...
York	3* 0	...	5*50	7*45	10* 0	11*30	8 31	8 18	8*18	9*10	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 31	...
Newcastle	5*18	6*40	7*57	10*10	12 24	1*27	5 58	...	11 0	11 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	5 58	...
Leeds	8* 0	8*12	5*50	7*25	8*57	10*45	1 35	5 25	5*25	9*12	...	...	...	...	...	5*10	1 25	...
Bradford	8*15	3*45	6*15	7*53	9*50	11*30	2 50	6 17	6*17	9*55	...	...	...	...	...	9*10	2 50	...
Belfast (via Heysham)	...	...	...	6 0	6 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Carlisle	5*50	6*50	7*55	...	...	1*25	4 15	10 20	10*20	12*30	...	...	...	...	...	2 45	4 15	...
Belfast (via Stranraer)	...	...	...	...	...	8*35	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	8*25	8*25	10*20	...	...	6*10	7 5	...	...	8*10	...	...	...	...	...	6 10	7 5	...
Edinburgh (Waverley)	8*35	8*35	10*25	...	...	8*45	8 45	...	...	8*55	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 45	...

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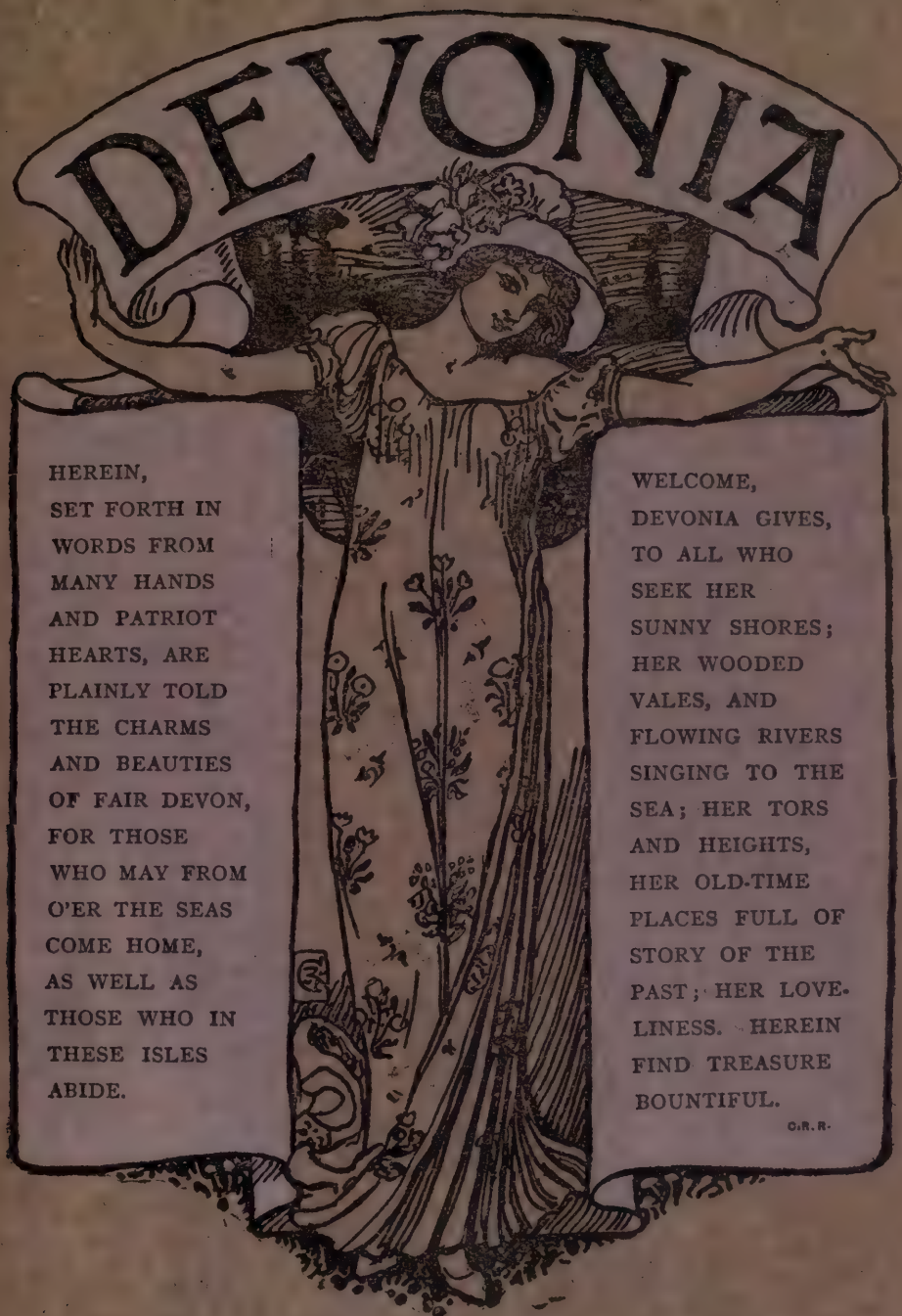
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FROM		E																
Via Bristol.	Penzance	dep.	...	...	...	6.35	...	10.35	12.0	2.0	...	4.10	...	...	...	8.20	...	
	Marazion	...	...	...	...	6.42	...	10.41	12.6	2.6	...	4.15	...	...	...	8.25	...	
	St Ives	...	...	...	...	...	...	10.25	11.50	1.50	...	4.35	...	...	...	8.15	...	
	Falmouth	...	...	...	...	7.10	...	11.51	12.45	2.40	...	5.25	...	...	...	8.55	...	
	Truro	...	...	...	...	7.45	...	11.50	1.25	3.15	...	6.5	...	...	...	9.35	...	
	Newquay	...	...	...	...	7.15	...	11.15	12.55	...	...	5.25	...	...	...	...	...	
	Fowey	...	...	...	...	8.0	...	11.59	1.55	3.50	...	6.0	...	...	...	...	...	
	Plymouth (Mill Bay)	...	...	...	...	8.30	10.30	10.40	1.45	3.50	5.13	8.20	...	10.30	2.10	...	...	
	Torquay	...	...	...	...	9.0	11.14	...	12.49	4.18	6.38	8.55	...	10.12	12.57	...	...	
	Exeter	7.0	...	...	...	10.23	12.22	12.41	3.10	5.23	7.43	10.18	...	12.5	3.45	...	...	
Via Bath.	Bideford	...	...	...	...	7.50	10.47	...	12.27	2.4	5.22	8.11	...	8.20	8.20	...	...	
	Tintinhulle	...	...	...	...	7.31	10.15	...	12.0	1.38	4.55	7.35	...	8.5	8.5	...	...	
	Exmouth	...	...	...	...	7.0	7.0	8.40	8.40	11.21	3.10	4.55	4.53	...	...	...	...	
	Sidmouth	...	...	...	...	7.27	7.27	10.0	10.0	11.52	3.22	6.5	6.5	...	...	...	...	
	Seaton	...	...	...	...	7.10	7.10	9.49	10.45	1.20	3.52	6.25	6.25	...	...	...	...	
	Lyme Regis	...	...	...	...	...	...	9.40	9.40	12.30	2.18	6.10	6.10	...	...	...	...	
	TO																	
	Derby	12.43	1.42	3.25	5.26	6.50	8.20	11.32	3.10	3.10	5.10	...	...	5.52	11.32	...	...	
	Nottingham	1.25	2.43	4.30	6.12	7.30	8.57	1.37	...	6.27	6.27	...	...	7.40	1.37	...	...	
	Manchester (Central)	2.35	...	5.15	7.15	8.4.10*	8.20	35	5.20	5.20	6.45	...	...	7.15	5.20	...	...	
Liverpool (Central)	3.41	...	6.50	8.15	9.20	11.5	5.0	0.30	0.30	8.25	...	...	8.57	0.0	...	...		
Sheffield	1.42	8.30	4.21	6.25	7.53	9.30	12.00	4.14	4.14	6.40	...	...	7.33	12.30	...	...		
Hull (H. & B.)	3.57	6.10	...	9.18	10.0	...	6.15	6.15	6.15	10.3	...	...	10.3	...	...	...		
Hull (N.E.)	4.0	...	6.50	10.12	11.30	...	4.42	9.25	9.25	10.55	...	...	...	4.42	...	...		
York	3.0	...	6.50	7.15	10.0	11.30	8.31	8.19	8.18	9.10	...	...	...	3.31	...	...		
Newcastle	5.18	6.13	7.57	10.10	12.24	1.27	5.59	...	11.5	11.5	...	...	...	...	5.59	...		
Leeds	8.0	3.12	5.80	7.25	8.57	10.15	1.25	5.25	5.25	9.12	...	...	9.40	1.25	...	...		
Bradford	3.45	3.45	6.15	7.53	9.50	11.30	2.50	6.17	6.17	9.52	...	...	9.10	2.50	...	...		
Belfast (via Heysham)	...	...	...	...	6.0	6.0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...		
Carlisle	5.50	5.50	7.55	...	...	1.25	4.15	10.20	10.20	12.30	...	...	2.45	4.15	...	...		
Belfast (via Stranraer)	...	...	...	...	...	8.35	...	...	...	...	...	...	8.35	...	...	...		
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	8.25	8.25	10.20	...	...	6.10	7.5	...	...	3.10	...	...	6.10	7.5	...	...		
Edinburgh (Waverley)	8.35	8.35	10.25	...	...	8.45	6.45	...	...	3.52	...	...	...	6.45	...	...		

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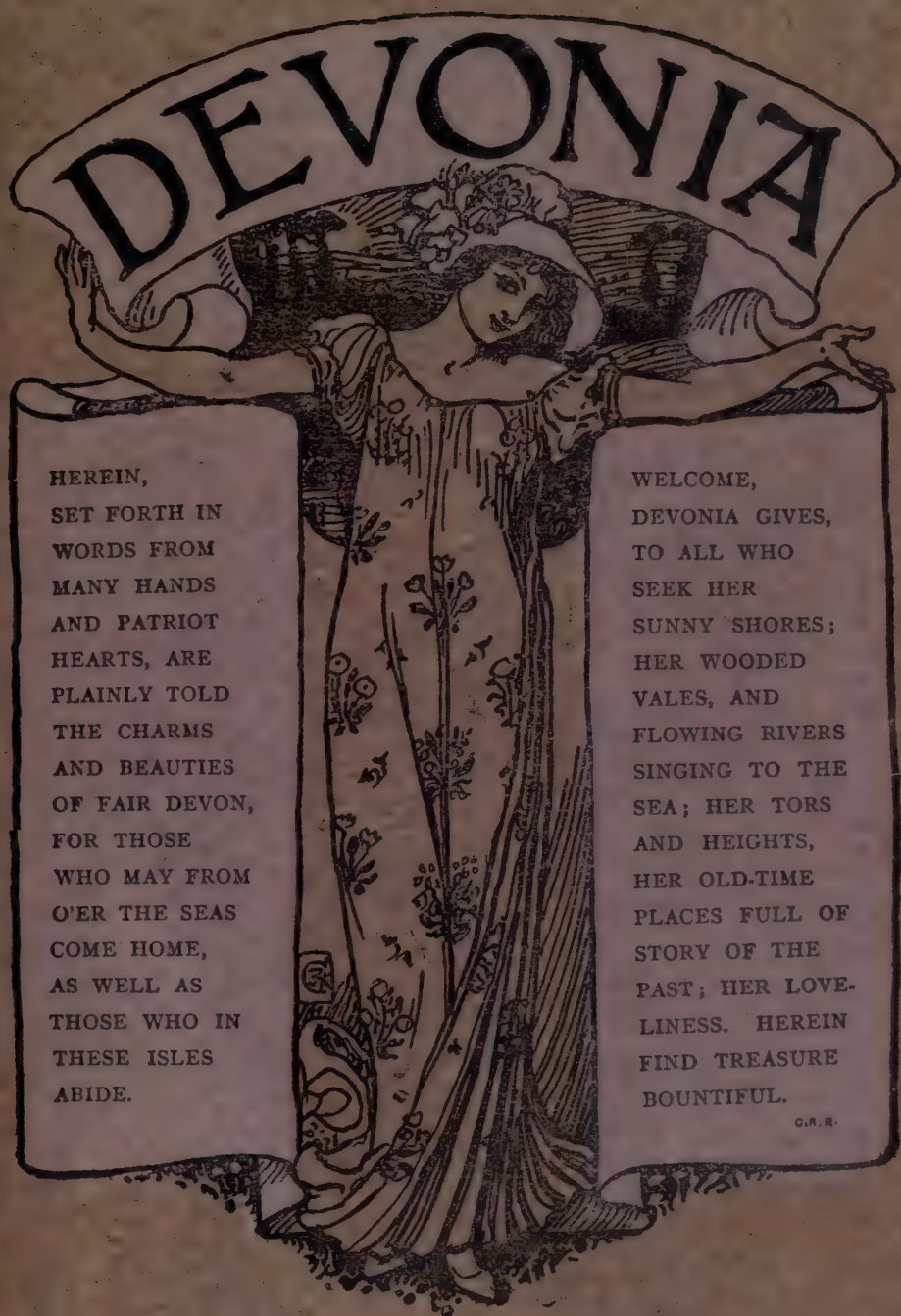
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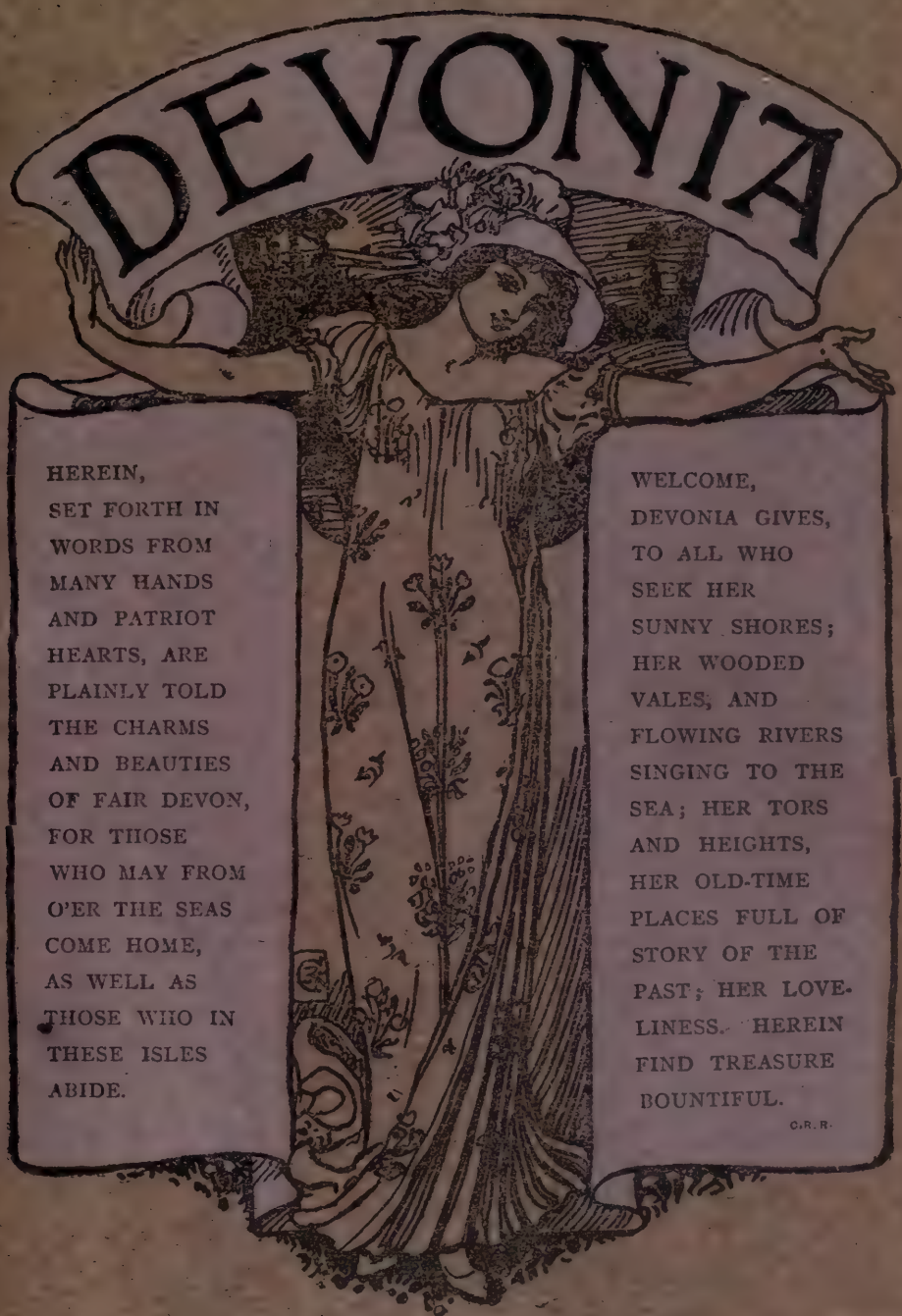
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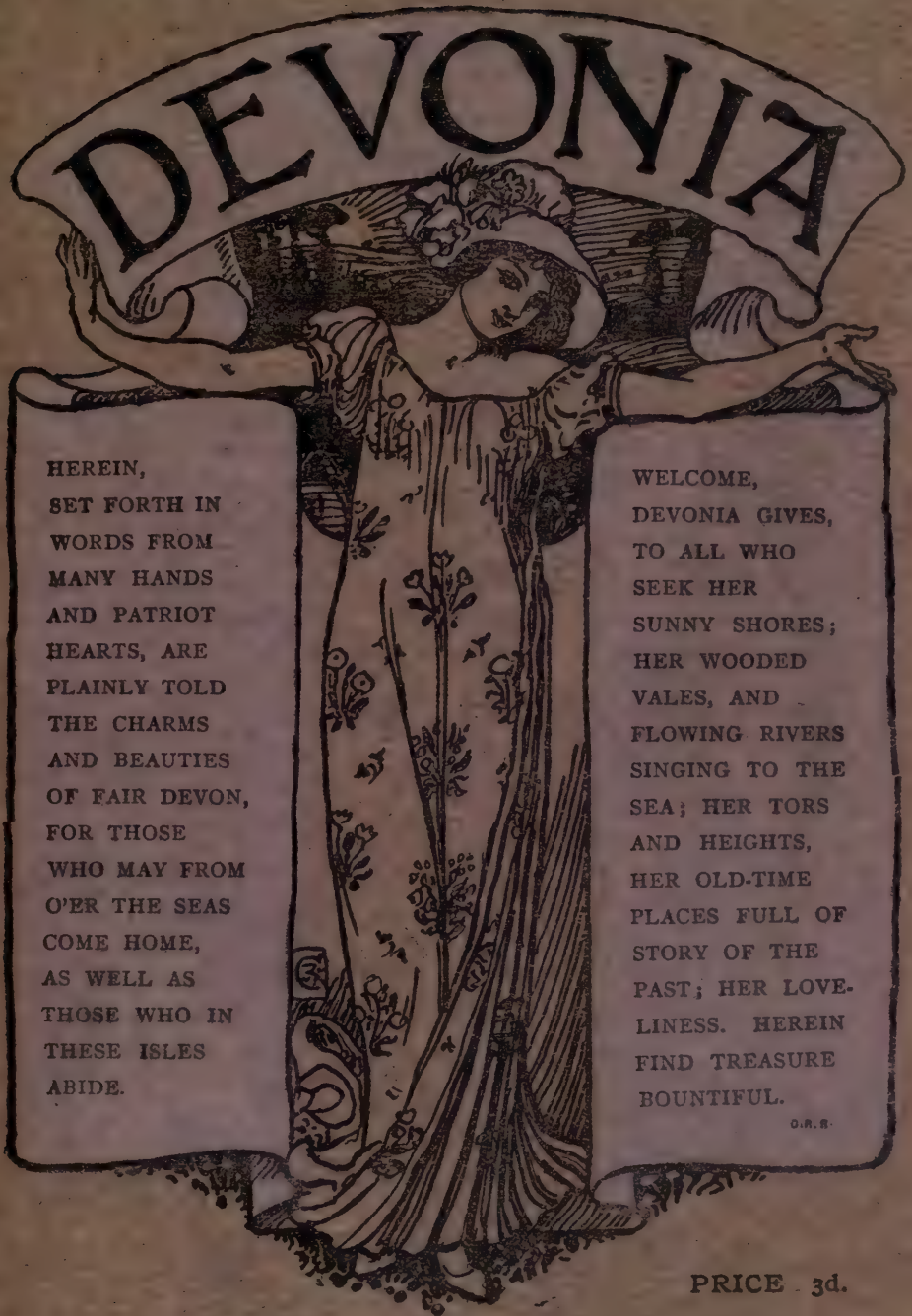
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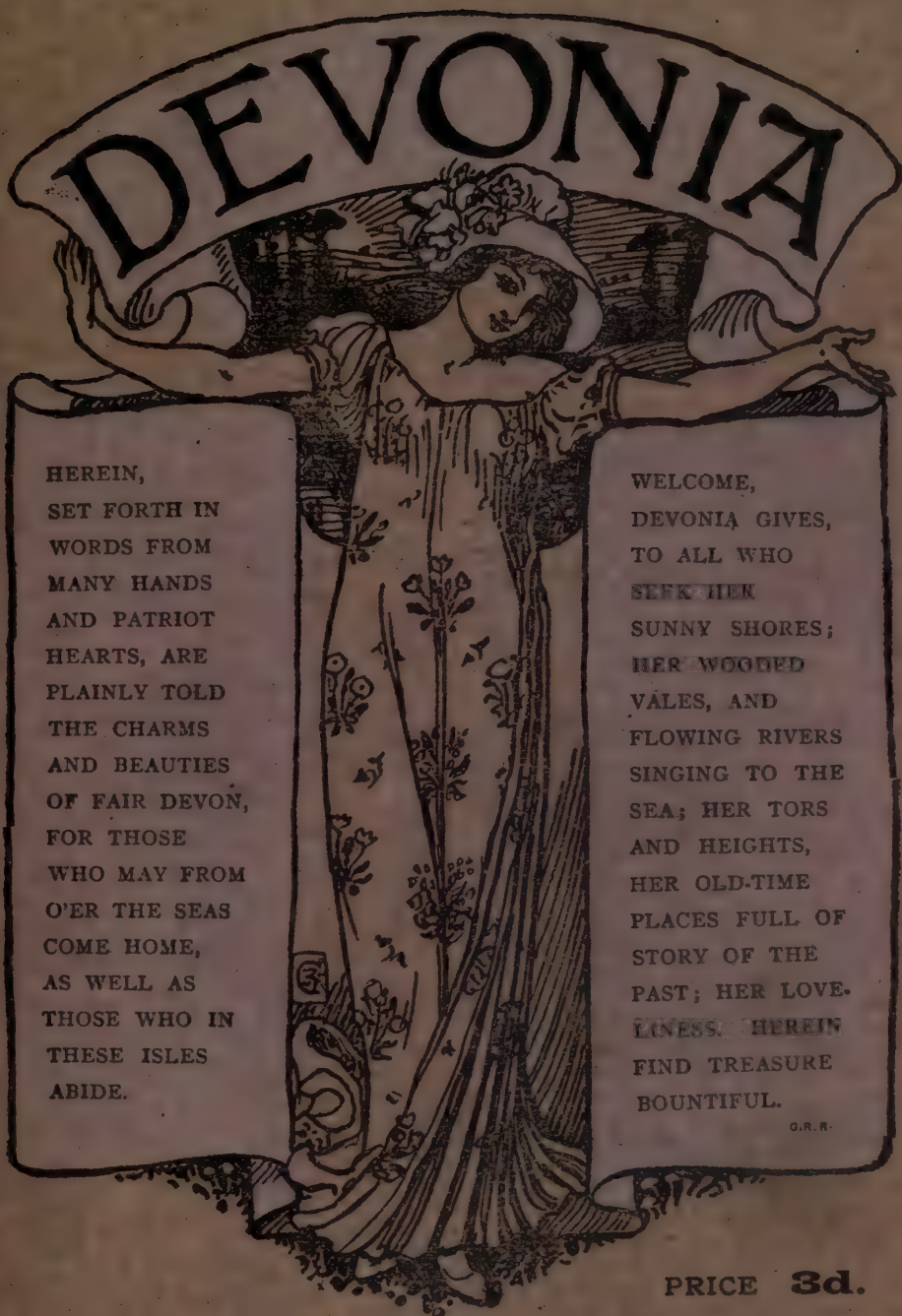
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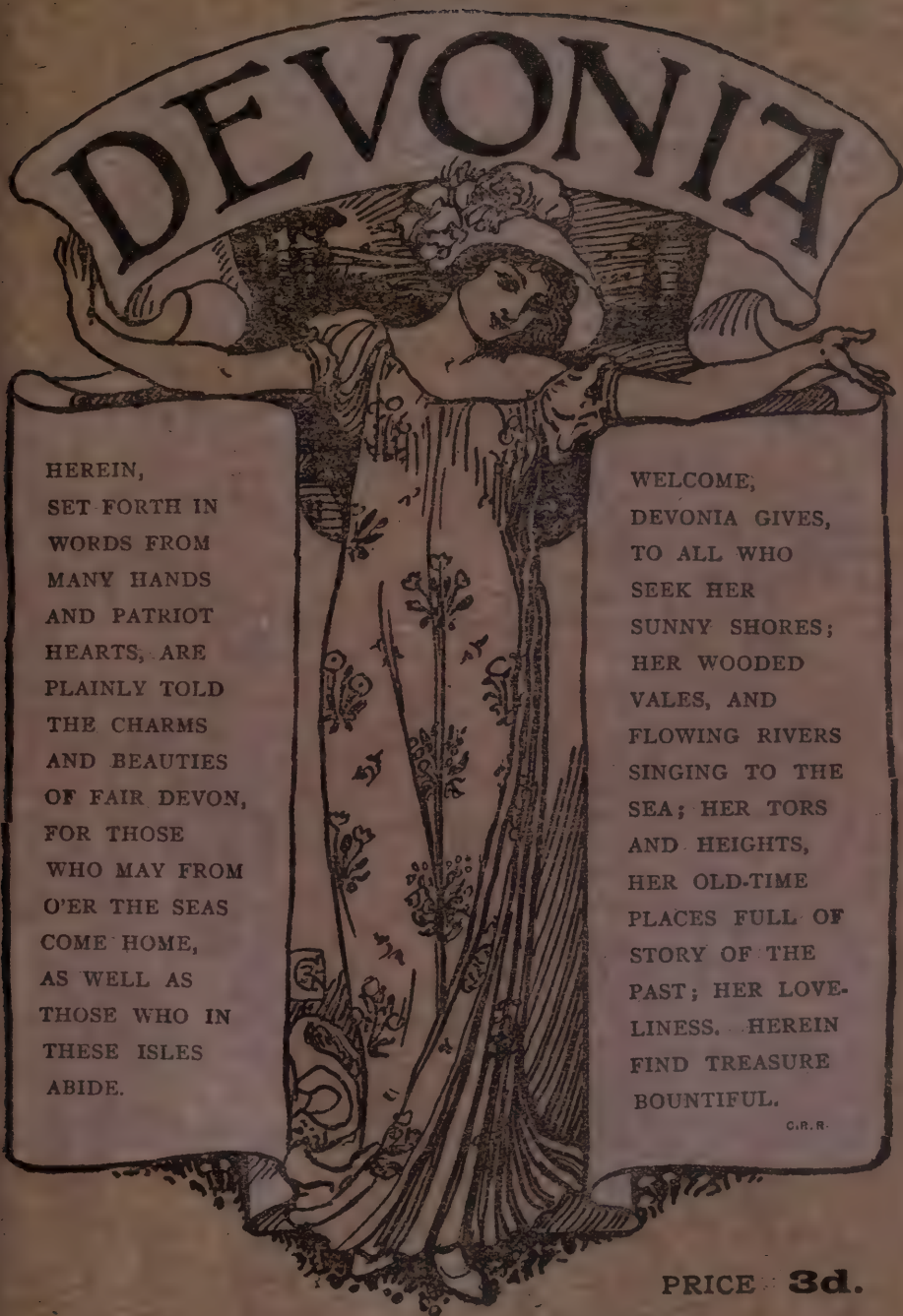
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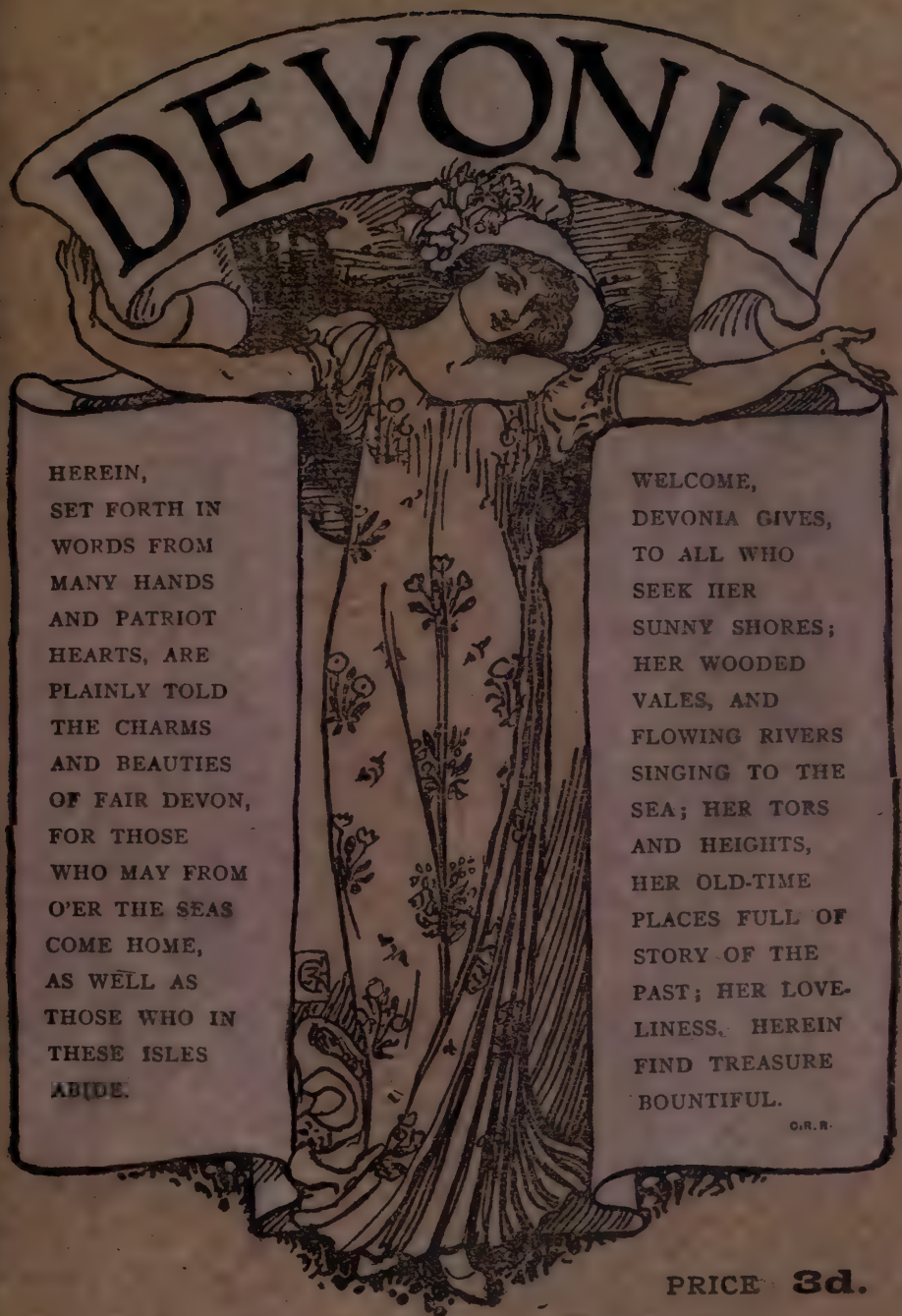
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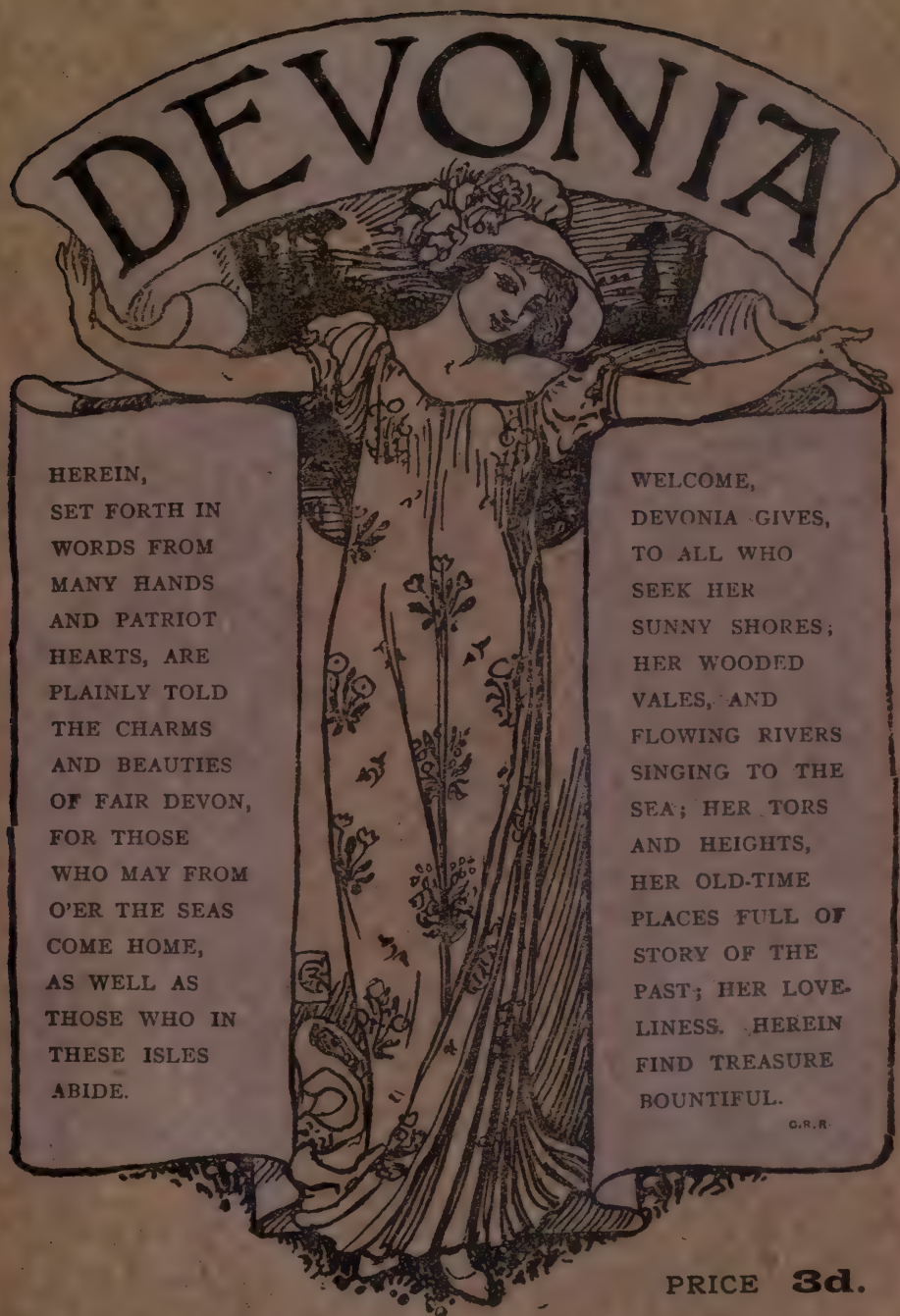
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2nd, a Pure Wool Waterproof "Improved
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3rd, Pure Wool "R.H." Puttee Breeches. No

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Complete Pure Wool Waterproof Outfit for
Gentlemen £6 10s.

FOR LADIES—

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2nd, A Pure Wool Waterproof "Improved
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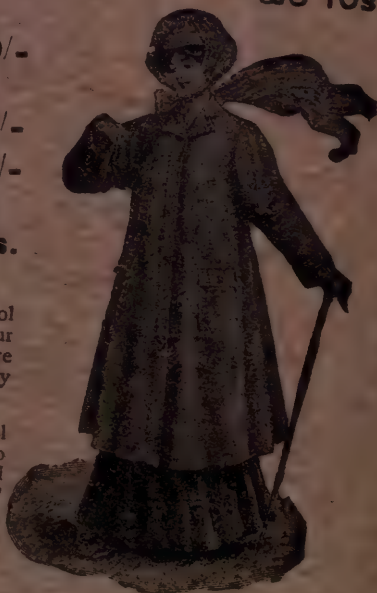
3rd A Pure Wool Waterproof Skirt .. 45/-

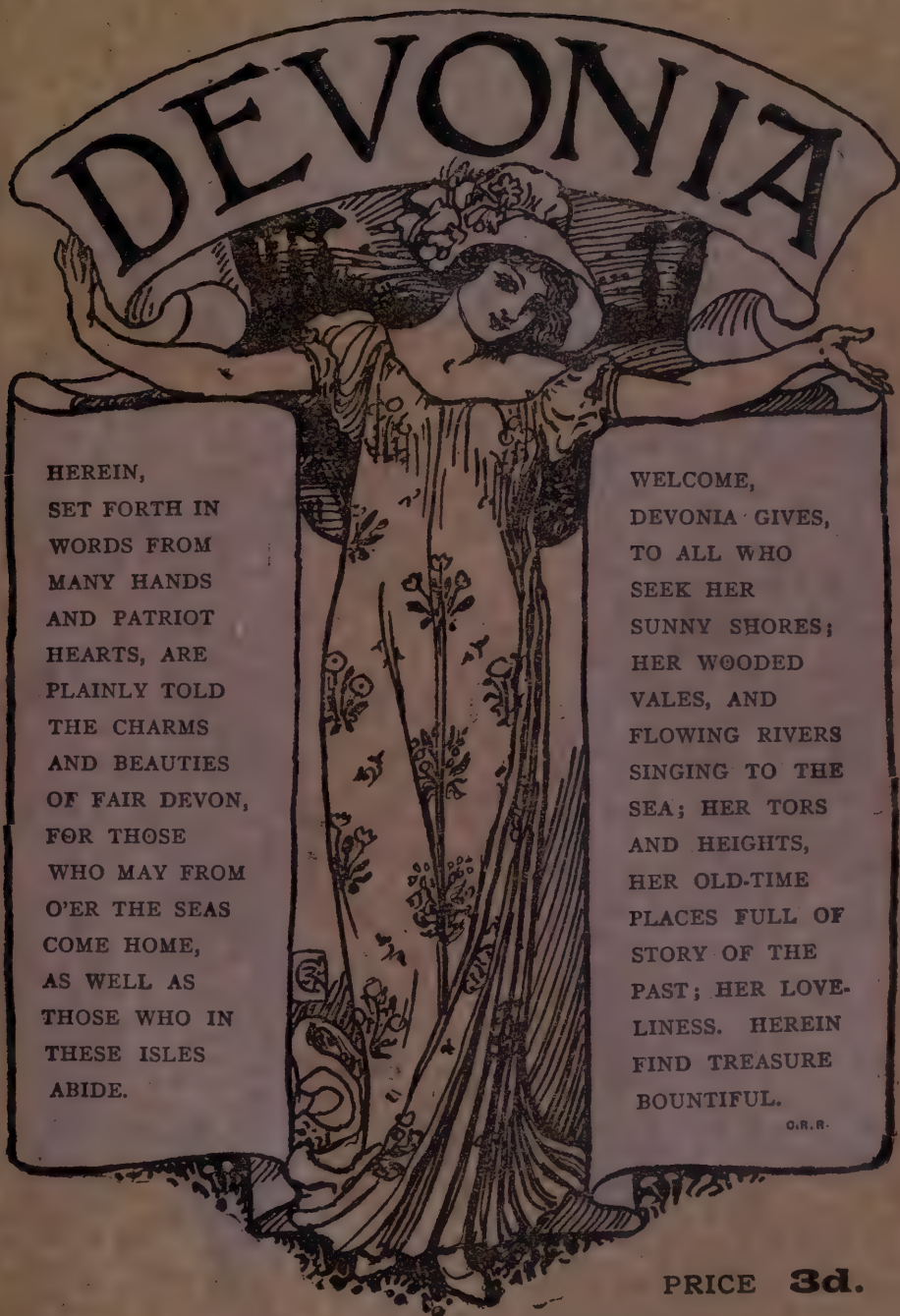
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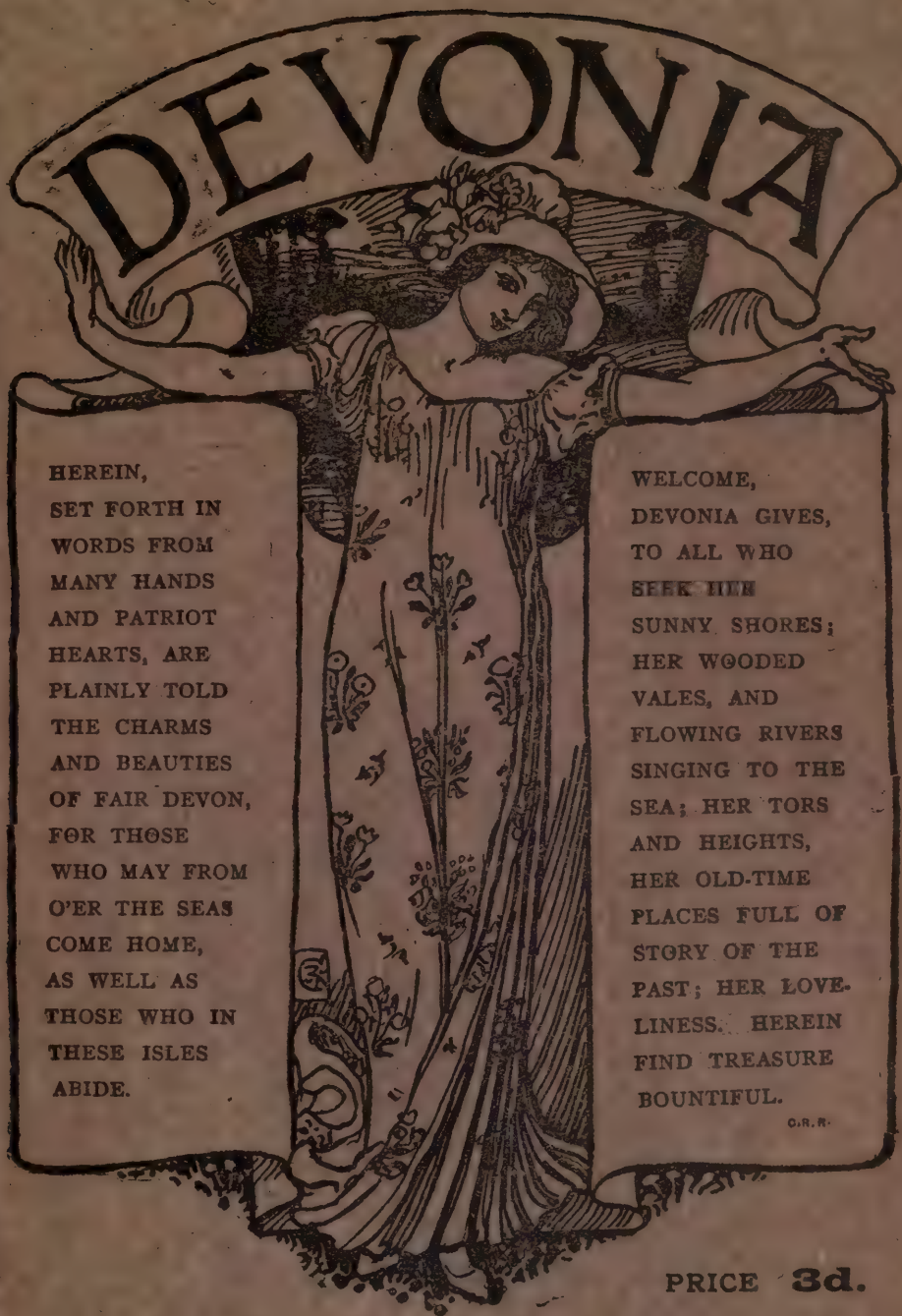
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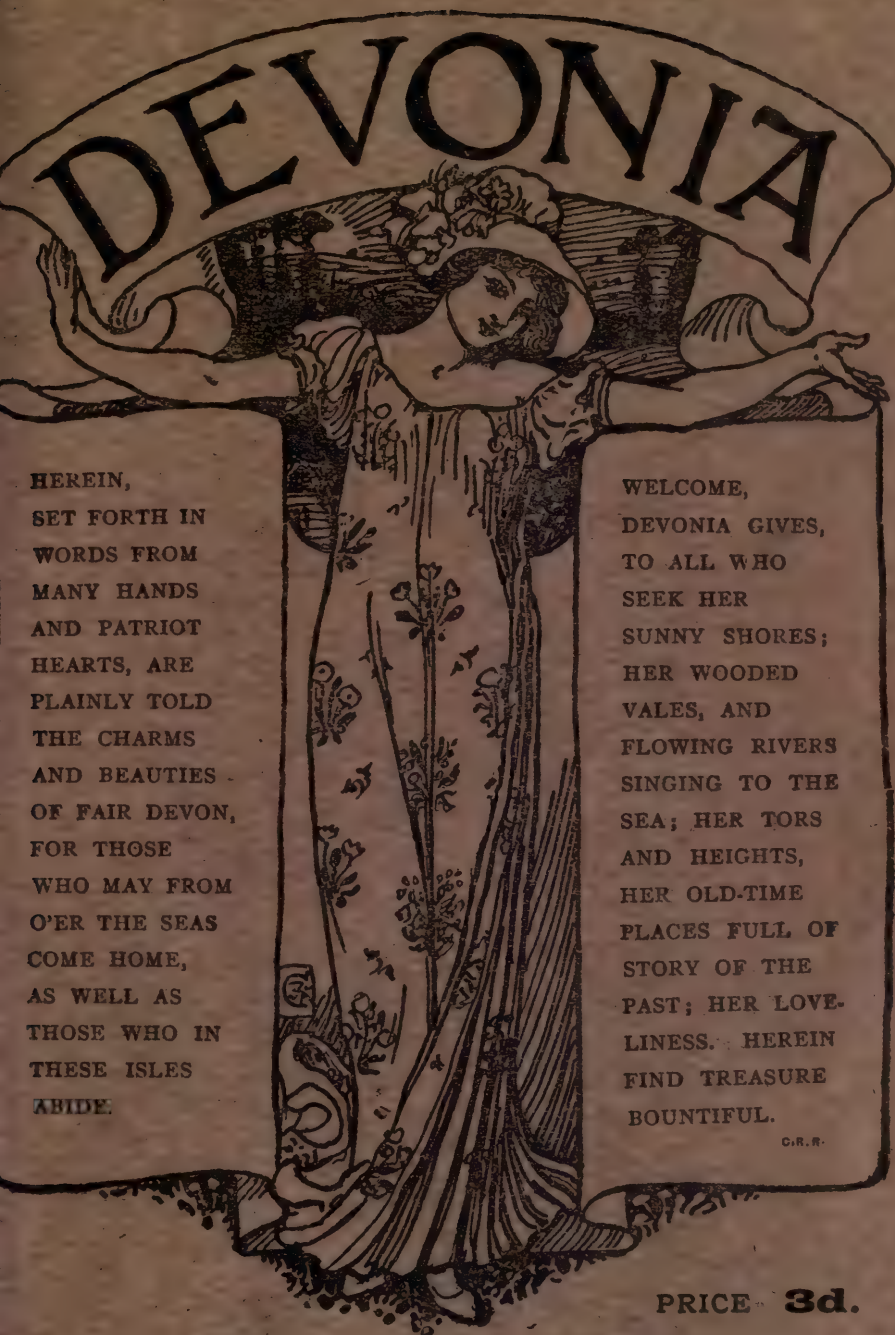
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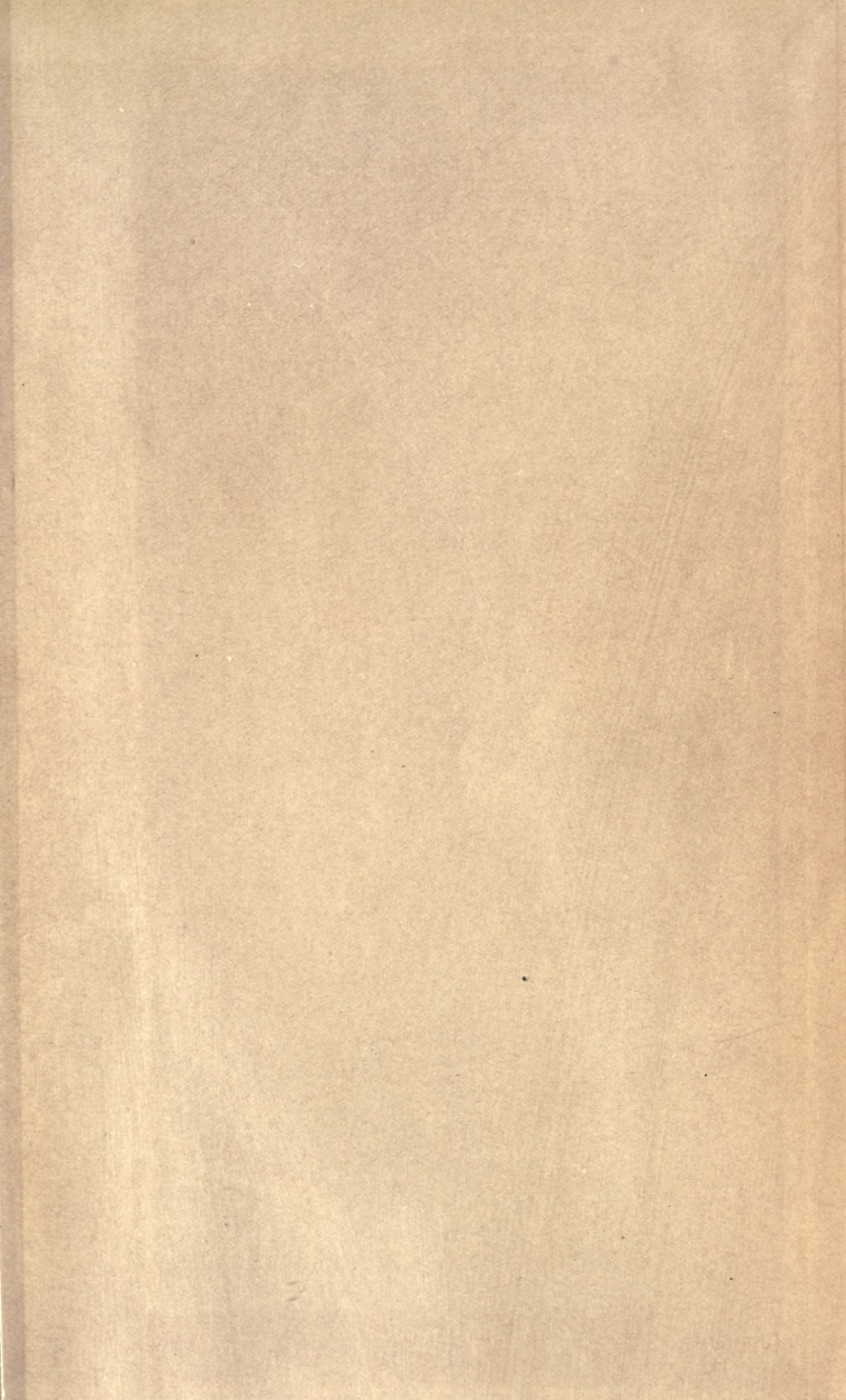
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